

**Special Features This Issue**

“Starvation 2008” – “Learning by Experience”,  
“Our Dark Harbor Project” – Pop-I the Sailor

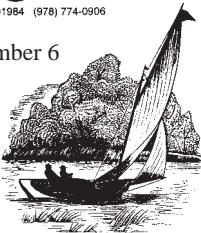


# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 6

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# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



How was your summer of boating? Did you feel the pinch from the high gasoline prices? Yes, I realize that most of you are not heavy consumers of gasoline in your boating, but some do face overland travel by car to get to and from chosen boating occasions and outings. We chose to face only one significant bit of boat-related travel, a 1,000-mile round trip drive to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, for their bi-annual Race Boat Regatta which you will read about in our November issue. This was, of course, a "business trip" and ran to just about \$500 for three days and two nights, but we were pleasantly surprised to find that Jane's 1994 Subaru Legacy gave us just under 30mpg over mostly fast roads across Massachusetts and the northern New York State's Adirondacks. The 30+ gallons at about \$4 average came to \$120 of that total. It was the bill for two overnights that was the real killer.

Consumer boating seems to have taken a big hit. We felt its impact on our visit to the local Antique & Classic Boat Festival in nearby Salem, Massachusetts, where we found a dozen largish (30'+) sailing yachts still on their jackstands on the hard in the hosting marina, never launched. And the turnout of boats taking part in the festival was down, it seemed, from last year.

We had no basis for judging the participation level at the Race Boat Regatta (big users of gasoline for big boat engines and overland transporters) in Clayton, but there did seem to be quite a few empty slips on the museum waterfront. And we heard some scuttlebutt that participation two weeks earlier at their 44th Annual Antique Boat Show was off 40%.

On the upbeat side, it seemed that the WoodenBoat Show in late June at Mystic Seaport Museum enjoyed a record turnout, so perhaps this indicates the degree of commitment amongst various types of small boat enthusiasts to their own particular preferences has much to do with event participation.

In trade news that came our way we heard of one marina in Florida that had its fuel sales drop 70% last winter. And an Associated Press news item clipped from two papers and sent to us by readers was entitled "Boatbuilding hits the rocks," and "Sinking boat sales: All sectors of the marine industry feeling the pain." Clever word play by the headline writers but both telling of a Mas-

sachusetts builder of custom \$300,000 level boats ceasing his boat building after 35 years in the business and changing over to cabinet making. With the current collapse of housing hitting heavily in the ultra high priced Northeast market I wonder about the wisdom of his choice of alternate product, but...

The article elaborated saying that a triple threat of falling consumer confidence, rising gas prices, and the nation's economic downturn had pummeled the industry. Industry-wide sales have been slipping since mid-2004, the 2008 selling season was down 15% from last December, souring sales which began with smaller and cheaper boats had spread to the 30' mid-size boats and began to infiltrate the yacht market with the 50'+ multi million dollar boat market evaporating.

It's interesting to me to contemplate the impact of this apparent collapse of egregious consumption in boating on those firms just bringing to market their latest high end offerings, sort of like what is Detroit going to do with all those bigger, more powerful, newest model SUVs?

One interesting approach appeared in an ad in the recent *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors Boat Show* issue. A sleek, new 40' "lobster yacht" design "Coming Soon" offers "Twice the Fun... Half the Fuel" with a claimed consumption of 16 gallons per hour at 25 knots. This appears to be viewed as economically attractive, going on a 25-mile boat ride in an hour for only \$80 worth of fuel. Not my league, of course, nor probably yours either. Hard to get the idea of fuel economy into perspective with big, fast, gas hog boats.

Hope springs eternal, of course. We just got an invitation to attend a press reception at the United States Sailboat and Powerboat Shows in Annapolis in early October. We've never gone before, of course, I know not why we are still on their mailing list, but anyway, amongst the big news announcements are introductions of new 30'-50' models in both power and sail. They've probably been in the pipeline for a couple of years at least and are now, unfortunately for them, coming out at a very bad time.

None of this is likely to seriously adversely impact what we do, it never has in the now 50 years and three magazines we've been occupied with producing. I wish the same for all of you, our level of messing about in boats should continue to be affordable I'd guess.

## On the Cover...

Turner Matthews' photo of two classic small sailboats at anchor awaiting their next outings exemplifies the anticipation that drives small boaters in their infatuation with their dreams, the promise of what might await when next they get out on the water.

# From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

A few years back they erected this funny-looking building just north of Mystic Seaport. Looked like a new fangled missile silo or a stubby grain elevator. They filled it with fish and squid and penguins and whales and called it the Aquarium. The purpose appears to enable you to watch aquatic creatures without getting your feet wet.

Quite a novel idea. You no longer need to fall off your boat to observe how the other two-thirds live. Don't know why I didn't think of it myself. I used to have guppies in a tank when I was a kid. If I'd only had the foresight to put a couple of whales in with them, I could have charged admission. Guess that's why I remain a poor man. Every time I caught a whale, I always threw him back.

The folks that run the Aquarium never throw anything back. They have a most eclectic assortment of bony fishes, cartilaginous fishes, cephalopods, and echinoderms. There, I've used up my quota of polysyllabic words for this installment. I never indulge in taxonomy much but I can tell you a bit about the critters in some of the tanks using everyday household names.

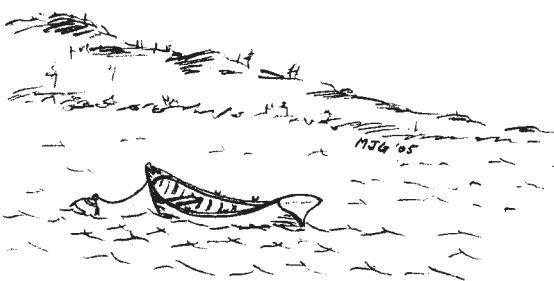
As you enter the darkened aquarium a vertical, cylindrical tank containing jellyfish commands immediate attention. Live, pulsing jellyfish have no equal for beauty. They come in a variety of mellow hues and sensuous shapes. The original shape shifters, they fascinate the impressionable, as attested to by the numerous small nose prints left on the glass. The Windex people should demonstrate their appreciation and sponsor at least this tank.

Another large tank contains sharks. Their modus operandi demands they swim endless circuits of their world, glaring forbiddingly and baring their impressive arrays of fangs. Numerous small boys frantically dance and gesticulate about the huge enclosure.

The other cartilaginous fishes, the rays, also have their own tank. The stingrays, surprisingly graceful in their element, glide beneath the large manta, an aloof and stately presence. The Aquarium has recently added a petting tank, an open pool where cow nose rays come by to have their ears scratched. My sister-in-law had one attempt to kiss her as she leaned over the water. Having attempted this myself, I applaud the creature's daring.

The largest tank inside the building contains dozens of fishes from the Atlantic. The small tanks they reserve for the more exotic species. I happened to find the seahorses quite droll. Their notion of a Derby consists of them bouncing very slowly along the bottom, clutching at every passing weed with their tails. I went to the window and put two dollars on the tiny chestnut mare.

Suddenly you come to a large glass window and see a streamlined sea lion hurtle by. How little effort this creature expends to propel himself so swiftly. Up he goes to shove his snout into the air, down he comes and, with merely a wag of his tail flippers, makes



an entire circuit of his world. When you go outside you can look down at him making his endless rounds, deterred by neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night. Other sea lions cavort and swim and bark and snarle and wrestle on the rocks.

The Beluga whales have a sizeable enclosure, about an acre. The inside window to this is layered with spectators. Outside, feeding hour attracts the most attention, the trainers encourage the whales to jump and frolic and speak to receive each tasty mullet. Small children stand on the railings in total awe of these gentle, magnificent beasts.

Two of the indoor exhibits concern not aquatic creatures but vessels. A large glass case contains a 10' long detailed replica of the monstrous *Titanic*. Around the walls hang photos and illustrations of her magnificent interiors and an historical perspective on her building and demise. An audio clip relives the final transmissions of the ill-fated liner after her fatal collision with the iceberg.

The other ship is PT 109, the small naval vessel skippered by John F. Kennedy. Inadvertently struck and sunk by a Japanese destroyer in the dark, she proved the mettle of the future president. He swam to the nearest Pacific island, a disabled crew member in tow. He then swam to another island whence he contacted the fleet to effect a rescue. His court marshal exonerated him and his heroism brought him national recognition. A short documentary, composed of clips, covers the salient points of patrol torpedo boats and aspiring candidates. Children of six, reliving their grandparents' war, consistently man a mock-up of the bridge of a PT boat.

The sea lion show proves the culmination of any visit. Between the acts you can easily find a concession to fill your needs, whether you crave a Mystic Aquarium t-shirt or merely lunch. Political correctness frowns on any requests for fish and chips.

The pool provides the focus of the little amphitheater. As in Greek theater, both an actor and chorus participate throughout. The latter devote themselves to the narrator, whose claim to attention resides in a pungent bucket. The way that young woman throws fish about reminds me of our food fights in the school cafeteria.

The cast radiates exuberance. They jump about and shout as they wait to perform; to dive, to leap, to plunge, to roll over. The show climaxes in each sea lion's dive deep into the pool, followed by a prodigious, vertical, water-clearing leap. If a big black lab could balance a ball on his nose while clapping his paws he might just get an audition for one of the parts. Any scuba shop would carry flippers his size.

I enjoyed the Aquarium almost as much as did my three-year-old grandson. But when I got home, I must confess that I felt so guilty that I poured some seawater into my boating shoes.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...



### Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

The 19th Annual Georgetown Wooden Boat show will take place on October 18 on the waterfront in greater downtown Georgetown, South Carolina, to benefit the Georgetown Maritime Museum. A wooden boat exhibit and the *WoodenBoat* Challenge boatbuilding contest are features with the first ever National Boat Building Championship with teams from Belfast, Maine, Beaufort, North Carolina, Kingston, New York, and Georgetown taking part.

For further information, contact the Georgetown Wooden Boat Show, PO Box 2228, Georgetown, SC 29442, (877) 285-3888 (toll free), [www.woodenboatshow.com](http://www.woodenboatshow.com)



## Adventures & Experiences...

### Letter from New Zealand

Mid-winter here, dismal, wet, and windy, the sort of days when sitting in front of the fire with a book is so tempting that not a lot else gets done. Our new house is pretty well weatherproofed but not fully clad yet, but it's still warm and cozy.

We had Chuck and Sandra Leinweber ([Duckworks.com](http://Duckworks.com) magazine) with us for about three weeks this summer, put them in our spare car with a tent and camping gear. They had a great time, saw lots of New Zealand that most tourists don't, and are hoping to come back another time to look at the parts of the country that they missed.

I am back working again, plans sales are slow and we want to quit our mortgage, build our dreamboat, and head off. In these difficult times it's not a good idea to owe the bank and with both of us doing day jobs plus the plans business we are making big holes in it very quickly and I hope to be building the big boat in three years from now.

Smaller boat building projects are about to start again. Charlie Whipple built his 22' ocean-going gaff cutter in my workshop, took 2½ years to build it and then sailed it for a couple of months before setting off for Hawaii, 6,500 miles away. The diesel tank split about 600 miles out and he turned around

and headed back for our local port, made a mistake in his navigation, and sailed it into the base of a cliff at about 4am. The rescuer chopper got him off in one piece but the boat was a total loss. It was a huge shock and getting busy building another boat is a good way to get over the grief.

My first boat will be a plywood kayak for daughter, now 25, married, and a mother. How on earth did that happen? The next will be a sanity machine for me, a 16' cruising dinghy seems about the right thing from where I see it.

I drew plans for a little mini blue water voyager called Fafnir last Christmas and there are now a couple of dozen of them being built worldwide, the first is in and sailing and by all reports it's a lot of fun.

I've sent along a little story about Fafnir plus the boat's details and a couple of study drawings for this issue. As usual, Chuck Leinweber is the supplier of my plans for the US.

John Welsford, Designer, Hamilton, NZ

## Information of Interest...

### All About Rose

Mr Phil Bolger's article on Design #225, Rose, in the August 2008 issue was very interesting. His note on the breaking of the main top gallant mast and on the loss of the *Albatross* in 1960 reminded me of a documentary on the Arab dhow and their brightly patched sails. It seems that the initial purchase and any repair costs of the main yard was very expensive, and to save breaking that spar the sails were deliberately weak so that they would fail before too much strain was placed on the yards or rigging. It was much less expensive and easier, to patch the sail.

The dhow's "fail safe" being noted, it would seem that vessels built to the plans of yesteryear should have such fail safes in the design so that something fails and removes the load on the rig before the boat heels beyond this safety point. Since reports seem to indicate that the *Albatross* did not have a "fail safe" to relieve the load on the rigging when the boat reached an unsafe angle of heel, I would suggest that using Dacron/nylon lines and Dacron (or other such fabric) for the sails and rigging is simply asking for trouble.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

## Opinions...

### Catboats are Glorious

I am enclosing a piece I hope passes your test. I have set myself the artificial goal of having a small story in your magazine right through December. As you know, I've got November and December to go on that. This piece is called "The Glorious Catboat." Catboats, I think, are glorious and surely they come well recommended, even if only measured by number sailing.

The very first working prints of the imitable Nathaniel Herreshoff were for a 20' catboat named the *Sprite*. You've possibly seen *Sprite* because she is in a museum

somewhere in New England. Nat was only 11 years old when he drew the prints for *Sprite* which completely humbles me. I am having a hard time of just doing sketches of the changes I plan to do on mine. Not only did Nat draw catboat prints when he was 11, but when the Herreshoff brothers first started their business they started off making mainly rowboats and catboats.

Whether it is appropriate to say the catboat is glorious... I think any boat is glorious if it suits a man's needs. But it does help to put a little of what a man feels in writing. I think it was the writing about the wonderful sailing experience on *Rozinante* that helped to make that little yacht of L. Francis Herreshoff's the icon it is.

David D. Hume's writing of his mini voyages on his exquisite cutter *Blueberry* is a modern example of the same thing. Nat Herreshoff's *Alerion* has the place it does in the pantheon of great boats because Nat himself said it was a great boat. And has Phil Bolger ever failed to put in a good word for his boats? Men simply praise their boats, and thank heaven they do. We want to read of great boats, not disasters.

So that I say the catboat is glorious should not put me outside the pale. It is glorious. For the guy who wants a real sailboat yet can't afford high class, I think the catboat is indeed glorious.

Perhaps some of your readers who have catboats will appreciate reading my story. They may even be able to add some more pluses. And for those who have their own favorite kind of boat, it will give them a glimpse into the qualities of a boat quite different from theirs.

Dick Lafferty, Gainesville, FL

**(Editor Comments:** Dick's article praising catboats will appear in the November issue.

## Projects...

### Rocking Dory

I don't think anybody who gets this publication can't figure how to make this Rocking Dory. It is "home center" stock and if you can't see the small details, the gunnel rub rails are half rounds in and out and the grab bar and rocker supports are banister rail that comes conveniently flattened to sit on gunnels and match to the arc of the bottom. Bar is laced through holes in the sides and stove bolts hold cross members to the bottom, with the nuts recessed underneath.

It's a rocker, then it's a boat, then a toy receptacle, maybe later a planter until the cycle comes around again. Ain't she cute, and the boat, too?

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL, [irwin.Schuster@verizon.net](mailto:irwin.Schuster@verizon.net)



The Independence Seaport Museum held a Wooden Boat Festival at Penn's Landing in Philadelphia on June 14-15. Under sunny skies with moderate winds and scorching mid-June temperatures, over 20 wooden boats and many more boat enthusiasts gathered on the city's waterfront. The shore was lined with displays by local maritime organizations, sailors milled about the dock, boats zigzagged through the basin, and life-jacketed crews eagerly headed out for a sail on two sandbaggers.

The occasion was an excellent opportunity to showcase the collections of the Museum and the products of the Workshop on the Water. The sandbaggers *Bull* and *Bear* were built there by John Brady in 1996-97 and returned to the Delaware for several weeks this spring to match race and dazzle Philadelphians with their massive sails dancing back and forth across the river. More recent projects of the Workshop presented at the Festival included a sneakbox, which was restored within the last year, and the spars for the 1888 Lawley cutter *Elf*. In a less direct fashion the presence of a Connecticut shad fishing vessel named *Triumph*, freshly built by Rocking the Boat in Bronx, New York, attested to John Brady's design skills.

A number of privately-owned wooden boats were tied up at the dock. Two favorites were a Herreshoff 28 named *Gwylan* and the 1880s Lawley -built cutter *Elf*. The H28, usually moored in Riverton, is a design that L. Francis considered to contain many desirable features without sacrificing looks, safety, or comfort. As he describes in *Sensible Cruising Designs*, she was designed to make her simple to build and to se-



Wendy Byar in her skiff and Pete Peters in his Ducker negotiate the basin filled with small boats.

After a lengthy hiatus, a Tuckup sails the Delaware again.



## A Wooden Boat Festival In Philadelphia

By Andy Slavinskas and Jenny Thompson  
Reprinted from *Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter of the TSCA

cure the maximum usable room and strength for a reasonable cost.

*Elf*, on the other hand, represents speed and cutting edge design in early American sailboat racing. The large hole awaiting her mast, the massive bowsprit, and beefy tiller had one anticipating sailors with white knuckles and braced feet under a thousand square feet of canvas. Her mast was scheduled to be stepped a week after the event.

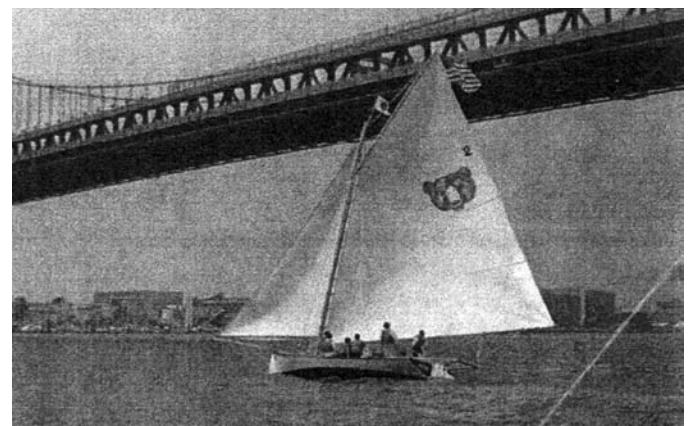
*Gazela*, an 1883 barkentine, and *Jupiter*, a 1902 tugboat, were tied up alongside the pier and offered free public tours over the weekend. Both boats are owned and run by the Philadelphia Ship Preservation Guild. The *Olympia* and the *Moshulu*'s large steel hulls loomed at the edge of the basin, offering a sometimes disturbing sense of scale to the small boats nipping along at their waterlines. At the end of the historical spectrum a replica 17<sup>th</sup> century shallop for the *Kalmar Nyckel*, plied the port of Philadelphia centuries after its first arrival to the Mid-Atlantic.

Our own TSCA chapter was well represented by the *Marion Brewington*, *Thomas Eakins*, *Reducks*, *Urchin*, *Mud Hen*, and Phil's



The painstakingly restored 1888 Lawley-built cutter *Elf* awaiting her Workshop on the Water spars.

A group of boat festival attendees enjoying a sail aboard the sandbagger *Bear*.



*Cerflew*, among others. A dinghy colorfully rigged with flags highlighted the club's activities on shore. Other exhibits lining a sliver of shade alongside the Museum included the Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, the Tom's River Seaport Society, the Steamship Historical Society, and Pilothouse Books. Rope making demonstrations, face painting, and children's art projects entertained families and drew in the casual passers-by.

A highlight of the event for many was the opportunity to sail on the sandbaggers. Crews were switched in and out of the sandbaggers on both days to allow everyone an opportunity to sail these magnificent boats. The narrow, barge-lined Delaware River meant plenty of tacking but abundant crew meant that the boats did not require sandbags as ballast. The opportunity to observe the city from the river and to enjoy cooler temperatures on the water was a pleasure in itself, but equally delightful was the company of one's fellow sailors.

On Saturday evening the crew of *Gazela* invited TSCA members aboard for a chili supper. The many happy faces seen eating on deck indicate the pleasure and camaraderie of the evening. A thunderstorm blew through around 8:00, raising some fears about the small boats moored in the basin, but all fared well. A handful of TSCA members spent the night sleeping aboard *Gazela* and perhaps wished that the storm had brought cooler air to the sweltering cabin below.

The Festival was a great success in demonstrating the persistent boat building activities of the Museum and in highlighting local wooden boats and their owners. Most of all it was a lot of fun. We hope the event will continue.

Starvation has become a classic much like MASCF, Mystic Small Boat Weekend, the Niurlogre, and such. Thus it no longer needs any introduction, most certainly not to readers of this esteemed publication. Therefore, we will jump right into the red meat of the affair; the incredible boats, celebrity sailors, and Lucullan chow that make this the "must do" event of the intermountain west.

Standouts this year were two new Pickles thanks to Messrs Case and Gale. The artistic approaches were quite different but the results equally stunning. Both were based on my first fiberglass hull which is a copy of the Eleven Foot Sailing Whitehall in the Mystic collection. The original, when first at Mystic, was decked but careful study suggested that the deck was a later addition to the original open boat. Therefore, the deck was ripped off (disassembled) and she is now a rather pitiful sight. Nice shape, though. Like any boat, in the owner's telling, she is incredibly fast, greatly exceeding her theoretical hull speed.

Dan and Robin Muir race one which is always well up in the pack at MASCF and Urbanna. Dusty Rhoades had one, too, and donated the "Bull" (water buffalo) trophy for the nationals at Urbanna in the early days. John Collamore at Hulls Unlimited East in Deltaville was so taken with her that he made a centerline mold of her. I have no idea how many were ever built.

She was called the Pickle because the first one was green. I was gratified, while studying the diorama of the Battle of Trafal-



Tom with Pickle.

Doug Moses with Sabot.



## Starvation 2008

By Jim Thayer  
Photos by Tom Gale

gar at the Portsmouth Naval Museum, to note, off in the corner, the *HMS Pickle*. She brought home the first news of Nelson's death. Well, there you have some history should the matter ever come up.

Tom's hull was flush decked with strips finished bright which made for a striking sight. She had a lug rig which looked just right. Ida Little has a photo of a Michigan-owned Pickle at Cedar Key, under which she comments that the sail looks way too big. The Muir Pickle has a lug rig that looks way ample.

On these little boats one can manage quite a large sail because the helmsman's weight gives a very high ballast ratio and the center is easily shifted. Still, I am a great believer in reefing gear, or at least the ability to scandalize.

Steve, l'Artiste, took quite a different tack with a gaff rig and jib. The hull was painted black with a high crowned foredeck painted cream and a grey interior. She was all of a piece and lovely. I would cavil that the flat, bright finish bowsprit didn't fit. A turned piece with a chain bobstay would have blown me away.

As I recall, there were some other boats. The D-D Frankenskiff was much in evidence with both Dewitt and Dwight whipping the water. And, get this, both John Denison and



Pepino mit der Frankenboot.

Kellen Hatch with inflatable tri.



his lovely wife Cindy now have one each of those Hobie flippy sailing tris. How's that for togetherness while doing your own thing? Kellan Hatch had his two boys with a Mouse boat and an inflatable tri for himself. He flew the tri down for the Texas 200.

Ida Ron never fails to amaze. He had an inflatable kayak/canoe thing fitted with his forward facing rowing rig. He did take off the rowing outfit to try a double paddle. For a steadier course he rammed an oar out through the back of the thing to make a long trailing skeg, an innovation doubtless new to science.

John Graves (or is it Groves, I got it wrong last year) had his latest long, long shell. He has about eight of them at home because of a compulsion to build them but he can't bear to get rid of one. I wonder what his wife says. Maybe he's not married, that would explain it. I certainly don't question a man's need for six or eight boats, but all nearly the same? We need a race between John and Garrett with his sliding seat Urbanna Rocket. Of course, it would have to start with unloading and finish with reloading ready for the road.

I am writing this in early June this year while the events are still clearly etched in the mind. Last year I messed up and had Axon running the Grand Canyon when, in fact, he was present. This year he missed because his son Logan picked the exact date to get married. A family in need of organization, I would hazard! I suppose we must give him points for making Cortez.



Garrett Gilmore with sliding seat Urbanna Rocket.



Ron's inflatable with forward facing oars.

Speaking of celebrities, that denizen of the gin clear waters of the far north, spark-plug and bon vivant of the Pend Oreille Rendez-vous, Bob Simmons, stopped in on his way home from a family visit in Denver. In keeping with his sporting persona he was piloting a Mazda rotary of which he has a yard full. Clearly Starvation is a powerful magnet.

Another celeb, in the somewhat (these days) arcane field of campfire cookery, Dave Hahn showed up to wow the crowd with chicken and a veggie stew. Doubtless you have seen a gent with sideburns and a ten-gallon hat working over a fire, pushing coals to and fro and heaping ashes just so. Dave is an engineer and so 21st century. I didn't actually see a laptop or any instruments, but I am sure he keeps track of wind speed, ambient temperature, and the like.

Here's the drill. He starts a bunch of briquettes in a ventilated gallon can. Contents of the two ovens, one slightly smaller, are brought well-chilled or frozen from home, ready to cook. A carefully calculated number of white ash covered briquettes are arranged on the ground and the larger oven set on them. More briquettes are put on the lid and the smaller oven set thereon. It, in turn, gets some briquettes on its lid. One might think that a pyrometer would be handy but apparently a practiced eye is sufficient.

It immediately comes to mind that a third oven with a nice cobbler could crown the affair. With a suitable base the whole pyramid could be set on a picnic table while the company sits around poking skewered chicken livers at it. At any rate, it's always a joy to see Dave come over the horizon.

Just west of Palisade, Colorado, on the south side of I70, at about 34½ road on the grid, a sharp-eyed eastbound traveler might notice some small boats just beyond the peach trees. On rare occasions he is sufficiently curious to ferret out the place and, finding no house, will importune the neighbors to get the owner's phone number.

Thus I got a phone call from Doug Moses regarding a Livery pulling boat hull upside down over a partly finished Nina. The price being irresistible, a check soon arrived in the mail. Well, he must be the right sort and I encourage him to show up at Starvation.

So here he comes with his lovely wife Karen and a Sabot in a covered utility trailer. Turns out that he has an extensive marine background down at San Diego. Another wayward sailor rescued from a thirsty fate in the sagebrush!

The traditional picnic at the dunes was a victim of organizational malaise. We did manage to make the run with Nina to give the duck decoys some swim time and let the kids jump and slide.

During a Saturday afternoon lull Chris, a part-time boat builder but more importantly a writer and product tester, enlivened the sedentary set with boxes of shoes. Most were designed for water sports, with ports, scuppers, and variously located orifices to vent water. I'm not sure how they would work in the sand, but then real sailors seldom go ashore. There were plenty of volunteers to take samples home for extended testing, but that's not how the system works. While watching I had an epiphany. It would seem that old Buick and Oldsmobile designers have gotten into the shoe business.

Chris had one other notable item which was immediately dubbed the "body bag." It was about that size, of heavy plastic, with zipper and various belts and buckles. The idea, Chris triumphantly explained, is that on an extended trip, all your wet and/or dirty, sweaty clothes can be dumped in this bag as they accumulate. Brilliant, eh? I doubt the suits ever considered what sort of chemical and biological reactions might occur in this incubator. It's not hard to imagine the comments of the "little woman" when this thing gets dumped on the laundry room floor. A better course would be to add some soap and water and let it roll in the surf for a day or two.

As the Saturday evening potluck approaches we must recognize all the ladies who contribute so much to this affair. For fear of missing someone I shan't enumerate them (it's the FOG, you know) but I be-

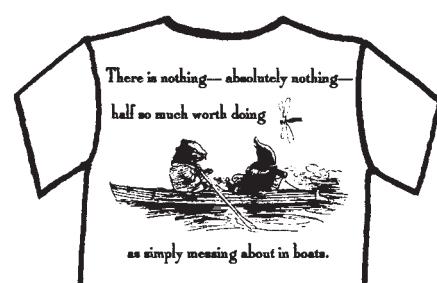
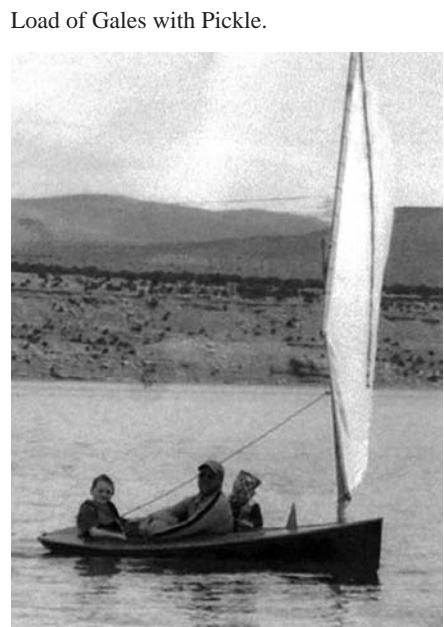
lieve we had nine lovely spouses in attendance along with eight children and a swarm of bearded, leathery, squinty-eyed, sandaled sailors of assorted stripe.

A blaze is started and Dewitt's three large totes of kindling are a joy for the fire feeders, perfectly complimented by John's large chunks of fat pinon. A call comes from John England with greetings from all the old Urbanna gang. The hard core mid-Atlantic folk gather now on the Piankatank on this very weekend.

Four tables are loaded with elegant bowls of enticing comestibles. Dewitt is busy with his hors d'oeuvres presentation. Susan makes a grand entrance with her fruit platter garnished with a cruise liner worthy pineapple banana bird. I hope it doesn't precipitate an arms race.

Apparently the Thayer kids have noised about word of a family milestone and so there is a fancy cake to celebrate 50 years of wedded bliss. Dewitt presented an elegant trophy, the handiwork of the SLC boat shop cadre. Words fail me. I must publicly commend my lovely wife Janis for hanging in there while I forsook a paying job for the erratic career of a boat builder. Probably not that bad a bargain when you consider that if I had kept my nose to the grindstone we'd be rich and she would be cooking and hauling on a big boat. After a great weekend like Starvation, I don't hear any complaints.

Thanks to all for their help and consideration. On to KOKOPELLI!!



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*Something else to read at anchor...*

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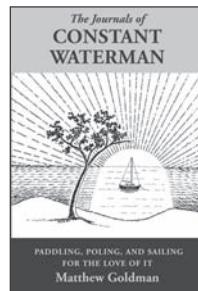
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Cindy with her Hobie.

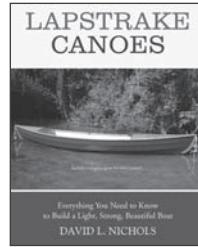
Kids. Oops, no pfd on Ruby.



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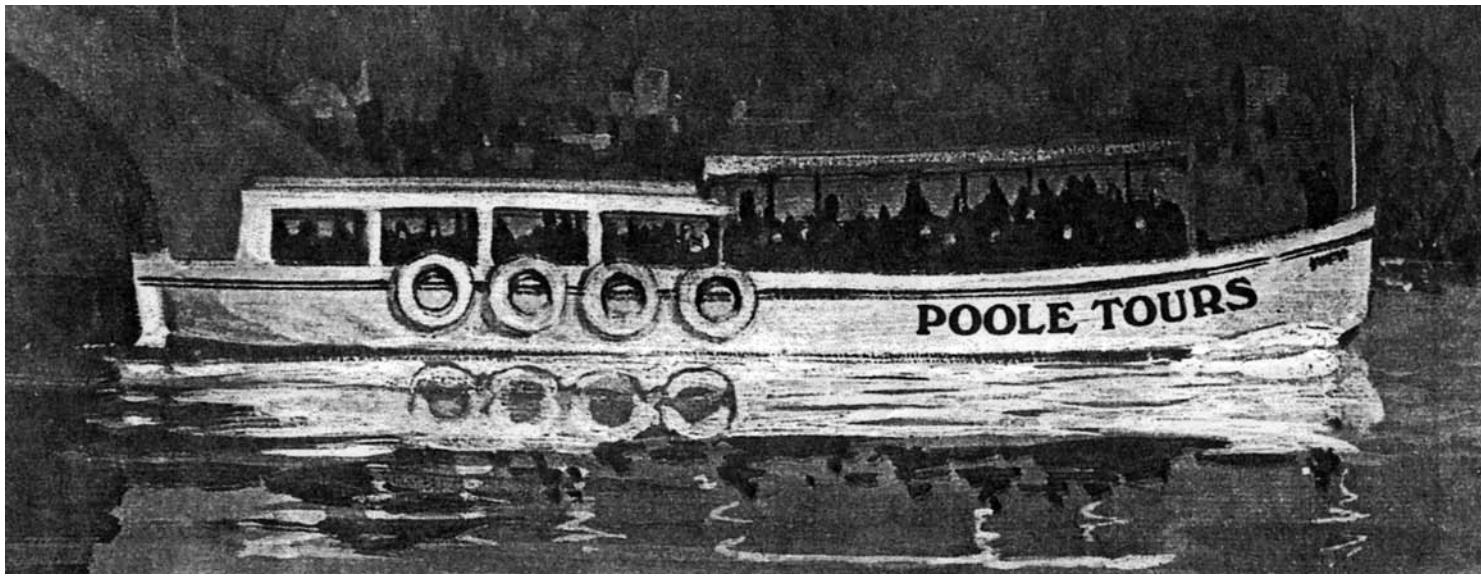
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"Mornin' ma'm, mornin' sor, off on a trip I see." Frank, the lead boatman for the Island Sailing Club, Cowes, England, touched his black peak cap as he gallantly helped my wife from the dock into the stern sheets of the yellow club launch as I lowered the gear for a week's cruise on the Solent and the south coast of England.

"Only goin' for a week?" Frank asked with a grin. "Blimey, you got enough there for a month."

Frank had been our nautical guardian angel ever since we'd come to England two years before and bought a 25' Marconi-rigged sloop, *Bourisheen*, from another club member. We found his quick wit and sometimes sardonic humor meant he liked us. In a quiet way he remained in the background but was always there when we needed him. Now he approved the itinerary of our cruise with a perfunctory "Uh huh." We would not dream of going without his knowing where we were headed or when we planned to return.

As we neared our boat, majestically tugging at her mooring, Frank said, "Mind you that you're in early tonight. It's gonna blow."

We thought it was already blowing hard out of the southwest. White horses were rapidly galloping past the harbor mouth.

"Up you go, me darlin'," Frank held my wife's hand as she stepped up to *Bourisheen*'s rail. He paid little heed to the struggle I was having with my heavy load other than to remark with a trace of sarcasm, "Careful you don't break the whiskey bottles, sor."

With a parting "Thank ya ma'm, thank ya sor, have a good trip," Frank advanced the throttle of the launch and, with a quick look up the Medina River, was gone.

Whenever someone mentions Cowes or the Solent you usually envision tall, sleek international racing yachts thrashing about during a Cowes Week or an Admiral's Cup race in quest of valuable silverware. What people who come to this area as racing participants, spectators, or tourists fail to realize or have no time to find out is that this densely populated sailing area abounding in narrow channels, sand and mud banks, and strong currents is one of the most beautiful, unspoiled cruising grounds in the British Isles.

Where another man's goal might be a Fastnet win, mine was a brief passage of several miles or more from Cowes to one of these lovely estuaries.

## A Lifetime on the Water

### Part 6

## Brief Passage on the Solent

(1979)

By Lionel Taylor

One of my favorite spots is the Beaulieu (pronounced Byulee) River, our destination on the first night of our cruise. The river's entrance lies three miles diagonally across the Solent from Cowes and one mile inside the East Lepe buoy. We looked forward to its peace and tranquility during the rough, wet, windward slog that dreary August afternoon. It was like coming inside and closing the door as soon as we rounded into the entrance channel behind Beaulieu Spit. In the lee of the land the Force 6 winds dropped to a zephyr, the short steep waves to ripples, and the chill factor to the point where we had no further use for our woolens and oilies.

We motored slowly up the river, passing between several anchored cruisers whose occupants were having a brief respite from the rigors of the Solent outside. The channel along the lower reaches of the river, 7' deep and 30' to 50' wide, runs between mud banks pitted with numerous nesting holes from which brightly colored kingfishers darted. We were so busy trying to identify the many perched and flying greenfinches, linnets, yellowhammers, and wagtails that abound in the grassy bird sanctuary off the starboard hand that we almost collided with a gaff-rigged sloop running outward bound on the other side of the channel.

About a mile from the entrance, off Need's Car Point, we turned to follow the river in a northerly direction past Gin's Farm and the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. The late Sir Francis Chichester's *Gypsy Moth*, the

big OSTAR ketch, lay sad and neglected on her mooring to port. We stood in silent tribute as we passed by, almost ashamed to be alive and enjoying the beauties of the river he loved so well.

Not far ahead the river turned west again running past big estates with gardens that come right down to the water's edge. We had arrived at Bucklees Hard, home of the Montagues, and the scene of extensive 18th century shipbuilding.

The small marina was full but Mr Grinsey, the local harbormaster, told us to take one of the pile moorings several hundred yards farther upstream. Never having moored between pilings before, we approached the area with apprehension.

With my wife on the foredeck and me at the controls, we were making our approach "arsey versey" (as our neighbors told us later) by trying to get our bow line through the sliding ring of the forward stake first. Soon after my wife had analyzed the problem and called back aft to me that she couldn't reach the ring, a woman's head popped out of the hatch of the neighboring yacht. Wearing a faded red, white, and blue bandana and a friendly smile on her round, rosy-cheeked face, she had heard the call of another mate in distress and was coming to the rescue.

Dressed in a blue, red-lined Cowes coat, blue sailing slacks and blue and white sailing shoes, she soon had our bow line doubled up through the ring and back in my wife's hands. While the girls were on the foredeck, jabbering away like old neighbors over the back-yard fence, her husband, still chewing on a biscuit (we had interrupted his afternoon tea), had climbed aboard to give me a hand.

The thin, brown-haired man half the size of his wife said pleasantly, "Back her down, sir, and we'll see if we can snag the ring astern."

We were soon snugged down midway between the two pilings having a little natter in *Bourisheen*'s cockpit. Then, as if to celebrate our recent accomplishment, the heavy clouds dissolved and the evening sun shone in an azure blue sky. Allowing our neighbors to finish their tea, we inflated our dinghy and went ashore to explore.

We wandered down the wide main street between the two rows of cottages that make up the small village of Buckler's Hard. It was in this street during the 18th century

that mighty oak trunks from the surrounding forest were piled for building Admiral Nelson's ships. The house of Henry Adams, the famous English shipbuilder, is still standing and is now preserved as "The Master Builder's House" hotel.

"Frank's weather forecast was correct." I thought as I climbed out of a warm bunk sometime after midnight to check *Bourisheen*'s fenders and mooring lines. A screeching, rain-drenching, southwesterly gale was tearing through the rigging and the boat was beginning to bob to the wavelets even this far upriver. Despite the miserable weather I had a warm comradely feeling inside when I saw my neighbor on his foredeck involved in the same tasks as I.

We remained gale-bound for two days in the Beaulieu River. It was a pleasant sojourn as we read, slept, and got to know our neighbors and their two lovely daughters better. Between showers we got to explore a portion of the upper reaches of the river where it dries out just below the town of Beaulieu.

A historic abbey is located here. It is believed to have been founded by King John and built by the Cistercian monks in the year 1204. The monks were given a charter with the maximum possible privileges because of the king's bad dream in which he ordered his servants to trample certain monks under their horses' hooves. In more recent times the ancient rights of the monks, confirmed by various British sovereigns to the successive owners of Beaulieu, were inherited by Lord Montague and the trustees of the Beaulieu Estate. From the yachtsmen's point of view the land owners' rights have been an advantage. They have prevented unsightly development and have kept the river as unspoiled as it was many years ago.

We were reluctant to leave this lovely spot and our new-found English friends when the weather cleared on the third day. However, we both had itineraries to maintain, they were ambitiously bound for France and the coast of Spain and we on a brief passage to Lymington Harbor, six-and-a-half miles up the coast.

Bright sunshine streaming through the cabin port awakened me early on the morning following our arrival from Beaulieu. It was warm and cozy in my bunk and I hated to get up, but a nice day like this on the south coast of England is not to be wasted. I lay for a minute listening to the gentle lapping of the

wavelets against the hull and the cacophony of numerous halyards slapping the anodized masts of neighboring yachts.

Stepping on deck into the cool clean air I noticed we had a new arrival during the night. Moored directly astern on the 60' long dock of the Lymington Marina was a new 18' Drascombe lugger. A singlehander was sitting cross-legged in the bottom of the open double-ended ketch boiling water for his early morning tea over a Sterno can. Dressed only in navy blue swim trunks and an open cotton shirt he was oblivious to the 60° temperature and the Force 4 wind that was blowing. He smiled shyly to my morning greetings.

I did a few early morning chores and when I looked up again our neighbor, having washed his breakfast ware overside and dried and packed them away carefully in an airline tote bag, had raised his tan Terylene sails in preparation for getting underway. Every time he tried to leave the dock the head wind swept him back, and without sufficient maneuvering room or auxiliary power I could see he was getting nowhere fast.

With a few words but copious friendly smiles, I took the bow line and walked his boat down the dock until it would clear the windward end. While he sat docilely on the duckboards, letting me get on with what he accepted as being best for him, he told me he was on his first Solent cruise in his new boat. As the wind filled his freed sails his placid face became wreathed in smiles. With a friendly wave and a hearty "Cheerio!" he was off down the Lymington River on the next leg of his trip.

After a quick breakfast aboard we followed in his wake. The marina where we spent the night is situated on the outskirts of the Old World town of Lymington whose history has been associated with ships and the sea. At one time it was an important local center of salt and iron smelting industries, the iron ore being quarried at Hengistbury and brought to Lymington by sea in barges. There it was beaten out by great hammers worked by water wheels from the local "hammer ponds." Today the river is not used for commercial purposes other than car ferries running to Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight.

Motoring past the Royal Lymington Yacht Club pontoon where many members were readying their dinghies for an afternoon regatta, we met one of these monsters on her way upriver.

er to the pier ferry terminal and station opposite the marina. Although the ferries are handled with care, they are big for the river and we were glad we had not met her in the narrow, lower reaches of the channel where they create a dangerous suction in the restricted water.

This lower section of the river, however, is one of the many reasons for our returning again and again to Lymington Harbor. The narrow exit channel winds through mud and sand marshes marked by a series of red stakes with circular top marks on the starboard hand (this confused us no end at first) and by black piles with triangular top marks to port. These unusual beacons have replica tops that depict the descriptive names they were given hundreds of years ago. We passed "Cocked Hat" and "Bag of Halfpence" to starboard, "Tar Barrel" and "Pylewell Boom" to port before rounding "Jack in the Basket" and heading out into the Solent. "Jack In The Basket," the beacon with the barrel top, has long been used as a point of departure for ships. It was from here that *HMS Pandora* sailed in 1790 to search the Pacific for the *Bounty* mutineers.

We unwisely selected the Needles Passage to leave the Solent for Poole Harbor in Dorset rather than the smoother North Channel. As a result the west-going ebb, running contrary to the westerly wind, kicked up a nasty chop over the infamous Shingles Bank off Hurst Point. After leaving Bridge buoy astern, however, and setting a course of 226 degrees for Poole Bar buoy, conditions improved considerably.

The leisurely 115-mile trip over Poole Bay brought us more familiar sights; Bournemouth's resort hotels away in the distance to starboard, the high headlands of Nine-Barrow and Ballad Downs towering over Swanage Bay to port, and astern Alum Bay on the Isle of Wight from whose heights in 1877 Guglielmo Marconi flashed the world's first wireless message to boats in the bay below.

Rounding Poole Bar buoy and heading up Swash Channel into Poole Harbor in the late afternoon, heavy traffic suddenly developed behind and ahead of us. A gray Navy minesweeper and a chain ferry loaded with homeward-bound commuters shouldered us aside in the strong 4kt ebb tide swirling out of the entrance. But the traffic conveniently dispersed at the Havens and we had a pleasant run up the long Western (Middle) Channel to Poole Yacht Club.



Like the other harbors we visited, Poole is steeped in the ancient tradition of the sea and ships. The name itself has its origin in the British and Anglo-Saxon word "pool." In early times it signified something larger and deeper than the word does now, essentially a good anchorage for boats. Poole Harbor, the second largest natural harbor in the world with a circumference of almost 100 miles and almost completely landlocked, has long provided a haven for boats. It was here in 880 that King Alfred the Great gathered the first English fleet for action against the Danes.

Now, along with its double high tides that maintain deep water for 14 hours in every 24, a large island (Brownsea) in the center maintained by the National Trust Foundation upon which yachtsmen are free to land and its innumerable channels to explore, it is an ideal cruising area.

Two days after our arrival we had joined several other yachts in a quiet anchorage off the northern and leeward side of this island. We had reached the western point of our cruise but wanted to spend a quiet day relaxing in *Bourisheen*'s cockpit before heading home. The sun was warm and a luxurious lethargy had settled over us. Only the metallic sound of a loud hailer on a local tour boat buzzed in the background. As it and the sound of the boat's bow wave grew louder, I

could hear the tour guide extolling the wonders of Brownsea Island and Poole Harbor.

Then we heard, "... and if you will look over to the right side of the boat you will see a yacht that has come all the way from North America to enjoy the beauties of our lovely harbor!"

Peeking under the brim of my blue sun hat I could see dozens of London tourists gawking at us over the boat rail. As I surreptitiously slid off the seat onto the cockpit grating to avoid being seen, my eye caught the waving outline of our American yacht ensign flying astern. I would have hated to admit at that moment that the longest part of our sea voyage to Poole Harbor had been from Cowes Isle of Wight, a distance of 30 nautical miles!

Feeling a little depressed the next day because our enjoyable cruise was coming to an end, we prepared to enter Cowes Harbor.

No one has been able to determine how this fashionable center of British yachting was given this bucolic name. Suffice it to say that the town that Henry VIII thought important enough to defend against a possible French invasion by building a stone fort on its northern approaches has grown up carrying the name of two sandbanks located in the

harbor mouth which local fishermen called the "Cows."

Now the familiar sights of this old fort (the Royal Yacht Squadron), the Parade, and the Southampton-to-Cowes ferry bringing its horde of summer tourists to the island made us glad in a way to be home. However, it was the sight of the yellow Island Sailing Club launch tearing down the channel to greet us that set us to smiling again.

"Evenin' ma'm, sor." It was Pip, the alternate club boatman at the helm. "Before Frank went off to the pub he said you'd be comin' in tonight and to get them furiners off yur moorin'." Pip pointed to a French Ecume de-Marc under mainsail alone moving slowly away from the general vicinity of our mooring buoy.

"I was havin' me cuppa tay at the time," said Pip, "but when Frank sayd, 'Get to it me lad!' I knew me tay woul 'ave ta' wait. So off I goes and what those Frenchies sayd I couldn't fur the life of me inderstan'. I jus' kep' pointin' to the moorin' and to your boat comin' in and 'oped they'd leave."

As proud as his ancestors must have been when they repulsed the French invaders from the island 430 years before, he pointed to our now-vacant pick-up buoy and said with a beaming smile on his broad face. "There ya' be. Welcome 'ome!"

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If it can go wrong, it will go wrong. July 5, Saturday am, dawned hot and muggy, weather people say poor air quality, don't go outside or breathe! Yeah, right! We had planned to leave on Monday, July 7, with our friends, Bob and Judith Yorke, from the Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, boat ramp to go to Cuttyhunk. We worked on our boat, a Rob Roy Yawl 23', Saturday and Sunday on an endless list of small projects. Showers were forecast Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday so the Yorkes changed plans, deciding to head to Martha's Vineyard at the end of the week. We decided to go anyway because only occasional showers, not steady rain was forecast.

Monday dawned sunny and nice, we got our traditional late start heading to Cuttyhunk. Our new GPS crapped out before we got out of the harbor so we took long tacks a half hour each toward Cutty against wind and current. We got partway there and turned around, tired of beating our heads against wind and wave, and headed to Hadley Harbor at Woods Hole. After looking at the impressive array of Forbes boats we anchored, had supper and a little tot, and off to bed.

Up early Tuesday, we washed, ate, two cups of tea/coffee, watched the panorama of nature around us, and headed out at 8am. Weather called for 5-20kts of wind, we figured to get there (Cutty), stay through Wednesday when winds of 30kts were forecast, and come home Thursday with nice weather forecast (it never did rain). That was the plan! We sailed on (about seven miles) in increasing wind and sea, a little rough for comfort. When nearing Cutty we started the 8hp Honda outboard to increase speed to windward. We had started out with one reef in the mainsail and partway along we took in the mizzen, jib would have been the next to go, instead it was the rudder!

No warning, just "what the hell?" The rudder is a swinging blade between two stainless steel cheeks with a line to raise it and now here we were towing it out behind us with that line! I reeled it in and pulled it into the cockpit. The boat lay beam to wind and sea, I had released the sheets, we had open water to leeward, so I dropped the mainsail and sheeted in the jib, figuring it would pull us more or less straight. OK, now what? I had programmed in the buoy, Nyes Ledge, just outside of Mattapoisett on the now working GPS, punched it in, and it was 11 miles dead downwind. How lucky is that? All we needed to do was get there and we would be just three miles up the harbor to the launch ramp. The wind was honking by now, one of those hazy "wind and wave" smoky sou'westers.

Anyway, long story short, by streaming a stout bucket off one side or 'tother, then using the outboard, which could turn ever so slightly in its well, we made it to the harbor. We dropped jibby and motored straight to the ramp in one shot. There was no boat traffic, no one else was out in all that wind! We had a "kiss the ground" moment and went home to pizza and beer. Lots!

Wednesday am, up early and took out the rudder shaft, took the cheeks off the rudder blade, brought them to work (stainless steel welder), welded it up and reinforced it so it wouldn't happen again, brought it home, and put it back in. Called the Yorkes, they wanted to leave Thursday night or Friday (still sunny, no rain) morning from Waquoit Bay, six miles north of Martha's Vineyard. We got our late start (no hurry, we're on vacation) sailed around Waquoit, down Little River, into Hamblin Pond, a calm, shallow

## Vacation Cruise!

By Pete and Trish Bradford

hurricane hole off Waquoit Bay. The Yorkes came down after Judith got out of work, getting to the launch ramp around 10pm. They launched and went out to Washburn Island, a park/island in Waquoit Bay, ate, and slept. We spent a hot, windless, buggy night. (I made screens but the no-see-ums got through them!)

Up early, now Friday morning, promise of a fine day. We motored out to wake up Bob and Judith and head to Martha's Vineyard, six miles south, with a nice 10-15 NORTH wind, just what the doctor ordered! Very strong current, GPS working, so we kept on track over L'Hommedieu shoals in the middle (the depth goes from 80' to 8' and back to 80' again). Bob and Judith went on ahead, power boat, you see (23' Lunenberg power dory), and tied up at the town dock and took showers. When we got there it was like a zoo with boats tied up two deep at the pier. We sailed through the harbor, lots of great wooden boats, and anchored near the fuel terminal and drawbridge. The Yorkes came across and hung on a line off our stern, a good arrangement we used several times. We put up our sun awning that the Yorkes had given us. They had it made for a previous sailboat and kept it when the boat went. It fit perfectly and was a godsend out in the hot sun!

When we finally figured out the opening times of the drawbridge we had a couple of hours to kill before the 3:15pm opening. At 3:10 we motored over to the bridge to await the opening when folks on a power boat with home port "Vineyard Haven" on the transom said, "That bridge doesn't open 'til 4:00." At that moment the bridge opened (so much for local knowledge). We went through but Robert and Judith in *Cod*, the dory, got caught in swirling current in the very narrow draw and hit one side, the boat transom slewed to port and hit the yoke on the rudder, breaking it (not a good week for rudders). They drifted back into Vineyard Haven harbor while we were safely in the Lagoon. Robert made it back to where we had been anchored, while on the other side of the road, but in the Lagoon we anchored near the boat ramp.

By the time I sloshed ashore in 3' of water (very warm), Robert had walked to Gannon and Benjamin for advice, then to a hardware store for epoxy glue and very strong filament tape and was mixing his batch of epoxy! Boat repairs, knee deep in very warm water! It made for a very strong repair that wouldn't trouble them the rest of the trip. While waiting for the glue to set Trish and I went to the anchorage just to the left coming in from under the bridge, fairly deep 8'-10', near a 48' Hans Christian cutter capable of sailing anywhere in the world named *Emerald Cut*.

Ahhh, the Lagoon Pond, another world compared to the madness of Vineyard Haven harbor just a drawbridge away. The Yorkes came along about 6:30pm, hung off our stern again, and came aboard for supper. Robert looked and felt off-color, felt confused, and had chills! We warmed him up, talked a lot, and then off to bed. Up early again, the graying of the new morn does it every time, ate and read a Farley Mowatt book in the coming spectacle of the new day! I watched the owner of *Emerald Cut* come out to the boat

with his Dalmatian dog at 5:45am and start working on the boat.

When everyone else arose they came over for oatmeal, fruit, coffee, and tea. Robert still didn't feel good so he called his doctor (cell phone), suspecting a previous Lyme infection. Doctor called back and said, "Get to a hospital." Easier said than done. The man so busy on *Emerald Cut* had hollered over, his house was right there on the beach, go ahead and use the outside shower anytime. The hospital? Right on the other side of his house! "Here, use my dinghy," and he was alongside, and picked up Robert and Judy, dropping himself off at his boat. "Use the dinghy all you want!" Wow!

The Yorkes were gone for several hours so we swam over to *Emerald Cut* and introduced ourselves to Patrick King and Mr Mago, his doggie. He is an Olympic coach of women's gymnastics and a dear friend of wayward mariners! After telling us his house is always open, use the bathroom, showers, whatever, we went back to our boat, swimming with his business card in my teeth! We then decided to go to the hospital to see Robert. We were very worried if they could admit him.

We backed the boat down on its anchor toward the beach and carried a small anchor into shore. It was low tide so we left the boat with only about 3" of water under the keel. We walked up to the hospital and there was Robert in the parking lot! He had been tested left, right, and sideways and they came up with a possible urinary tract infection. Antibiotics were required so we walked to town, one or two miles, got them, then to a nearby takeout where the Yorkes treated us to fish and chips. Yum! Robert was very tired, it was quite hot out, so they took a bus back to the beach and rowed out to the boat. We walked into town to Gannon and Benjamin, the Black Dog, and bought a cold drink. At the beach we stopped to talk to a couple with a boxer dog. They had come from Wareham and we had mutual friends in Middleboro! Small world!

We walked back to the boat, picking up a locally made blueberry pie on the way. When we got there the boat was now in waist deep water but we had shorts on and the water was around 80 degrees! We still had to get Mr King's dinghy back to his beach, it was tied to the Yorke's boat. Since the wind was dead onshore to a circular beach they just untied it and we waited for it to come to us! What a good little boat. We made it fast, got on the sailboat, and motored back to where the Yorkes were. Robert was still sick with the chills so we brought them over and put him in the cabin where it gets quite warm from cooking.

We ate and had dessert (remember the pie), talked, and when Pat King came back to his boat he worked on it 'til dusk. When he finished he swam over to us (he looked like Tarzan), asked about Bob, told us to use one of his bedrooms, would hardly take no for an answer (we'll be fine), and swam off to shore. He also left his phone number in case we needed him in the night. He will not soon be forgotten!

We turned in, then up at dawn again Sunday, now wanting to get across before it breezes up. More oatmeal, coffee, tea, fruit, OJ (we ate well). Robert underway by 7:45am, we had to wait for the 8:15am bridge opening. On our way under the bridge Bob the bridge tender said we looked like we had a good time. He had been watching us! All in all we did OK with the exceptions of a few

problems that we worked through and poor Robert not feeling well, but never complaining and ever the gentleman. We treasure their friendship. We had a glorious sail home, rather windy but not too much for single reefed mainsail only.

We made Waquoit by 10:30am. As we were entering the breakwater one big wave slapped us on the beam and tossed Trish from one side of the cabin to the other down below. Neptune got in the last word. We sailed a bit in Waquoit Bay but by now the southwest wind was piping up so much that we wouldn't have sailed out into it!

As a footnote, the reason for the undependable GPS was a glitch in the software that Garmin became aware of and promptly sent me out a free cable to reprogram it from their website. Kudos to them for fast service. Anyway, Robert feeling better, we got the boats on the trailers and went home to rest up from vacation. We can't wait to do it again!

## Cape Cod Harbors

### The Cruise to Plymouth Harbor

By Rob Gogan

My grandfather decided to pick up his friend Arthur Locke in Plymouth on the *Impulse 2* and take him to Red Brook Harbor by sea. Meanwhile his wife, whom we called Auntie Dot, would drive to the Cape and meet us at the house. My sister Jill and Uncle Don came along with us. Sailing the Herreshoff was out of the question on this trip as our course was through the Cape Cod Canal. The US Army Corps of Engineers kept a careful watch from their fast black launches and stopped any craft without a running motor from traversing the Canal.

We made it through the Canal without incident into Cape Cod Bay. Uncle Don wanted to take a dip and after Grandie cut the motor he dove directly in. Jill and I climbed backwards down the ladder. Uncle Don warned us that it was cold and we learned the shocking truth as we stepped down the ladder. There was at least a 30°F difference between air and sea. Jill and I made one quick dip and rocketed out of the water. Uncle Don didn't dive again. North of the Canal the water was noticeably colder than on the Buzzards Bay side. Grandie explained that the Gulf of Maine chills the northern side of the Cape while Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard steer a fragment of the warm Gulf Stream towards Buzzards Bay.

We made it through a thicket of lobster buoys to the Plymouth Town Dock and picked up Mr Locke. He had his fishing gear with him. He suggested we go back out among the buoys where the perch fishing would be excellent. On the way out we passed the *Mayflower II*, a local tourist attraction. It looked small. We had seen several private yachts going through the Canal that were larger.

### Cannibals and Sharks

Our luck didn't live up to the promise at first. Mr Locke, Uncle Don, and I fished while Grandie stayed at the helm keeping us away from the lobster pots. Jill wasn't confident enough of her casting ability to join us. We used lures and if the fish were there, they weren't biting. We made at least a dozen fruitless casts apiece. Suddenly Uncle Don got a strike and pulled in a fine little pink fish I didn't recognize. It was about the size of a healthy scup. Mr Locke took a knife out of his pocket and cut a chunk out of the perch's pretty tail and used it to bait one of the hooks on his lure. Almost at once he got a strike and pulled in a sister to the first perch. He cut more fins from the first fish and gave one to each of us and soon we each had also caught one. Apparently they were cannibals. I asked Mr Locke if we should keep them for eating and he said no. So we tossed all but the first fish back to swim another day. We could have caught a hundred but Grandie was anxious to catch a favorable tide through the Canal so we reeled in and headed south.

Halfway through the Canal we saw a group of pleasure boats converging on something in the water in the middle of the channel. It was a dark creature of at least 6' in length flowing with the tide. We slowed down a little as we went by and got a good look. Its distinctive dorsal and tail fins unmistakably identified the creature as a large shark. I asked my grandfather why the shark was floating and drifting. "It must be sick or injured," he said. "Maybe it was hit by a ship propeller." I thought how scared I would be if I were in the water right now. Just a couple of hours earlier we had been swimming in the deep water not far from this large shark and an untold number of its kind. This shark now was pitiful and clearly would die soon. Once a natural threat loses its terror we tend to become sentimental and almost affectionate towards it. We name sports teams after life-threatening storms and once-fierce but now subdued predators.

Though he didn't gloat or lord over us as captain, I'm sure Grandie was proud to take us out. He was pleased to have been captain to his friend Mr Locke. In conversation Mr Locke usually had more to say than Grandie. It must have been refreshing for Grandie to be in control of things.



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I think this was the only time we went through the Canal. No doubt we would have taken more trips but Grandie died the next year. I'm sure he, more than any of the rest of us, recognized how precious were our hours on the good ship *Impulse 2*.

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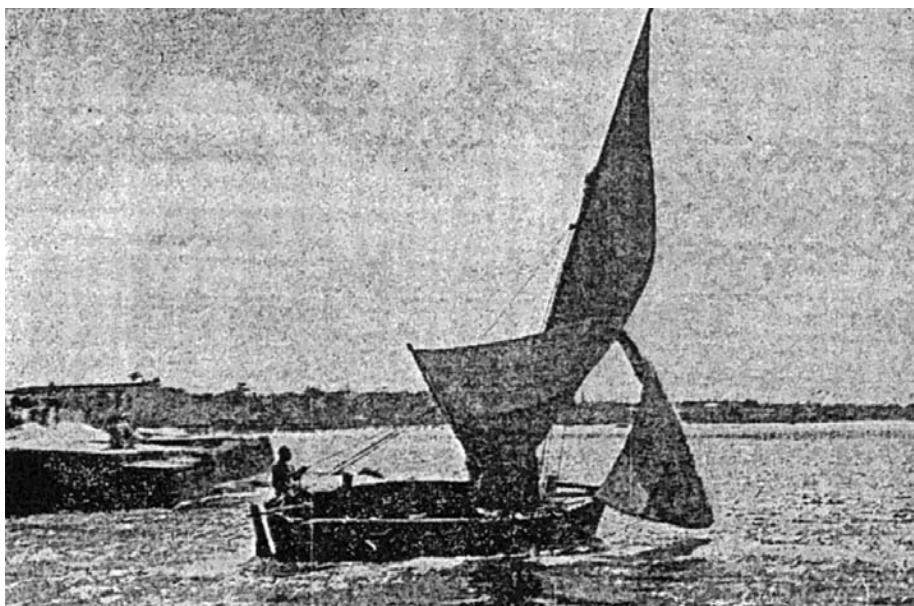
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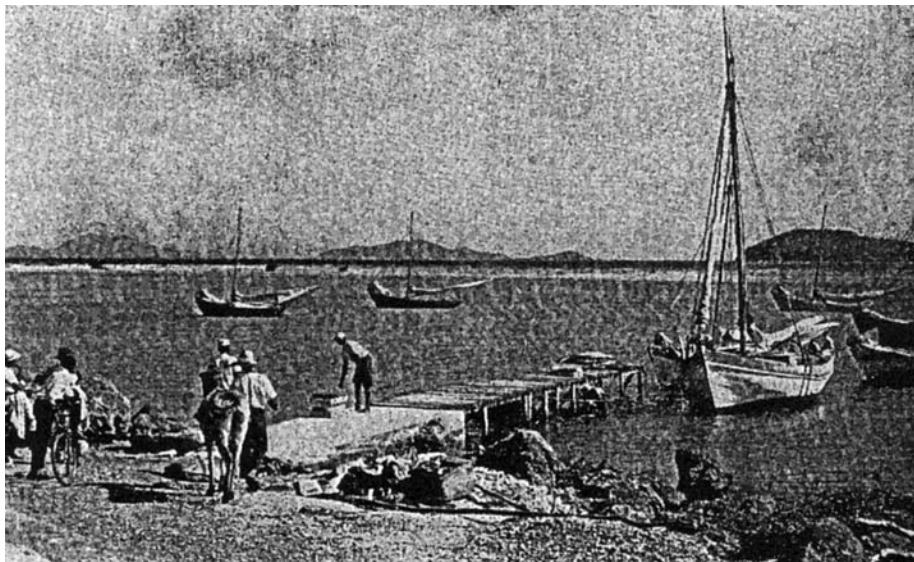
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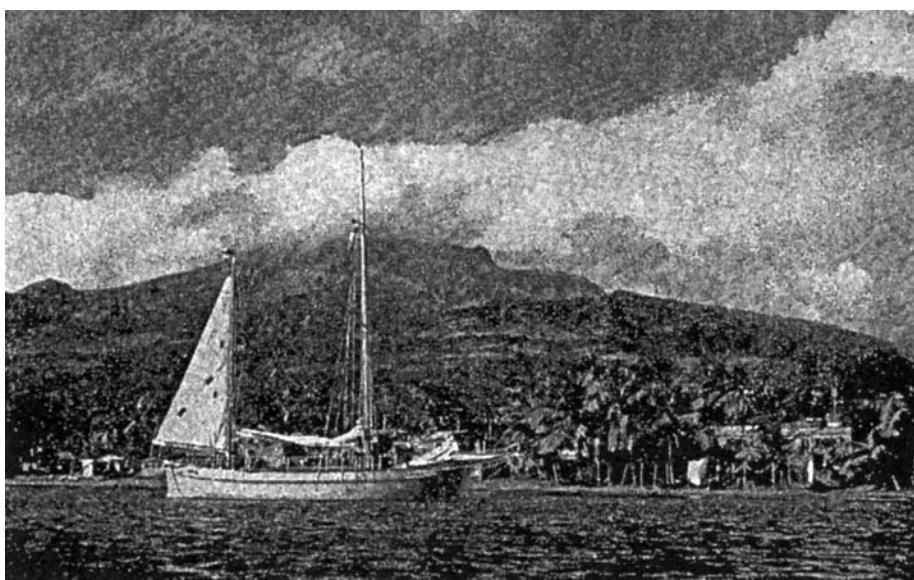


A boat used for catching flying fish at Barbados.



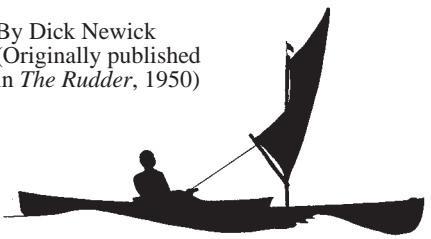
East End Harbour, Tortola, British Virgin Islands.

The ketch *Sunrise* at Martinique with Mount Pelee in the background.



## Water Wandering in the Caribbean

By Dick Newick  
(Originally published in *The Rudder*, 1950)



Visions of long distance cruising are tempered by life's economic and social realities which anchor most of us fairly close to home. Perhaps the most fortunate enthusiasts live along routes followed by the wandering few who bring dreams to life and life to dreams. Ian Gale, editor of *The Advocate* in Bridgetown, Barbados, is in a position to meet those who have followed the trades from the old world. A few hours after *Adara*'s hook was down in Carlyle Bay I found myself with a group of sailors gathered in his friendly office, comparing notes about routes, gear, weather, and future plans. Ian and his hospitable wife Alice entertained many of us in their home or with a drive around the lush island, sharing the stories and knowledge they have acquired from the many sailors who had preceded us.

A row around the Carlyle Bay anchorage provided a fascinating study of craft that had crossed at least one ocean on their cruises. There were many differences but each one had her particular charm. The smallest transatlantic boat in the anchorage was the *Skaffie*, just 20 feet long, carrying 150 square feet of sail to drive her stout, double ended hull. Gordon Auchterlonie and David Beard, her young owners, were emigrating from Lowestoft, England, to New Zealand. Between Spain and Madeira they were almost swamped when a big wave filled *Skaffie*'s open cockpit, broke her mast, and carried away much gear. After refitting at Funchal they continued across with better luck. We later heard with regret that they had sold the boat in Panama after further misfortune.

Then there was the *Speedwell*, a beautiful teak creation built in Hong Kong to the popular *Vertue* design of Laurent Giles. Only 25 feet long, she packed much seagoing comfort in her slippery hull. John Goodwin of South Africa, single handed, knew how to get the most out of the boat, as his 26-day passage from the Canaries indicated. I was pleased to renew our acquaintance which started in Spain and Gibraltar.

*Erato* was a 30' old-time English fisherman type sloop which Evan Atkinson and his wife Toni had sailed from England. Toni had a baby shortly after arriving in the new world and Evan was planning the voyage home to Vancouver with the family going ahead by air. Again news received later brought word of misfortune. The boat was sold in Central America and Evan completed the voyage aboard a freighter. Many people start long voyages in small boats, and some of them go far, but few go the distance originally intended.

The ketch *Sunrise* had already made one circumnavigation under the Swedish flag with the appropriate name of *Viking*. Her voyage won Mr and Mrs Holmdahl the

Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal. Now she flies the Austrian flag and Joe Pachernegg, who helped the Holmdahls convert her from a fishing vessel, hopes to be the first German speaking single hander to make it around the world. An excellent seaman, Joe has all the necessary talents to succeed.

Besides *Adara* with her crew of four and *Pingla* with five aboard, there was one more transatlantic boat, the *Dragonera*. Like *Adara* she was built in Palma, Mallorca, and bore a family resemblance to the trim little *Speedwell*, both being from the drafting table of that talented Englishman, Laurent Giles. George Hoag, her American owner, had searched long for his dream boat and the ideal place to build her. She is a 43' gaff rigged sloop without an engine. The original boat from the design, *Dyarchy*, proved fast and practical but I must admit that helping to hoist her heavy gaff just once prejudiced me against that item.

Barbados is one of the world's most densely populated areas and the rolling island covered with sugar cane provides much of interest for the visitor. I was most intrigued by the narrow careenage jammed with sailing vessels loading and discharging all kinds of island cargo. Few have motors and many are built, rigged, and sailed much as were small trading vessels of 50 or one hundred years ago. Truly the Caribbean is one of the last strongholds of commercial sail. And no wonder, the reliable trades providing a beam wind for the majority of the routes between the Leeward Islands.

Another unusual local sailing boat is the type used to catch flying fish. These half decked keel boats average about 20 feet in length, carry a large low spread of canvas, and have about a ton of shifting inside scrap iron ballast. Despite the skill of their crews one or two boats are lost every year, usually by capsizing to windward when the wind lets up momentarily. On the windward side of the island losses are a bit higher because the boats are kept on the beach and launched through the surf.

The *Adara* was to be in Barbados for a time and I was anxious to see some of the other islands before returning to the United States. But first I spent several fun-filled days aboard *Speedwell* anchored near coral reefs while John introduced me to the art of skin diving and spear fishing which opened up a new and beautiful world for me below the surface.

I found passage on the 90' schooner *Arcadius* headed for St Kitts by way of St Lucia and Dominica with general cargo. Elias Mitchell, her owner and captain, signed me on and we had aboard one other passenger, a woman from St Lucia. I was amazed to learn from the skipper that the vessel was less than two years old. Her rigging and deck appeared to be worn by many years of hard work and neglect. They were, but on other boats. The skipper had only enough money for a new hull and for the rest he bought used material, often very much used, to be replaced as the vessel could earn herself more reliable gear.

Sail was quickly made after the tug cast off and we were soon doing an honest eight knots on a broad reach with the four lowers and a fisherman staysall set. The biggest difference from the sailing I had done was the creaking, groaning, and screeching of blocks and gooseneck jaws as the heavy gear ground against itself. It might have been a giant orchestra tuning up. Orders were given quietly by Captain Mitchell and carried out in a

leisurely way by his St Lucian crew. Among themselves they talked an odd dialect that must have come from the French. To me they spoke the lilting English of the islands with many big words and accents in the most unexpected places.

I had my choice of the cabin or a soft spot on deck for the night and was content to spread my sleeping bag on the very stern. The captain and woman passenger each had one of the cabins on deck near the wheel. Little more than low seven foot lockers they are ideal tropical quarters, well ventilated and especially handy for the skipper who is right next to the wheel.

Shortly before midnight I awoke with a bang, a very loud bang followed by much confusion. The main topmast shroud lanyard had parted, allowing the topmast to snap loudly and leaving quite a tangle aloft. It soon came down with another bang, somehow missing everyone clustered around the base of the mast, but I was not surprised having marveled at the durability of the straining old manila lanyard a few hours before.

Tacking into Castries Harbor awoke me a few hours later. Gleaming breakers could be seen and heard on either hand and the wind had died. For the next two hours we practised all the tricks of the trade to get the *Arcadius* into her home anchorage. The boat was put overboard to help swing the vessel's head around while tacking in the narrow entrance and by taking full advantage of every zephyr the deed was done.

Dawn revealed a lush, mountainous island, a fine sheltered harbor, and the unimposing town of Castries which still bears the scars of a bad fire of a few years ago. While exploring I met Joe Pachernegg aboard *Sunrise* in a snug little arm of the bay being developed as a yacht center. I decided to go on with him when it was discovered that another motorless schooner had drifted down on the *Arcadius*, breaking her 50' main boom. There was no replacement spar available so I paid my fare, said goodbye to the friendly crew, and moved my gear aboard the *Sunrise*. Joe and I were both anxious to get up to the Virgin Islands.

Before leaving Castries we met Rudy Thompson and Erik Winter who were operating the fine Block Island ketch *Tropic Bird* with a party aboard. This able flush deck 40-footer reinforced my long admiration for the Block Island type. The harbor was also graced with the double ended schooner *Carrina*, chartering out of English Harbour, Antigua.

En route to Martinique we called overnight at the village of Gros Islet which is seldom visited by outsiders judging by the warm welcome we received. Many St Lucia fishermen go offshore in narrow dugouts which have one board added to increase the freeboard. Sharp and deep straight stems permit fair performance to windward under a rig of one or two spritsails made of flour sacks. With the usual skillful crewman hiking out to windward on a line to the mast-head, these craft would give a modern racing boat good competition.

Martinique, just a few hours sail to the northward, has similar boats but upon our arrival there we were surprised to find many of them using outboard motors instead of sails. On our way to Fort de France we passed close aboard and dipped our colors to historic *H.M.S. Diamond Rock* which the English navy had at one time made into a steep-sided unsinkable battleship.

We congratulated ourselves upon anchoring off Fort de France at 4:45pm in time

to avoid the usual overtime charges for clearance after business hours. The official did not arrive aboard for over an hour. His English was as poor as our French, which was confusing since the formalities were complete down to such odd questions as, "How many coffins have you aboard?" The climax was the presentation of a bill for two dollars which we flatly refused to pay. We arrived at a compromise by charging two dollars for the 100-yard trip to the quay since he was left aboard without a boat.

Fort de France held little of interest for us except for a reunion with two Frenchmen named Claud aboard the 30' catamaran *Tohu Bohu*. I first met them at Camaret, then at Vigo and Lisbon. They reported a lazy crossing made even easier by a new self-steering rig for downwind work which they had developed with two small staysails set on the mizzen and sheeted to the tiller. Two likable young Canary Islanders had joined them for the crossing.

On the trip to the leeward coast to the ghost town of St Pierre we experienced a Caribbean rarity, a flat calm. Quite likely it was a local thing influenced by towering Mount Pelee behind its cloud veil. The volcano's 1902 eruption wiped out St Pierre completely but now a few houses and gardens are scattered over the site 20 feet above the level of the old streets. A new town is attempting a comeback slightly to the south. Workers were busy excavating the large church which was full of worshippers when the disaster struck and we were shown many relics while enjoying an unusual drink in a hospitable home nearby. It was hard to get used to the idea of mixing lemon soda with beer, but this typical French combination is tasty on a hot day.

Sunset found us drifting out from the lee of Mount Pelee to pick up the force five trades and take our departure for the Virgin Islands 240 miles to the northwest. Staysail and single reefed main pushed us along smartly on a close reach as we settled into the routine of four hour watches at night and six hours during the day. This was my first experience with six hour watches and I found that I preferred four on and four off. Joe, however, was used to sailing alone and found the arrangement quite a luxury.

During a quick two day passage I was often amused by Amiga, a small white dog that was given to Joe in the Canary Islands. Whenever a wave sounded ominous up to windward she would quickly duck below one of the cockpit seats until her good sailor's sense told her the deck was safe again. The *Sunrise* had been converted from a fishing boat by adding a concrete and iron keel which was not overly heavy. With a length of 32 feet and beam of 13 feet she had a most comfortable motion at sea but was not a spectacular windward performer. Rugged simplicity was the keynote which made long solo passages enjoyable as well as safe for a competent sailor like Joe.

From long habit and necessity he did the work aboard quickly and with as little effort as possible, which meant that quite often I felt like a passenger until we got used to each other and I learned the boat's routine. The same situation had arisen when I lived aboard the *Speedwell* with John Goodwin for a few days in Barbados.

At dawn of February 1 I relieved Joe at the helm as we coasted outside the reef along the southern shore of St Croix. It was the first American soil I had seen in 20 months, a pleas-

ant island with moderately high mountains sloping into bright green fields of sugar cane presided over by round stone towers, the remains of windmills on old Danish plantations.

While anchored near Frederiksted in the lee of the island, cooking freshly caught barracuda, we were visited by Jim Hurd, the hospitable operator of the Sprat Hall Hotel. He and several friendly guests soon persuaded us to stay in St Croix where for the next six weeks we enjoyed a successful venture into the day charter business. We took a few short trips to St Thomas, a busy tourist center, and the more isolated British Virgin Islands, but most of the time was spent near the west end of St Croix with a boat load of fugitives from the frozen north.

Each of the islands has its distinct character. St Thomas, the extrovert type, enjoys more attention than her quiet friendly big sister, St Croix. St John, the smallest of the three American islands, is an awakening beauty. Their British relatives are poorer but hardworking. After experiencing so much hospitality in foreign ports I was gratified to see Joe and the *Sunrise* so warmly received by Americans.

Just before Joe, *Amiga*, and the *Sunrise* headed for Panama I flew to Antigua to meet Tom Follett, owner of the 23' sloop *Native Dancer*. Saying goodbye to friends in St Croix made me realize how much I had come to like the island and I resolved to return someday to settle there.

English Harbour holds much of historical interest besides having a pretty and protected anchorage. It will likely be developed much more during the next few years. Commodore Nicholson has built up a good charter business there and we enjoyed getting to

The author aboard *Native Dancer*.



know him, as well as John and Ian and Terry Spencer aboard *Freelance*, all from England.

While in Barbados I first heard of Tom Follett and his English Spartan class sloop which he sailed alone to Morocco and with a friend to Antigua. I was pleased with the opportunity to sail to Florida with Tom and his friend, Bob Wright. The fast little boat was quite different from anything I had been to sea in before. One of English Harbour's drawbacks is the distance from stores and other outfitting conveniences, but as Tom had only two weeks' vacation we were soon sailing into the sunset headed for St Thomas. *Native Dancer* was amazingly fast for her size but her typical English proportions gave her a quick motion. The three of us were quite comfortable as we ran down the trades past St Barts, Saba, and other interesting islands we would have liked to visit.

From St. Thomas our course was to the west of the shallows, reefs, and fabulous cruising grounds of the Bahamas. They would have to wait for another cruise. Day after day we logged over 100 miles but our estimated time of arrival in Nassau proved to be too optimistic when a persistent calm off the island of San Salvador held us in its grip for two days and nights. The only redeeming feature was that we became acquainted with marine life which otherwise would have gone undetected under the waves. The dolphins were the most fun. They would do almost anything but take a hook so in desperation Bob tried a makeshift spear which did not do the trick either.

Tom's favorite activity was to drift around his little boat aboard an air mattress, admiring her perfectly reflected lines from every angle. A five foot shark put a stop to this pastime until a powerful jab with the boat hook sent him away. We were sorry that none of the fishing gear was suitable for sharks, but no doubt we were better off without having to share the cockpit with such an unpleasant looking fellow.

Finally the wind returned to give us a delightful spinnaker run through the Northeast Providence Channel to Nassau, another busy tourist center. There Tom made close connection with the evening plane that just got him home in time for work the next morning.

Bob and I followed in two days after seeing a little of Nassau and having a visit with Harry Etheridge, talented author of *The Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas*. We also saw another English sloop, the well known *Felicity Ann*, which had carried Ann Davison from England to New York.

We made a good passage from Nassau to West Palm Beach by way of the Northwest Channel light and across Great Bahama Bank north of Great Isaac light. Having only a foot or two of clear water under the keel was a bit scary at first. A thunderstorm at midnight tossed us in the Gulf Stream. Never before have I experienced such a strong odor of ozone, indicating a superabundance of electrical activity. Despite Bob's dire predictions we were not electrocuted and by noon the following day were seated in a Palm Beach waterfront restaurant while I celebrated my homecoming with several large orders of apple pie a la mode.

Seven different craft had been my home for the past 22 months. Ten thousand miles had passed under their keels. New friendships and ideas could not be numbered, much less evaluated in ordinary terms. Occasional storms, calms, and cross words would be remembered only with smiles. The voyage which touched at 101 ports in 11 countries had cost much less than \$2000 in addition to what some might call hard work and inconvenience, but to me it usually was fun and always worth the effort.

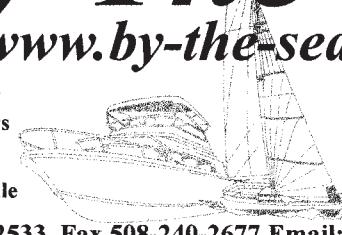
(The following report reached The Rudder after the above article was written—ED.)

"I have received word from Joe Pachernegg that the *Sunrise* was lost on the rocks in the Galapagos Islands while he was in a poor anchorage trying to get a few hours of sleep after beating for two days against light wind and strong currents to make a port of entry. Joe and Amiga walked four days overland, living on goat's blood, until they came to a settlement. Later he returned and salvaged much gear and rigging. He hopes to build another hull, which he can do if anyone can."

Joe Pachernegg on *Sunrise*.

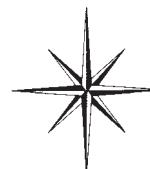


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## Summer '98 Cruise of Chesapeake Bay

This year's trip to the Chesapeake got off to a big splash. Me! Temporarily forgetting about Newton's Third Law (to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction), I decided I could jump from the side of our inflatable boat onto the side deck of our sailboat *Spindrift*. After all, I said to myself, I can grab the shroud and pull myself up and under the lifeline and, if any thing did go wrong, I can drop back into the inflatable. Well... the dinghy reacted by leaving the scene. I am no longer 13. Not all of me could fit under the lifeline. The rest of the story is ugly, well at least wet and dirty. Kay, however, was impressed that I got my glasses off and threw them on the deck of a nearby boat on the way down. It would have been nice to have taken a hot shower to clean off the slime from the dirty marina water on that cold day in June but, alas, our water heater had opted for death with dignity the previous day.

We started out the next day, Sunday, in company with our friends, the Honeycuts, on their Morgan 38, *Renaissance*. We were totally surprised and pleased to encounter a whistling swan on Edenton Bay. In nearly ten years of boating in this area we had never seen one before and this one swam right up to the boat and accompanied us for a bit. Really cool!

Although we love the boating in the Edenton area, one problem is that to go anywhere you have to travel the length of Albemarle Sound, a very long trip by sailboat. That day the winds were blowing at 20+ knots with gusts to 35 out of the north (we were going east). Our Hunter 33.5 needs to be reefed at 12 knots so we put in a double reef, wishing we had a third, and screamed down the sound on a beam reach. It may have been the best day sailing we have ever had, although I think we would have appreciated it more five years ago.

To go to the Chesapeake from the Albemarle we have two choices, the Dismal Swamp Canal and the Virginia Cut. The former we had used on our four previous trips and the latter is the normal route. Since having used the Dismal Swamp route before and having run aground twice (in a total of eight trips up and back) we decided to avoid the possibility of a repeat performance by opting for the Virginia Cut. Talk about a Bonfire of the Vanities, we ran aground twice and had to be towed off once on our first attempt at this route. Very embarrassing!

Well that was yesterday, Monday, and today we are at the Waterside Marina in downtown Norfolk. Although we generally avoid population centers we have always enjoyed Waterside for its view of the very active working waterfront and interesting collection of stores, restaurants, and activities. I see that they have added a Hooters since we were last here, hmm, I wonder if Kay would like to go out to lunch today? Guess not!

We are now at anchor (sort of, we seem to be twirling in circles and wrapping the anchor rope around our keel) in the East River off Mobjack Bay. We had planned to go further today but awoke to thunderstorms and left late. Before we left Waterside three mega yachts (125'+) came in. The biggest was *Showtime* with its name in the form of the cable TV logo. Guess the network is doing fine. What was really impressive was a three-masted tall ship from Uruguay (225'+) with a crew of about 35-40 training cadets.

# Waterlogged

## Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

### Part 2

By Carl Adler

The name of the ship was *Captain Miranda*, that's right "Captain" not "Carmen." When they got ready to leave they fueled up by emptying two tanker trucks. They provisioned by using the contents of a totally filled 18-wheeler and one entire large beer truck. My kind of sailing!

After leaving Waterside we went to Salt Ponds which is our favorite marina anywhere (not the least of which is because of their oyster shooters, one-third beer, one-third tabasco, and one-third live oyster). The trip out of Norfolk Harbor on the way to Salt Ponds was more eventful than either of us wanted. When we got ready to leave there was little wind at Waterside. The forecast called for 5-10 from the east according to me, 15+ according to Kay. The entrance into the C'peake from Norfolk can get very uncomfortable at 15 from the east but I was sure I was right. When we got to the entrance things looked a bit messy and Kay said, "I told you so," but in a nice way.

I said, "surely not," and went below to check the wind gauge and saw... 23, 25, 28, 24, 27. So not being too dumb I went back above and said, "You were right honey, 15!" I haven't stayed married for 35 years by being dumb. Needless to say, as we smashed and crashed Kay eyed me suspiciously. Fortunately I have an honest face.

Neatest sailboat name seen on the bay, *Bay Window*; most honest, *Risky Business*; most novel (on a new carbon fiber boat), *Carbon Copy*; worst, *DOS*; second place, *Screamin Hacker*, third place, *Carpe Margarita*.

The trip from Mobjack Bay to Grog Island on Dymer Creek was uneventful with a nice sailing wind. When we got there we were disappointed to see how much the island had shrunk. There was now only a sand beach at low tide. Nonetheless we and our friends from *Renaissance* anchored and dinghyed up to the island. Dennis (from *Renaissance*) rowed and I used our new electric motor on our dinghy. What I learned is that our motor is considerably less than one "Dennis Power." We were rewarded for our efforts, however, by being able to watch, in the clear shallow water around the island, a school of rays doing whatever they were designed to do. Everyone was entranced, I guess we are easily pleased.

The next part of the story requires background. Years ago we were sailing out of the Alligator River into Albemarle Sound. A tornado passed over us. A boat from our marina two miles behind us said it was actually tearing up trees on the one shore and throwing them over us onto the other shore. It was very dark and we were spinning in circles. I was able to keep us under rough control and hold us away from where I thought the bridge was located. The downside was that we were surrounded by crab pots and I knew that if we snagged one and lost our motor we would

metaphorically (and maybe not so metaphorically) be "dead." We survived and when we got back to our home marina I had the boat hauled and a rope cutter installed on our prop. This is common on Coast Guard, Navy, and commercial boats but almost non-existent on recreational boats.

Back to Grog Island. We heard thunder and headed back to our rafted boats. I turned on the radar and was horrified to see what looked like several Godzillas heading towards us. The storm hit and immediately we started to drag both anchors. Both boats started to motor, hoping to hold us off shore and also hoping not to snag and/or tangle our anchors. Things got really scary, the boats kept slamming together and the hulls were flexing so badly I thought the cabinetry would dislodge. We had no choice but to break the raft and the only way to do that was to cut the lines. We madly went about cutting lines and trying to drag them on board before they fouled our props. I saw a line come alive and I knew I was too late. And then... CHOP, CHOP, CHOP, the rope cutter worked.

For a brief time both boats were out of control, they would surge away from each other and then suddenly come plowing at each other with all crews waving (or perhaps gesticulating would be a better word). Our anchor thereupon set itself without any intelligent action on our part. For us the night was over. *Renaissance* was not so lucky. In backing down to set their anchor they fouled their dinghy rope, killing their motor and cutting their dinghy loose. Actually it pulled the tow eyes right out of the dinghy. Dennis (a professional SCUBA diver among other things) jumped overboard in the middle of the storm to retrieve the dinghy and then had to dive to free the prop. At the end none of us were dead so I guess it was fun.

The next day the crew of *Spindrift* was pretty sore and the one of us who eats vegetables had a mild case of food poisoning. We left to cross the Bay headed for Crisfield, Maryland. The winds were high, 20-25mph, on our stern and, because of our swept back spreaders we can't run well, we motored under jib. We made Sommers Cove Marina in Crisfield in about six hours and then the fun (again) began.

Sommers Cove is a beautiful but relatively open marina because of its size. The winds were blowing 20-25mph in the marina, not great for docking but in the past the staff, made up of mainly college students, seemed to know what they were doing. This time, however, they elected to put us in a slip with the wind directly on our stern (despite all the slips on the opposite side being empty) and send a 95lb coed down to help. The situation called for us to make a right angle turn at speed (to maintain steerage in the cross wind) into the slip. I saw the potential for disaster but reasoned that I could lasso the rear piling and cleat it off in case our 16hp engine could not stop the boat in time with the high stern wind pushing us into the slip. Well... I am not a cowboy. They were able to repair the dock within an hour.

Next day we had nothing but bad weather, it was blowing 25-30mph out of the north (gusts to 43mph). Makes getting off the boat a challenge. As I write we are again being battered by thunderstorms. So far they don't seem too bad but the weather station is giving warnings of up to 60-80 knots and 2" hail.

Nice boat name, *High Interest*; YECH, *Whacky Woman*.

Last year our best overheard radio call was, "Naughty Lady, Naughty Lady, Mother Superior calling." This year, "Cool Water, Cool Water, Have a Whiskey calling."

This next story is too good to hold any longer. Preamble: we crossed over yesterday from Crisfield, Maryland, to the Solomons (more about that later). At about mid-bay we monitored a distress call and resulting conversation with the responding Coast Guard station, part of which went like this:

Coast Guard Eastern Shore: "Vessel calling Mayday, what is your latitude and longitude?"

The calling vessel responded with the lat and lon values which told us where they were.

LONG PAUSE...

Coast Guard Eastern Shore: "Sir, do you by chance know what river you are on or do you see a buoy number nearby?"

Kay and I looked at each other a both a bit puzzled but thought no more about it.

Story (overheard later in the day):

*Milk and Honey*: "Vessel *Milk and Honey* calling the Coast Guard."

Coast Guard Eastern Shore: "*Milk and Honey*, what can we do for you?"

*Milk and Honey*: "My latitude is 38 00 xx and longitude is 76 25 xx. I am headed for Ocean City, Maryland, and I haven't the slightest idea where I am. Can you please tell me my location?"

VERY LONG PAUSE...

Coast Guard Eastern Shore: "Sir your longitude puts you in the Chesapeake Bay."

*Milk and Honey*: "The Chesapeake Bay!! My God! How did I get there? I am supposed to be in the ocean. I am low on gas, where am I?"

Much conversation ensues back and forth to the mutual confusion of both parties). Finally:

Coast Guard Baltimore: "Coast Guard Eastern Shore, the latitude and longitude that *Milk and Honey* gives is for near the Coan River on the Potomac."

We thought that ended it but evidently *Milk and Honey* had not heard Coast Guard Baltimore. About an hour later there is a series of pleading calls from *Milk and Honey* saying that they were running out of gas and had no idea of where they were located. The calls received no response for a while, eventually Baltimore responded but *Milk and Honey* could not understand them. Finally again:

Charter Boat: "*Milk and Honey*, I am about 40 minutes from your location, throw down your hook and when I get there I will lead you into a gas dock."

*Milk and Honey*: "Where am I? Somebody told me I was in the Chesapeake. I am supposed to be in the ocean. I have no idea of where I am."

Charter Boat: "You are four miles up the Potomac."

*Milk and Honey*: "I am four miles from the Potomac?"

Charter Boat: "No, sir, you are four miles up the Potomac heading for Washington, DC."

SILENCE!

Much later we heard *Milk and Honey* calling a gas dock.

Evidently, on leaving Norfolk *Milk and Honey* mistook the Hampton Roads Bridge Tunnel for the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. I can understand that but it was a very clear day and generally one could see land on both sides of the boat. Given that he thought he was in the ocean, didn't he think that Europe (or would that be Africa) was kind of close?

We left Crisfield next day, headed up Tangier Sound, and crossed through Kedges Straight for the main part of the Bay. For us it was an uneventful trip. The only thing of note occurred about halfway across when our beloved Bombard dinghy, which has followed us for hundreds of miles, decided to partially deflate. This was a surprise because it has stayed inflated for five years without divine or other intervention of any kind. The only difficulty this presented was that the now flexing dinghy popped the oars loose and I had to leap into the dinghy to rescue the oars. This, I accomplished with the grace of a pancake.

Our goal was in the area of the Solomons, in particular Vera's White Sand Resort on St Leonard Creek off the Patuxent River where we would rejoin *Renaissance* which had left Crisfield a day earlier. Vera's is almost indescribable as is Vera herself. For a start she is an ex-would-be movie star who dresses the part in the extreme. The resort is an imitation of a South Sea Island, complete with palm trees, grass huts, Tiki Bar, Easter Island statues, and a very pink restaurant. We on both boats were sort of put off and decided to stay only one day. That is until we ate a wonderful meal in an incredible restaurant, enjoyed the peace and serenity, met Vera, and discovered that they delivered donuts and the *Washington Post* to our boat in the morning. We have signed on for another day.

Last night a mute swan swam behind our boat. We started the trip with a whistler swan in Edenton Bay and here at the northern apex we encounter its brethren. A good sign for us?

We left Vera's with great regret, it was certainly the high point of our trip so far. The live entertainment on Thursday through Sunday nights beggars my vocabulary. Sufficient to say, if you love jazz and/or Stevie Wonder-type music, don't miss this place! We moved about six miles to Spring Cove Marina in the Solomons. Two reasons:

a) Fuel. They have Diesel at Vera's but I was not at all convinced of its freshness.

b) Grocery store (and liquor store).

It is amazing how often our cruising decisions are decided by how close a supermarket is to a marina. This is especially true at Sommers Cove (Crisfield) and Spring Cove (Solomons). Both have nearby grocery stores. It is a well-known Law of Physics that the mass of a six-pack of beer increases in direct proportion to the distance it has to be carried. Spring Cove is a great marina, maybe the best all-around marina we have ever visited. It certainly has the best bathrooms and picnic areas I have ever seen. We have heard from several people that Spring Cove was near a great grocery store. We nodded politely because we have been there several times and the store was at best OK. When we went there, to our surprise, we found that the store had been transmogrified into a gourmet grocery store, like nothing we have in Greenville.

The difference between Spring Cove and Vera's is that, as Karen (from *Renaissance*) said, "Vera's is on Island Time." The most difficult task each day was to find someone to give the modest docking fee to. The motto there is, "it is a nice day, might as well be happy."

While we were in Crisfield I went to the grocery store while Kay did the laundry. When I came back we loaded Kay's laundry into the cart with the groceries and took it to the boat. The problem was the wind was blowing 30+ knots (max 43 knots) away

from the finger pier. The state of the tide was such that our deck was 4' above the pier. The combination made boarding daunting! Anyway, while I was trying to help Kay board suddenly the cart, laundry, and food took off at 4mph down the dock unaccompanied by any guidance. I hate to ruin a good story but I did reach it before it went off the end (although it did leave Kay at, so to speak, ropes end.) Much fun.

Kay's recent favorite boat name, *Sloop de jour*; mine, *Buoyant*; overheard, "*Free Spirit, Free Spirit, Beach Bum calling*;" sailboats that won the truth in labeling award, *Balancing Act, Miles to Go, Beyond Reason*; and surely you are joking, *Contented Turtle*.

We left the Solomons today. Time to head home to our dog and house before the kennel owns them both. Covered 56 miles in nine hours motorsailing in light easterly winds. We originally planned to stop at the Great Wicomico River at Mills Creek. We met a couple at Vera's who recommended it. They were from Richmond where he had a recording studio. The interesting part is that 15-20 years ago he had a band (the Robin Thomas Band) that used to play at The Attic in Greenville.

Anyway, we made great time and reached that destination too early to stop. So on we went to Georges Cove near the Rappahannock. The start of the trip was the only fun part since there was a reasonably heavy fog. Again, as last year, the radar was a great help! We do love the radar even though we initially regarded it has a frivolous purchase. NOT! My only regret is not getting a 32-mile radar. The radar's most useful function is tracking thunderstorms, and if they are not part of a squall line we can actually use radar to avoid them much as you would a large ship. The problem is that with a 16-mile range we only have a half-hour warning. Oh, well.

Continuing south we covered 50+ miles to Salt Ponds in Hampton. I know I have finally "gotten in the groove" because I have only one chance in seven of telling what day of the week it was. It was one of those days, 95° and absolutely no wind. The only thing to do was to set the GPS and autohelm to the next lighthouse and get under the dodger with a Heineken and a book. The only problem with this is that Kay and I will never forget an account we heard 20+ years ago when we first got into sailing (a Catalina 22).

We were in a boatyard working on our new, huge (to us) boat and saw another older couple working on a boat with a stove-in bow. We asked what had happened and both got these most excruciating disgusted looks on their faces and told the sad story. It seems that their son had taken his girlfriend and a male friend out sailing. After a while their son and girlfriend went down to the V-berth to play cards or something. The last thing his son said to his male friend as he departed for the card game was, "Head straight for that light..."

Whenever I need a laugh I try to imagine the expressions on the son's/girlfriend's faces. You have to be careful in dealing with a literalist. Because of this both Kay and I continually looked up and made sure that all was safe ahead. After a while we noticed that things were cooler, we were in the shade! The cooling shade was generated by a large naval ship which had overtaken us from behind and was passing two rods off our port. We changed course, then commenced a quiet, well-reasoned, intellectual discussion as to who was responsible for looking abaft. After

a while there was a vote and it was decided that I was at fault.

During this period there were a couple of Coast Guard messages/exchanges that disturbed us. Years ago I was on a 26' sailboat with two others that sailed to Bermuda from Morehead City (going east). As we left port we reported our intentions to the Coast Guard and their response was, "Are you taking the Intracoastal Waterway (goes north-south)?" Ever since we wondered.

One was a frequent report over several hours from the Hampton Roads Coast Guard that they had a report of "a boating accident either near buoy 12 on the James River or on the Nansemond River near the City of Suffolk." DUH! Sadly we later found out that a power boat hit a marker and there was a death.

The second was from the power vessel *Lucy B.* The dialog went something like this:

*Lucy B.:* "This is the power vessel *Lucy B.* I am at Thimble Shoals (a very prominent area near the mouth of the bay marked by a light house) and have lost my flying bridge controls. I can go back to Tidewater Yachts in Norfolk. Do you have any advice?"

Coast Guard Hampton Roads: "Sailing Vessel *Lucy B...*" Then commenced an exchange wherein the *Lucy B* tried to convince the Coast Guard that it was not a sailing vessel. This was followed by the usual questions about registration, the health of the crew, etc, obviously a script. At one point the Coast Guard asked how many crew.

*Lucy B.:* "There are two of us, we are anchored, and all is well."

Coast Guard: "Are you anchored?"

Now, despite the fact that no one can miss Thimble Shoals Light, the Coast Guard next asked for their latitude and longitude. After a pause *Lucy B* replied. I am sure that *Lucy B* was confused by this but they were next asked...

Coast Guard: "Can you see any landmarks?"

*Lucy B.:* We are next to the Thimble Shoals Light House! Your helicopter is circling over us!!"

At that point the helicopter tried to contact Hampton Roads but, alas, for a long time they received no reply. We are not sure how it ended.

Several years ago we heard an exchange between the Coast Guard and a sinking boat on the VHF radio in which the Coast Guard asked:

"Do you have a VHF radio?" As you can imagine, there was a long silence.

NEWS FLASH: My daughter just called via cell phone to tell me that it was the "Robin Thompson Band," not the "Robin Thomas Band" as earlier reported, and they were great! *Candy Apple Red* was her favorite song from them. Small world.

We have moved now to Waterside in Norfolk Harbor, the end of the Chesapeake part of the trip. It was a very hot but short trip from Salt Ponds to Waterside. We hope to stay tomorrow but because of a festival starting then we might not be able to find a space. I thought that the tall ship seen here last time was large but this time the four-masted barkentine *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* which is here now is 370' long! It is the training ship for the Spanish Navy. BIG!

On a (VERY) large power boat at Waterside, *Aspen Alternative*; next to the *Carpe Margarita* at Salt Ponds, *High Times*; cute, *Happy Ours*; risky, *Between Storms*; apropos, *Academic Leave* and *Leave of Absence*; clever sailboat name, *See Saw*.

Best story heard (in parts between laughs from the crew of *Renaissance*): The Captain went forward to take down their light air spinnaker in heavy air and the spinnaker decided instead to take him up!

We made it back to Edenton yesterday. The trip from Norfolk was comparatively uneventful for us. The first day we covered 50 miles to Coinjock following closely behind *Renaissance* all the way and thus avoiding a repeat of our two memorable groundings on the way up. This time we stayed at the Midway Marina in Coinjock wherein we defied fate by purchasing tee shirts with the logo on the back "We Survived the Albemarle" (the length of which we would run on the morrow) and bought the book, *The Perfect Storm*. Foolish us! The next morning NOAA weather was predicting winds of 20 knots from the west which, maybe not by coincidence, was the direction we were to go for 45 miles. I knew those purchases were a bad idea.

We left Coinjock at 7am and motored down the North River for 15 miles. The only untimely event was when a motorboat cut behind us and swamped the dinghy. Into the dinghy again, this time made tricky because we were in a crosswind in a narrow channel and could not stop *Spindrift* for the event. All went well and we continued to the Albemarle and encountered a smash bang head sea. But unlike all our other trips, as we went west the winds and seas died until we were left with an almost perfectly calm trip for the last 25 miles. I knew those purchases were a good idea. We will leave tomorrow for Greenville, our home, 3' high grass, and our Golden Retriever with the very imaginative name of Rusty.

Things we learned on the trip:

The guy on the powerboat *Two Honeys* may have been bragging, the man at the helm of the sailboat *Trophy Girl* probably was.

The Jordan Highway bridge operators are the best and the friendliest.

Currituck Sound (on the Virginia Cut) is for the birds... and fish, the water is too skinny for sailors like Kay and Carl.

Vera does not like to be hugged by strange men.

The percentage of time you spend in a marina is directly proportional to the cost of your air conditioning multiplied by the outdoor temperature in Rankine.

Power yachts with a woman on board will come off a plane when they reach you so that their wake does not destroy you. All male crews could care less. This is Kay's observation, I would not dream of making such a sexist comment, even if it is true.

Kay's Corollary: Woman area civilizing influence!

Carl's Addendum: Kay is always right.

At a popular marina make reservations on a weekend.

Maryland is the only state where you can find Heinekens in cans.

The *Washington Post* is great, it has four pages of comics.

When choosing friends to travel with make sure they draw more water than you and then follow them.

Generously tip the dock hands at a marina. A check with your name on it is best.

Gatorade and vodka make a great drink (Kay dissents).

When leaving a dock in bad condition look forlorn and helpless, any man will be glad to help you to demonstrate his prowess and any woman will help you because she wants to help (Kay's influence again).

If you see a strange buoy don't motor over to look at it for it will surely say "Danger."

It was fun!

(Next Issue: Pamlico Sound 2000)

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# The Canadian Field-Naturalist

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No. 5

Thur. 9th. The rain ceased about 7am and the canoes were gummed. We started at 9am. It turned out a beautiful day, so that we were enabled to dry our clothes partially. The ice was even worse than when we were coming. One portage was made and by dint of shoving the ice aside and cutting it we reached to within 4 mile of our encampment of the 6th at sunset. New ice began to form at 4pm and was thick enough to cut the canoes a little before we encamped.

Frid. 10th. Left our Enc't. at 3-1/2am. The ice was very close and cemented together with new ice, so that we made slow progress and injured the canoes. We therefore breakfasted early and afterwards got on a little better. When we arrived at the Strait separating Montreal Island from the W. Main t h e Halkett boat was launched and a small island examined on which were some old Esq. encampments. We afterwards proceeded along the south shore of Montreal Island which we found nearly clear of ice and after examining the Traverse from a high mountain determined on risking it, though the Eastern band appeared to be lined with ice. We crossed with a fine breeze aided by the paddle and got through the ice easily, there being large openings (Ice came in again, most fortunate we got across yesterday. Mountains white this evening with snow) between the floes. The breeze increased to half a gale and we continued on till 11-1/2pm. when we encamped at Point Backhouse shortly after which it began to rain at intervals and blow still harder. 2 seals were seen. At this point heather is pretty plentiful but there are no traces of deer.

Sat. 11th. Unable to move. Blowing very hard between Wt. and N. all day with squalls of rain.

Sund. 12<sup>th</sup>. Unable to leave the Enc't before midday; it then lulled a little and we embarked. It was still blowing very fresh from the N. W. with a heavy sea, but we kept on and encamped at sunset above our encampment of the 30th. Showers of rain all day, which turned to snow in the evening, very cold, I never experienced such piercing winds as blow on this coast; all of us are in winter rig, but still chilled to the bone. No deer seen today, 3 starving wolves came close to the canoes and stole a piece of Pem'n; fortunately for them the guns were wet. (The Esquimaux were just leaving. Their fish caches were made. They were leaving for some pass to watch for deer). (Doz. Iron and copper boilers and tin soup tureens).

Mond. 13th. Left at 3am. Just after embarking it began to snow and then rain and this was the case with a slight interval all day. Saw the Esquimaux at the Rapids leading to L. Franklin. They now number 3 families; consist of 5 men, 3 women and about 12 lads and children. Endeavoured by all means in our power to find out if they had papers of any description but they had none. They showed us sundry articles got from the boat, such as tin boilers about 18 inches long by 12 inches broad, an oval frying pan, a Ferriers chisel, a fragment of a hand saw, a piece

## Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855

### Part 5

Reprinted from  
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of the metal plate of thermometer and of an ivory rule. Most of their paddles were made out of ash oars, pieces of mahogany, elm and pine. They made us understand that they had not seen the ships which had been wrecked but had heard of it from others, and again showed us by signs that the crews of the vessels had died from starvation. We got Esq. boots etc., for the men and made them presents of a grafting saw each, fish spears, seal spears, knives and sundry trifles to the ladies. We got a little aft wind in L. Franklin. I encamped at the head of the Rapid before arriving at McKays Peak, but Mr. Stewart below it having broken his canoe very badly. No animals whatever seen.

Tues. 14th. Mr. Stewart arrived at 4am and we then left. The water has fallen so much we ascended McKay's Peak Rapid with the paddle; an aft N.E. wind helped us on famously and encamped late considerably above Back's encampment of 26<sup>th</sup> July. It was raining the whole day; just before encamping a fine rainbow made its appearance. A solitary starving wolf was seen today.

Wed. 15th. We were all so wet and stiff that no one awoke till late. We left at 4-3/4am. The rainbow of last night did not deceive us; the day was beautifully clear and warm, and we carried sail with a fine N.E. breeze for half the day, and made fine progress having encamped at the Rapids below Wolf's Rapid. This fine day enables us to dry our clothes and bedding which were actually getting mouldy. Some of the men began to complain of rheumatism and it is not surprising. I did not take up the Pemmican cached on the 27th ult. as it was rather out of the road. We have also enough and the canoes are rather too heavy. Geese are now flying. Not an animal has been seen today, but the tracks of deer were seen both yesterday evening and today, all going to the South'd. This accounts for our seeing no deer on Adelaide Peninsula on our way back.

Thur. 16th. This has been a day among the Rapids. The canoes received much damage in Escape Rapid; Mr. Stewart's canoe was broken and mine completely ungummed. Encamped at 6-1/4pm. about 6 miles above Escape Rapid. Mr. Stewart's canoe only arrived at 7-1/2pm. We lost also about 3/4 of an hour at breakfast in gumming her. A decharge was made at one strong place in Escape Rapid. Took up our cache in good order. Wind fresh ahead from the N.W.; showery. Yester-

day we saw a few sand flies, but today they were in clouds. Neither Musk Oxen nor deer were seen. The geese now fly, so that we get no fresh provisions. 3 wolverines, a few ermines and several young foxes were seen. Last night the Aurora was seen for the first time faint in the south, as well as the Great Bear, etc. Venus we saw some days since.

Friday, 17th. Left at the usual hour. Rained at intervals last night and throughout the day. Mr. Stewart's canoe again broken badly in still water; it was repaired at breakfast time. The River below Sinclair's Falls very shallow; a portage was of course made there and the canoes gummed hastily. The remainder of the Rapids were passed to Lake McDougall safely. We encamped late at the head of the Rapid. A doe R. Deer was seen today. I shot 3 W. grouse (young ones); they are now 2/3 grown.

Sat. 18th. It was blowing such a gale from N.E. this morning that it was impossible to leave before 10am. It had then moderated a little, and, though still blowing fresh with a heavy sea, we managed to reach the first rapid in the river (say 10 miles from Rock Rapid) falling into McDougall's Lake. We then hoisted sail and had a fine run for a couple of hours. We got up several small rapids and encamped at 7-1/2pm, considerably above our encampment of the 24th ultimo. The river is now rather shoal, having fallen 10 or 12 feet. Not an animal of any kind was seen. Weather showery.

Sund. 19th. Mounted all the Rapids to L. Garry without accident and encamped at the Narrows at our encampment of the 22nd ultimo. The first part of the day was clear and calm which enabled us to dry our clothes, only to be again wetted in the evening by heavy rain. Wind variable. We carried sail about 2 hours as far as the 2nd sand hill from nearly the first one. At the last large Rapid coming up a decharge was made, it being shallow. Saw swamp berries for the first time coming up; they were 2/3 formed. The men chose to compliment me by calling the fine sand hill in the middle of the channel connecting L. Garry to L. McDougall Anderson's Hill. 10 deer were seen this evening. Took up our cache below the Rapid at the end of this Lake in fine order.

Mond. 20th. Heavy rain and strong gale last night from various points; it was still raining when we embarked at 3-3/4am, it cleared up partially afterwards. At this Rapid between L. Garry and Pelly we saw some Esquimaux, then only women and children when we passed on our way up and they then ran away, but now the men were there and they came to us immediately. They had various articles used by us in the trade which they must get from the Churchill Esq. There were 3 women, 6 children, and 6 men (2 old, 1 middle aged and 3 young men); 2 of them we had previously seen at McKinley's River. I think there must be a river falling into the deep bay on the E'd of L. Pelly. We gave them knives, spears, dogs, scissors, etc. and parted famous friends. They gave us some deer meat. Encamped at sunset near the head of L. Pelly. The wind was strong ahead all

day. About 25 deer were seen today, all going to the Sou'd, the same is the case with the Canada geese.

Tuesd. 21st. It was miserable weather when we embarked at 3am; it was blowing fresh and raining. At Bullens R'r we hoisted sail and carried it for about half the day. We were much incommoded by sand banks above Bullen's River: the same was the case in a minor degree when going down. The water in L. Garry and above it does not appear to have fallen so much as below it. Below and at McKinley's River we saw the same Esquimaux as when descending. There were 8 tents; about 10 men were present and 8 women and several children. The women are all of very low stature, good looking; the young women are only tatooed after they have children. Saw several stone kettles made with 5 slabs sandstone cemented together. These Esq. seem a remarkably harmless, honest and clean race, clothing, canoes and tents made of deerskin; have many of our articles of trade. They made us understand that they came down McKinley's River, but that it was nearly dry at present. The wind headed us towards the evening and the rain never ceased. We encamped a piece above McKinley's River. Everything we have is now soaked with rain. We have found plenty of willows since reaching Lake Garry.

Wed. 22nd. Left early. These Esquimaux came to see us start and accompanied us a short distance. Alders are seen at the Hawk Rapids for the first time. The long line of Rapids below and above Hawk Rapids were safely ascended; it then began to rain very hard and continued without cessation till at last I could not endure seeing the men suffering so much and encamped at 5pm; 5 hours above Hawk Rapids among the sand banks. Mr. Stewart's canoe cannot keep up with mine and retards us considerably; the fact is both canoes are now dreadfully leaky and his the worst. Some ripe berries (?) Crow berries were picked, the leaf is red. Several wolves, gulls and crows were below Hawks Rapids feasting on the drowned deer, but not a deer was seen either today or yesterday; several bands of Canada geese and grey wavies going to the sou'd. At the Rapids between L. Garry and Pelly and below Hawk Rapids appeared to be the only good deer passes we have seen since leaving the coast, tho there are doubtless others.

Thurs. 23rd. Heavy rain all night. Left at 2-1/2am amidst drizzling. It cleared up at breakfast and enabled us to partially dry our clothing etc. but heavy showers soon wetted us again; the sun, however, shone out at intervals. I encamped at 6-1/2pm (to avoid a heavy storm which threatened us) a little below Baillie's R'r. The wind assisted us a little today and the men paddled well, but our progress was much impeded by sand bars which rendered the channel of the river most tortuous. Esquimaux marks as high up as this.

Friday 24th. Ascended the cascades &c above Baillie's River; made 2 discharges. Encamped late at the sand cliffs a little below our encampment of the 17th ulto. For a wonder it did not rain till midday and was positively warm when walking; it then began to rain and we had occasional showers till evening. 4 deer and a wavy seen; numerous flights of laughing geese going to the Sou'd. The wind helped us on after midday.

Sat. 25th. Left at 2-1/2am, wind blowing fresh from the W'd with frequent showers of rain and hail. Mr. Stewart's canoe again

broken before breakfast, which retarded us a little. We encamped at 9pm at Beechy's Lake at the head of the cascades. This was, of course, a complete portage. The canoes are now distressingly heavy, particularly mine. No deer seen, but about 20 Musk Oxen were grazing on the left of the river below the cascades; laughing geese going to the S'd. It appears that much rain has fallen about here. L. Beechy has only fallen about 6 inches. Took up our cache in good order, except a bag containing some meat which the wolves had got at and devoured; 2 of these beasts were seen in the portage. The men gave two of the sand cliffs to Lochart and Stewart.

Sund. 26th. The canoes required so much gumming, etc. that it was 4-3/4am before we left. Strong headwinds accompanied by rain and sleet prevailed all day and retarded our progress; much water was shipped and our crazy canoes bent in with every wave. 20 or 30 Musk Oxen were seen but no deer. Encamped at dusk about 5 miles above the Willow Islands at the head of L. Beechy. Froze hard at night.

Mond. 27th. Left at 2-1/2 a.m. amidst rain. It cleared up in the middle of the day and we rejoiced to see the sun; towards evening the rain recommenced. The wind, however, was favorable and helped us on considerably. Encamped when it was nearly pitch dark at the foot of the Long\_Rapids below where we left our canoe on the 15th ultimo. Mr. Stewart's canoe was again badly broken and he was obliged to encamp below as, with this exception, the long line of rapids in this day's march was ascended without accident. 2 young laughing geese were killed. Some of our best shots fired at Musk Bull from the canoe, and one ball hit him apparently on the end of the spine and paralyzed his hind quarters; he, however, soon recovered and escaped. A few Musk Oxen were seen and at dusk 2 or 3 deer: many flocks of wavies pointing to the Sou'd. Froze hard tonight.

Tuesd. 28th. Detained till 5.40 waiting for Mr. Stewart; this delay is most vexatious. Everything was hard frozen this morning; the tent was as stiff as a board. Found our first cache in good order and took all the Gd. Benches and Mast yards of the canoe left there for poles. The canoe was also broken up for firewood. Met with no breakages today. Encamped at dusk above the Rapid where Cap. Back repaired his boat and sent back his carpenters. A little snow fell before breakfast but afterwards the day turned out beautifully fine but very cold though the wind was fresh from the Sou'd which retarded us much. 7 deer were seen but no Musk Oxen. Some flights of grey wavies seen. The river is lower than on our way down, but not so low as I had anticipated.

Wed. 29th. Left at the usual hour. Just below Musk Ox Rapid a small band of deer was seen, one of which, a fat buck, was shot by Mustegon. Musk Ox Rapid was very shoal; its ascent by the canoes light and the carriage of the pieces occupied upwards of 6 hours. The canoes were completely ungummmed and it took 2 hours to repair them. Encamped at dusk at the head of Musk Ox Lake; it took 1-35/60 hours to make the traverse, hard paddling. The day was the first without rain (& beautifully clear) that we have had since leaving Pt. Ogle. As the men have behaved so well, and as we have hard work still before them, I have promised them each f5 in addition to their wages. and moreover that their conduct should be good and if they exert themselves on their way to R.R.

and Nor. Ho. that should they arrive before the expiration of their year's term, that they shall receive their whole wages as for the entire year, thus changing their terms from the year to the trip. J. Fidler and Paulett are to get f5 extra for acting as steersmen.

Thursd. 30th. Another fine day. The men worked splendidly. The river from the lake above Musk Ox Lake is nearly dry and it was therefore a continuous portage interrupted only by a small pond and lake. We reached the little lake close to Sussex Lake and see L. Aylmer close to us. There is still a little ice on the borders of this lake, like one we are at. Saw 3 deer. One of the men laid up with a sore foot. Shot 3 Rock Partridges. Numerous flocks of snow geese, partridges etc. Aurora Boralis point to the Sou'd.

Frid. 31st. Made 2 short portages and passed 2 ponds of water and then a 3rd portage brought us to L. Aylmer at 6am. The canoes were thoroughly gummed and we embarked at 7. We had to contend with a strong head wind all day, which retarded our progress much. The weather was bad also, foggy in the morning and rain afterwards. Several deer were seen today (perhaps 30) and 2 were shot by Mustegon and J. Fidler, a 2 year old buck and a doe. A slight deviation was made by entering a bay running to the S.E. which is not noticed in Back's map; we lost by this about 1-1/2 hours. Encamped at dusk near the narrows leading to Clinton Golden Lake. We have now lost the willows and are reduced to burn heath.

Sat. Sept 1<sup>st</sup>. A beautiful day, most of which was wasted in finding our road and I am not quite sure if we are, as I suppose, encamped at the straits leading to Clinton Golden Lake. Back's map makes it appear that the strait was bounded by the Sou'n shore, whereas a deep bay running E. and S.E. intervenes between the Straits and the South Shore. The map is utterly useless for such a lake as this. Some very small spruce were seen at the bottom of the Bay before mentioned, out of which we got by a portage to the proper Bay. Several deer were seen and 2 shot by E. Kippling and J. Fiddler, the former a large fat buck, the latter one of 2 years.

Sund. 2nd. Blowing a gale from the N. and E. We were compelled to pull down the tent during the night to prevent it being carried away. The wind abated about 3pm; but we did not leave as I had sent off Mustegon to see if this is the right strait. He returned late with the information that it was. Immense flocks of Canada geese passing all last night and today. The men arranged their little affairs and dried the contents of their bags. Muskegon killed another buck, Froze sharply.

Mond. 3rd. Reached Clinton Golden Lake at breakfast (7am) Snow in the morning. Froze sharply. The wind was blowing a gale from the S.E. which rendered it impossible to take the traverse to the first Point.

Tuesd. 4th. Detained by the gale till 6pm, then subsided a little and we took the Traverse; shipped much water and our rickety canoes were sadly strained. Encamped at 11pm at the first large island. Ignace killed a buck.

Wed. 5th. Started at 2am, having just waited down on the beach till we could see. Fog after breakfast. The whole day has been spent in looking for the river. Back's small map is a snare and delusion. We are encamped for what we suppose (for the 3rd time) to be the Straits. Many deer seen and some snow geese.

(To Be Continued)

My friend Bill and I decided that we should pool our resources and buy a bigger boat, one that we could sleep on. We had been sailing in my 18' Crocker "Compass Class" sailing dory named *Jezebel* and we wanted to extend our cruising range.

To back up a little, I grew up in Little Nahant, a tiny place just north of Boston, and had been a messing-about from childhood. It was a great place for kids, we had a little corner of the ocean pretty much to ourselves with no adult interference. After finishing high school in 1952 and getting a job I bought *Jezebel*, my first real sailboat. My inspiration for choosing sail was the fun we used to have sailing my 10' rowboat. This was accomplished by suspending a cotton tarp between two oars propped up over the sides of the boat. The usual crew was four or five kids and two dogs. We would row into the wind a mile or so and then rig the tarp and sail home, steering with a paddle. It was pretty crude with no visibility ahead from where we all sat behind the tarp but it gave us the exhilarating feeling of sailing. We could feel the force of the wind in the sail make the boat come alive.

Sailing *Jezebel* was a very different proposition and it was learned by a process of trial and capsize. Although we were not familiar with the term "jibe" we found that it was possible for the sail to forcefully slam over from one side to the other, tip the boat over, and dump us in the water. This is certainly not the best or fastest way to learn but there is a sense of discovery about it that makes it a memorable experience. I had a breakthrough when I found the book *Learning to Sail* by H.A. Calahan (1928) in the Nahant Library. I recently found that this book, rebound, is still there, but seldom borrowed.

Bill grew up in Burlington, which is not near the water, and he had never been sailing. We met at work. We were both apprentice machinists at General Electric in Lynn. Bill expressed an interest in going for a sail so I invited him out. He took to sailing right away and soon became a regular crew member. He quickly learned everything I could show him and we became good friends, sailing almost every weekend. Our cruising range was limited to the area within about ten miles of Nahant except for one memorable five day "beach cruise" from Nahant toward our goal of Martha's Vineyard. We didn't get anywhere near Martha's Vineyard. That's when we decided we needed a bigger boat.

Our plan to find such a boat was to drive along the coast and stop at every boatyard we could find. We gassed up Bill's '47 Stude-

## Learning By Experience

By Jeff Hall

baker, picked up a six-pack (it was a different era), and headed south, bypassing Boston. We found several boatyards but no boats of interest that were for sale until we got all the way to the town of South Dartmouth, also known as Padanaram, and there she was, *Vixen*, what a beauty!

We found her at Cuttyhunk Boatyard which was owned by Charley Pickett and is now the site of Marshall Marine, builder of fiberglass catboats. Charley told us she was a Manchester 17 class sloop. She was gaff rigged, 26' LOA, 17' on the waterline, 6'3" beam, and a little over 4' draft. She had a self-draining cockpit and a cuddy cabin that could sleep two. Perfect!

There is a great picture of a Manchester 17 on the cover of *WoodenBoat* magazine #196. *Vixen* was old, probably 1920s or '30s vintage, and she had been slightly damaged in a hurricane. The mooring pennant had evidently torn off its bow chock and sawed its way through the edge of the deck and into the shear plank.

Charley told us the boat was part of an estate being handled by a lawyer in New Bedford. It took another couple of car trips to further admire the boat and to meet Mr. Hicks, the lawyer. He turned out to be friendly, helpful, and anxious to sell. He even asked us if the price, \$650, was OK with us. We said it was, naively passing up an invitation to bargain. Bill was short on money at the time, what with car expenses, and he took out a loan co-signed by his mother, and I had the proceeds from selling *Jezebel*. Bill told me that he and his mother got a stern lecture from the banker about borrowing money for frivolous purposes.

We returned to New Bedford with the money and on October 3, 1955, we became

the owners of *Vixen*. Mr. Hicks gave us a Bill of Sale making us joint tenants which he explained to mean that if one of us died the other got the whole boat. Sounded reasonable.

During the following winter we had many discussions of where we might cruise in *Vixen*. She became larger in our minds than she really was and we even considered Bermuda as a possibility. When spring finally came we would head for South Dartmouth early on Saturday mornings and spend the weekends working on the boat, sleeping aboard on Saturday nights. The owner of the next boat was impressed with how early he would find us working away on Sunday mornings. "Do you guys sleep here?" he asked. We said we did but I don't think he believed it.

Getting *Vixen* repaired and painted, with a few helpful hints from Charley, was very enjoyable, especially with the anticipation that went with it. On a couple of occasions my mother sent us off with a cooked chicken and an apple pie. Looking back, I think that, although our parents had little boating experience themselves, they liked to see us keeping so busy at it.

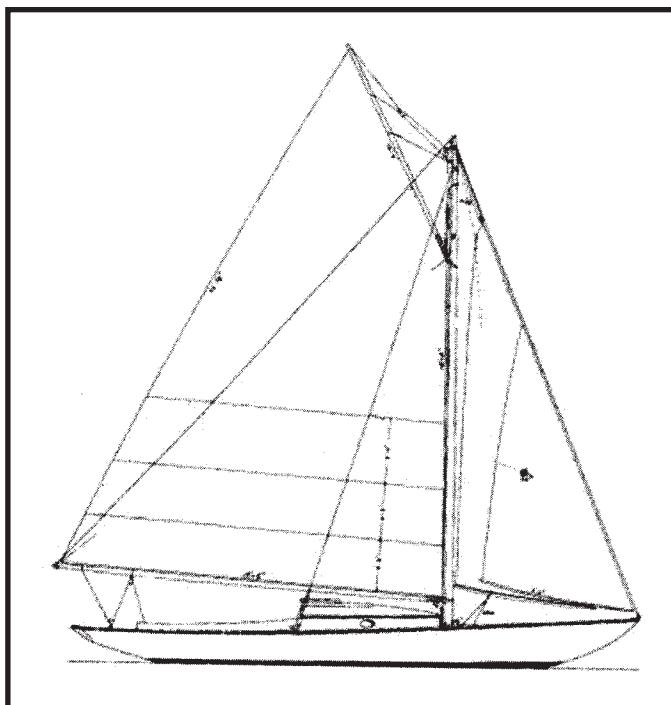
Launching day finally came and old *Vixen* looked beautiful afloat and she hardly leaked at all. However, Charley said if we were going to leave her for a week we should probably move her to deeper water because his mooring area was quite shallow. This would involve going under Padanaram Bridge, a low swing-bridge, and out into the main boat harbor. This was the site of the well-known Concordia Boatyard, an impressive place to us.

The problem was we couldn't get anyone to open the bridge, so the next morning we towed her over to the bridge with the pram and managed to pull the mast out on one side of the bridge and re-step it on the other side. From there we rowed to where all the boats were and picked up a mooring. Our first sail would have to wait until the next weekend.

The next Saturday finally arrived and we drove back to South Dartmouth with a plan to sail across Buzzards Bay to Woods

Right: Manchester 17 Class sloop.

Below: Light air in the dinghy.



Hole, about a 12-mile run, spend the night there, and sail back to Padanaram on Sunday. This would be a shakedown cruise to get us more familiar with the boat before making the longer trip back to Nahant. It definitely was! When we got underway in the afternoon we found a brisk southwest wind and accompanying waves out in the bay. They say the best indication of the size of a boat is her waterline length and *Vixen* shrank from 26' to 17' during that sail. We never thought about Bermuda again.

Also she seemed to be, no, she was, leaking substantially more. We later learned that this was common in older boats when heeled over and bouncing around in rough water, and was known as "working." This word appealed to us much more than "leaking" and we were careful to refer to it as such in the future and to correct any guests who mistakenly thought the boat was leaking.

Our bilge pump deserves mentioning. It was a very simple type, common at the time, but I haven't seen one like it in years. It was a galvanized sheet-steel tube about 3" in diameter and 4' long with a flap-valve at the bottom and a short spout near the top. It had a wooden plunger with a leather cup hung on the bottom that lifted the water up to the spout where it (the water) fell out, not far horizontally from where it got sucked in. To use this pump we had to get the boat somewhat level and then, with the pump up against the companionway hatch, pump the water into the cockpit. After the water drained out of the cockpit we could resume sailing. This became our drill every hour or so when beating into rough water, and if there were first-time guests aboard this was usually when we had to point out the distinction between leaking and working.

On this particular occasion one pumping session was enough to keep things reasonably dry below. With the southwest wind it didn't take long to sail across the bay into Great Harbor at Woods Hole. We anchored near a bunch of small sailboats off what turned out to be the public landing. We learned later that Woods Hole Passage, which is the channel from Buzzards Bay to Great Harbor and beyond to Vineyard Sound, can be a tricky place. There is a strong tidal current, several barely sunken ledges, and often heavy traffic, large and small. It's also possible to be suddenly enveloped in a blinding fog when half-way through but at the time we were aware of none of this. When we arrived there it appeared wide open except for a confusion of buoys, which we didn't pay much attention to except to avoid them. We sailed through and much later sailed back out without mishap, still unaware of any hazards.

During Saturday night the weather deteriorated and by morning the wind had increased and it was raining off and on. Laying in our bunks we noted a few leaks in the deck above us for future repair. When we crawled out the wind felt pretty strong. With some foreboding we hauled up the main and a batten pocket immediately blew out. We took that as an omen and dropped the sail to think about our next move. Our tiny cabin didn't look very inviting so we rowed ashore to look around.

There we were approached by a man who apparently knew we had slept aboard and was watching our antics. We explained about our shakedown cruise and that we were waiting for the wind to die a bit. He told us that the forecast wasn't good and Buzzards Bay would be nasty, we shouldn't sail. Knowing we need-

ed to be back at work the next day he offered to let us bring our (cotton) sails and wet sleeping bags to his house to dry out and we could pick them up the following Saturday. We could take the ferry to New Bedford to retrieve the car and be home as planned. That all seemed an excellent idea and, better still, when we got to his house we were fed breakfast. Another boost came from the harbormaster who said he would look after the boat.

We took the ferry as suggested and the sight of conditions on Buzzards Bay from the ferry removed any doubts about our decision not to sail. When we got to New Bedford we had the gall to call Charley at his home on a rainy Sunday afternoon and ask him to pick us up. It must have been Bill's idea. He did pick us up and he must have been glad to see the last of us although he didn't show it. It seems we needed a few helping hands along our way.

The next weekend Bill's parents drove us down to Woods Hole. We left shortly after work on Friday so we could get an early start on Saturday for the now-planned trip home to Nahant. The car trip turned into an adventure in itself because of a breakdown halfway there. Car breakdowns were more common back then. It was after midnight when we awakened our benefactor to retrieve our gear. We finally got aboard *Vixen* for a short sleep and this time we awakened to a warm, calm day. There was a ground fog but it was clear overhead.

We got the boat ready, got the sails up and the anchor aboard, and said goodbye to Great Harbor. We had enough visibility to get out of the harbor and through the passage but once in the bay we couldn't see anything. We did, however, have a compass. We had never carried or needed a compass on *Jezebel* but we knew that we would need one for the long voyages we anticipated in *Vixen*. A few years before my parents had given me an army surplus tank compass for Christmas. It was a very complicated-looking machine consisting of about 20% compass and 80% intricate compensating (I think) mechanisms. We extracted the bare compass and mounted it on the bulkhead during our fitting-out work.

It's a straight shot of about ten miles from where we were to the southwestern entrance to the Cape Cod Canal and it was a simple matter to determine a compass course from the chart. It all seemed pretty straightforward. The water was calm, there was a light but fair breeze, and we were sailing along beautifully. The only sound was the hull slipping through the water. This was more like it! We couldn't see anything but the warm sun overhead promised to soon burn off the fog and in the meantime it made for pleasant sailing.

By midmorning the weather hadn't changed and we were thinking we must almost be there when we slid to a sudden stop with a momentary pitch forward at the end. It took only a few seconds to realize we were aground, but where? We quickly went from having no doubts about our approximate position to being totally baffled. But wait, what was that noise? A lawnmower! We could hear the unmistakable sound of a lawnmower somewhere up ahead. Our first act was to douse the sails and get the anchor out as far astern as possible with the pram. The obvious thing to do next was to find the guy with the lawnmower and ask him where we were. It didn't seem very seamanlike but it would be a sure way of fixing our position, or so we thought. By this time we had enough visibility to see the water lapping on the sand off

to our side. I stayed with the boat while Bill rowed ashore. I saw him disappear into the fog, chart in hand.

When Bill finally returned he said the guy was quite surprised to see him appearing out of the fog on his lawn, but the biggest surprise was that he was unable to show Bill where we were on the chart. However, after thinking about it more and with a little better visibility of our surroundings, we decided we had probably passed on the wrong side of Stony Point Dyke, which borders the entrance to the canal, and we were aground somewhere near Great Neck, about one-and-a-half miles from the canal entrance. Now we had to wait for the tide to float us off. The visibility was still improving by this time and we were comfortable and in no danger. We decided to relax, have lunch, and think about the next leg, the Cape Cod Canal.

Neither of us had seen the Canal before but we had been told that sailing through was not allowed and we should have an outboard motor for the pram and use it as a tug to push us through. The technique advised was to secure the pram alongside like a tug alongside a barge. Bill had borrowed his dad's old Scott Atwater outboard for this purpose and this seemed like a good time to mount it and get ready, so when we got off and got the anchor up, we motored back to the end of the dyke and started through. I don't remember if we had been told about the 4.5kt tidal current in the canal but we made it through and we certainly would not have had it had been against us. The canal is about ten miles long from the end of the dyke. We found that the "tugboat" technique works OK in calm water and no one has to sit in the pram, but when hit by the wake of a big powerboat the pram sometimes looked like it was almost going to bounce up onto the deck.

Coming out of the Canal into Cape Cod Bay we found better, but still limited visibility. We followed the coast north, staying about a mile off and watched the shore fade in and out of view in the haze. After several hours of good progress with a fair breeze we started studying the shoreline more carefully when it came into view to figure out just where we were and how near we were to a harbor. Bill observed that it didn't look like Burlington. Eventually we were startled by the sight of a ship off our port side where no ship should be. It soon was evident that the ship wasn't moving and we remembered news articles about a ship, the *Etrusco*, running aground off Scituate in a gale the previous March. So we were off Scituate Harbor, about 28 miles from the Canal and a fine place to spend the night. We congratulated each other on our navigation and went in.

We were now very close to our home waters and I don't remember anything about the last 15 miles to Nahant the next day. The only thing I do remember is when we woke up and looked out the next morning it was low tide and it appeared that our anchor had run aground. It was sifting in about 4" of water out ahead of us, half out of the water, but the boat was still floating.

*Vixen* arrived at her new home that day and for the next few years we enjoyed her, cruising as far east as Monhegan Island, Maine, and Provincetown to the south. In 1960 she was driven ashore by Hurricane Donna and demolished on the rocks. We salvaged the lead ballast casting, a few fittings, and a lot of learning experiences.

## The International Scene

The AMVER System turned 50. The US Coast Guard's Automated Mutual Assistance Vessel Rescue System has about 3,300 participating ships on any given day and has saved countless lives over the decades (an example appears later.)

Is it a sign of the weakness of the American dollar? US merchant marine cadets must get 12 months of sea time before graduation and some will now be serving on foreign-flagged ships of Hapag Lloyd USA.

The US seems to have more locally produced natural gas available than it really needs so LNG imports in 2008 are expected to fall to 440bcf vs last year's 770bcf.

Mombasa is probably the key port for containers without destinations for east Africa and a new but non-functioning automation system there left 15,000 week. A strike by railroad workers didn't help.

American shipbuilder Manitowoc Marine Group, with \$320 million in revenues last year, was sold by its parent company to the Italian state-owned shipbuilder Fincantieri-Cantieri Navali Italiana SpA for \$120 million. The companies are partners in building the US Navy's first Littoral Combat Ship and Fincantieri hopes for a big chunk of a potential \$18 billion in US Navy business.

Port and rail bottlenecks will limits exports of Australian coal until 2014, thus helping keep coal and coke prices at record levels.

### Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Ships collided and allied:

The South Korean sand dredger *Donegeui No 1*, returning south from authorized dredging in North Korean waters, collided with a North Korean fishing boat and two of four fishermen died.

The Strait of Kerch claimed ships last winter and one of them, the submerged *Volvorsk*, may have nearly sunk the Russian ship *Borealis*. Its bottom was badly damaged.

Ships sank or nearly sank:

The small (191gt) cargo vessel *Palangkaraya* sank off Bawean Island, East Java, but 17 crew and 13 passengers were saved by nearby vessels.

In Bangladesh a newly built *Banglar Sainik-4* rammed the *Habibur Rahman* and sank after its new hydraulic steering gear failed.

Ships went aground:

At Miami the 279' *Atlantic Intrepid* lost steering and grounded in the entrance to Government Cut.

The car carrier *Grand Dubai* was outbound from Antwerp in ballast but ran aground in the River Scheldt. It was freed ten days later.

At Hoping, Taiwan, the 73,798dwt bulk-er *Angela Star* had two pilots on board and was being towed but ran aground anyhow. Repairs will cost \$1.4 million.

The newbuild *Kijang*, on its delivery voyage from China to Indonesia and uninsured, ended up broadside on a stone beach in Taiwan.

The Strait Kerch nearly got another victim when the coal-carrying *Amanda* ran aground.

In Holland at Maassluis the tanker *Rubino* went aground and was refloated by a tug.

On the Humber the ro-ro *Cervantes* went aground on the south bank with a cargo of 885 new cars.

In Australia the *Iron King* with 155,000 tonnes of iron ore failed to make it out of Port Hedland even though it had a pilot on board. Its being parked stopped all vessel traffic for more than 12 hours.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In the Outer Hebrides at Stornoway the ro-ro *Muirneag* grounded and damaged its forepeak ballast tank.

In Oman the ro-ro *Karam Allah* hit the beach at Hitam.

Fires and explosions, of course:

At Zeebrugge lightning struck a vent pipe on the LNG tanker *Methania* and flamed escaping LNG vapors. The crew calmly extinguished the flaring torch but gas started escaping elsewhere. The ship was sent out to sea for safety reasons.

In Massachusetts' Buzzards Bay the tank-vessel escort tug *Bay Tide* caught fire and needed firefighting help from the US Army Corps of Engineers tug *Manomet* and the commercial tug *Miss Yvette* as the Coast Guard stood by with the rescued tug crew.

Other problems:

Off New Zealand the container ship *Southern Pasifika* needed repairs after encountering severe weather near that island nation. This may be the same bad weather that afflicted the *Pacific Sun* (see below).

Cranes suffered:

At Jacksonville extreme high winds caused a container crane to slide along its tracks into four other cranes. One crane toppled into the water and another collapsed. The remaining cranes were OK but couldn't be used until wreckage was removed.

At Trieste the container ship *Ital Laguna* broke free of its moorings in high winds and drifted around before an anchor could be dropped. The ship hit a container crane at some time during the wild trip, badly damaging it.

At Lagos, Nigeria, the boom of a crane dropped across the decks of the *Santa Alina* but didn't cause much damage.

In Vietnam collapse of a crane they were working on killed seven workers, two immediately.

At Nhava Port (ever hear of it... it's India's largest port!?) a fire on a refueling truck spread to the LNG tanker *Disha* (paint scorched) and then to a crane. Two workers were badly burned.

Humans took a beating, too:

In Turkey 19 humans were being used as weights for a lifeboat test when a line snapped. Three died while 12 were injured.

In Vietnam an explosion on the gas tanker *Friendship Gas* killed eight shipyard workers, and the yard's safety technician and marine chemist were arrested as being responsible.

In the Philippines fatal accidents at just one shipyard brought the number of deaths to two in one week and 15 since the yard opened in 2006. This time one worker was killed by an extension cord used with an electric jack-hammer and the other was hit in the back and left side by a steel beam that slipped while he was helping install it as a brace.

### Gray Fleets

An Australian submarine recently sank a US destroyer but war is not imminent between the two nations. The two countries have been jointly developing an improved version of the MK 48 Torpedo, a version called the MK 48 Mod 7 Common Broadband

Advanced Sonar System (CBASS) torpedo and the Australian submarine *HMAS Waller* got the honor of firing the first CBASS. It was aimed at a retired US destroyer, the *USS David R. Ray* (DD 971), during the multi-national RIMPAC Exercise this summer. Video is available on YouTube. The *Ray* has a long and distinguished career but she may be most famous as the warship that tried (using nearly 100 rounds of 5" ammo) to sink the bow section of the log carrier *New Carissa*.

Illegal smoking in an unauthorized space ignited improperly stored flammables and triggered a \$70 million electrical fire on the aircraft carrier *USS George Washington* that took half a day to control. The commanding officer and his executive officer were subsequently relieved of duty.

In the late 1800s the Royal Navy had more vessels than the world's next seven navies combined. As of mid-summer 2008 it has six destroyers, 14 frigates, and six attack submarines ready with another ten combatants in refit or at "reduced readiness" (laid up) and not quite enough sailors to man all of the few ships in operation.

A German firm won a 2.5-billion-euro contract from Turkey for six state-of-the-art submarines. The first will be delivered in 2015.

The US Navy decided that its new DDG-1000 destroyers, at several billion each, will be too expensive and over-complex for the expected missions so it cut production to only two warships. Congress disagreed and three will be built.

The submarine *USS Houston* (SSN 731) seems to have been leaking a small amount of radioactive water for the some months and Japanese protesters were unhappy that the attack sub had visited Japan last spring. The radioactivity is half a microcurie, about the same as emitted by a 50lb bag of fertilizer.

### White Fleets

The *Pacific Sun* arrived at Auckland with several injured people among the 2,407 on board, the result of severe weather and a sudden sharp roll between Vanuatu and New Zealand. One passenger lost a foot, another a finger, and others had broken bones and internal injuries. More than 40 people were treated by the ship's two doctors and three nurses.

The Bahamian-based 637' *Clipper Pacific* quietly arrived at New York with about 1,200 aboard and the Coast Guard quietly boarded for a routine safety inspection. That turned out to be non-routine because it lasted from Sunday morning to Tuesday evening. As a result, hull damage was repaired and 66 other discrepancies (fire safety, lifeboat damage, life jackets, and so forth) were rectified before the *Clipper Pacific* quietly sailed out again.

Just below New Orleans the tanker *Tintomara* collided with an oil barge pushed by the towboat *Mel Oliver* which was operated by an under-licensed trainee pilot. The barge draped itself across the tanker's bow, then folded in half and dumped much of its cargo of fuel oil. That closed the Mississippi River below New Orleans for days. The *Carnival Fantasy* had to shift operations to Mobile, Alabama, joining elderly fleetmate *Holiday* there.

Not really a cruise ship at all but a people carrier nonetheless, the 41' *Miss Calabash II* had a fire and sank off South Carolina. Its 23 party fishermen and three crewmen were rescued from the water in good condition.

## They That Go Back and Forth

In Norway the 127gt ferry *Victoria* started taking on water during a run between Skjen and Dahlen so the skipper parked it on a sandbar and the crew set to work repairing the damage. It was soon refloated.

No, not another one! In the Philippines the ro-ro ferry *Blue Water Princess* capsized and sank. Twelve passengers died but at least 129 were rescued.

Elsewhere, at the Greek port of Andos the *Super Ferry II* was about to dock but hit the docked *Theologos* instead. Three of more than 1,500 passengers were slightly injured and the *Super Ferry II* suffered "significant damage."

In Indonesia the ferry *Mole* sank in rough weather and at least 48 survived although 16 died.

In Wales passengers were alerted that they might have to disembark from Irish Sea ferry *Isle of Inishmore* but local firemen won their fight against a shipboard blaze.

In India the recently overhauled *Masud* broke down on the Meghna River, four of the steamer's engineers fell overboard because of violent currents and a whirlpool at the confluence of the Meghna and Dakatia Rivers and one went missing, even a rescue tugboat broke down. The *Masud*'s 500 passengers were removed by other vessels.

In the Central Africa Republic a barge carrying at least 150 people struck a rock and overturned on the Ubangi River. About 25, all local fishermen, were saved.

In Cornwall the Jack Russell terrier Jarvis knew just what to do when it became bored with an outing by its mistress and granddaughter. It headed for the Cremyll ferry, climbed aboard, and then walked a half-mile home, arriving before his mistress could start a search.

What happens after a vessel goes off charter with the US government? In the case of the *InCat 050* fast ferry that served the US Army as the Joint Venture (HSV-XI) for several years, it was bought by a British company, made a 11,860-mile (or 27-day) delivery voyage from Australia, and will cross the Irish Sea as an Isle of Man Steam Packet ferry in 2009.

## Legal Affairs

After he and two officers spent a year in jail awaiting trial, a Greek court sentenced a Croatian master to 14 more years in jail because one pallet of 27,000 bananas on the reefer *Coral Sea* also carried illegal drugs. The sentence is viewed in Greece as proof of his guilt because he was the master and therefore should have known of the crime! Others violently disagree with that opinion.

An American court found a Curaçao drydock company guilty of holding three Cubans as slaves in a conspiracy between the company and the Cuban government. The case was brought in a US court because the workers wouldn't have had a fair trial in Curaçao and could not bring suit in Cuba. The Cubans said there were many other Cubans in similar situations.

He was just trying to save his company some money but the company ended up paying \$240,000 in fines and fees. At Portland, Oregon, a terminal received 160 tonnes of water-affected potash and so the night superintendent paid the master of the Hong Kong flagged bulker *Aladdin Dream* to take it as deck cargo and dump it at sea. He did but word got out.

In Egypt more details came out about the 2006 sinking of the ferry *al-Salam*

*Boccaccio 98* in the Red Sea that killed more than 1,000. All defendants were acquitted but the captain of the similar ferry *St Catherine* was found guilty. He heard the distress call but refused to go to the rescue of the sinking ship despite close proximity and fine weather conditions. His excuse, his 1,800 passengers might all crowd on one side to watch the rescue, thereby causing a capsize. He escaped jail but was fined 10,000 Egyptian pounds (about \$1,900).

## Illegal Imports

Migrations of hope continued but often with sore results:

About 120 miles south of Lampedusa Island Italian navy vessels, alerted by a satellite cell phone call, saved 72 illegal immigrants from Eritrea, Ethiopia, and Somalia, including 25 women and six children.

Also in the Mediterranean, 14 died after their boat capsized off the south coast of Spain. Over 900 died last year while trying to get to Spain.

Thanks to AMVERS, the container ship *OOCL Melbourne* rescued 14 Senegalese from a battered 60' catamaran only 800 miles east of Massachusetts' Cape Cod.

## Metal Bashing

The US Government sold off eight surplus oldies (a Navy ammo ship, four tankers, two bulkers, and a cargo ship) for \$5.41 million, a pleasant switch from recent years when the government had to pay scrappers to scrap ships.

## Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Off Somalia pirates launched a grenade that landed on the deck of the big bulker *Gem of Kilkarai* but failed to explode. Three helicopters from an American amphibious warfare ship responded to radioed calls for help and chased away the pirates.

But Somalia pirates did capture the Japanese bulker *Stella Maris* and Yemeni nasties grabbed the *Thor Star*.

The *Lehmann Timber*, just released from 41 days of Somalian captivity after paying a \$750,000 ransom, soon needed escort by the destroyer *USS Momsen* when it had engine failure.

In Nigeria, where warring factions are trying to gain control of that oil rich country or at least improve their living standards, an armed gang in speedboats attacked a Nigerian Navy convoy. The gang retreated minus 12 members.

Elsewhere in the Niger Delta militants grabbed the Swedish vessel *Herkules* and its crew of five Russians who were held for ransom.

But not all wrongdoers were Nigerians, local authorities arrested 15 seafarers, mostly Filipinos, after intercepting their ship (possibly called the *Lina Panama*) because it was suspected of carrying stolen oil. Two years of such nonsense has reduced Nigeria's daily output of crude oil by about one-quarter.

Spain and France got fed up with what's been happening off Somalia and sought other nations to form a multi-national naval force to fight piracy.

Off Venezuela a British couple going around the world in the 41' *Raven Eye* were stopped and robbed by pirates. Worst, the baddies shot and stabbed their dog Kankuntu after it attacked them. The couple said they shall continue their circumnavigation.

## Nature

Drought-stricken Cyprus is importing water from Greece via six chartered tankers (their epoxy-coated tanks are thoroughly cleaned and must pass stringent tests).

The European Union moved to prevent depletion of certain fish stocks and as a result Mediterranean tuna ranchers will produce less tuna this year for Japanese sushi eaters. Tuna are seized at sea and then towed by tugboats in net cages to fish farms where they are fed for several months on small fish, vitamins, and even freeze-dried garlic to improve blood circulation. It takes about nine kilos of small fish to add one kilo to a tuna, but Tokyo restaurants may pay up to 100 euros a kilo for the result.

In South Africa the leaking fishing vessel *Tamara* was towed into port after a collision with a southern Right whale. Scary enough, but several months earlier another whale had lifted the vessel into the air.

## Odd Bits

The German submarine *UB38* was sunk during World War I in the Dover Strait and it has been of increasing concern lately because ships are getting bigger and deeper and there was only 23.5m over it. This summer it was moved one mile to the east where it lies 27m down and safely out of the eastbound traffic separation lane.

A British owner has had a Chinese builder more or less duplicate J.P. Morgan's impressive *Corsair IV*, the last in a series of big steam yachts built for that financial tycoon and large enough to become a post-WW II cruise ship. The new *Nero* has the clipper bow, classic hull, and tall stack of the original but much of the superstructure lacks its square corners and straight lines.

In Bali, just before the World Surfing Championship, the Taiwanese fishing vessel *Ho Tsai Fa* was found run dramatically high onto a reef, blocking many of the best surfing waves. The vessel had been acting strangely (running off when approached by another Taiwanese FV and not answering radio calls, among other acts) and many thought its Indonesian crew had tossed the master overboard and then tried to make it home.

Thirty-three UK university students demonstrated that a higher education doesn't necessarily mean one is smart. They were cut off by the rising tide and needed lifeboat rescue.

## Head-Shakers

(All from the UK this time)

At Hope Cove in Devon the local lifeboat crew got into hot water for saving a drowning schoolgirl in heavy surf. Their crime? They had used a 17' RHIB although it had been taken out of service in June due to a small crack in the transom, a stone chip on the bottom, and a leak between two of its five air compartments, and the lifeboatmen had paid £2,000 out of their own pockets to have repairs made. No matter, Coast Guard officials confiscated the boat anyhow and locked it up.

The UK Coast Guard station at Yarmouth received a report that a small boat with two occupants was heading out to sea even though it was getting dark. Investigators found two people in smart evening clothes in a 10' rowboat, complete with a picnic hamper. He had proposed to her and she had accepted and somehow they had failed to notice that the boat was that far out.

Observers spotted a large truck trying to make its way down a narrow Lincolnshire road leading to the North Sea. The big vehicle was carrying automobiles from Turkey and the driver explained in broken English that he was following his satnav's directions to Coral Road and it had thought that Gibraltar was part of the UK. It was only 1,600 miles off.

A few years ago it dawned on me how to solve the greatest fashion dilemma most of us males face on a daily basis. While she can't exactly tell me why not, my wife Kate is absolutely certain that I cannot wear black socks with short pants. Just can't be done. She will allow that socks the same color as the shorts in question might, under some carefully controlled conditions, be permissible. But then I have to ask if I "match" all the time. I did, finally, solve the socks thing. I just buy white socks. Bales of 'em. No matter how many "orphans" the dryer may produce, I still only have one leftover sock. This is a great way to generate bright work polishing rags, by the way. Wish it was that simple with boats.

I read articles and ads all the time proclaiming by innuendo and caption that this or that vessel is the "ideal" craft. This sailor will admit to a healthy skepticism. In fact, I'll just come out and say it. There is no such thing as an ideal all purpose boat. I can't say with certainty that the Fabled Captain Nat really said, "...you don't have standing headroom in a Cadillac, either..." and I'm pretty sure that Phil Bolger isn't the only sage to intone, "All boats are compromises..." But both statements are still true. Yep. No such thing as one ideal boat. Especially if you want to stand up some of the time. I'll even go so far as to say there isn't even one ideal boat for any one sailor or messer.

Something I've noticed. Almost everyone who "upgrades" is thinking "bigger." My personal favorite phrase (probably because I think I made it up) goes something like, "Simplify and add lightness." That's actually the path most of us who can claim a few sea miles take sooner or later. Yeah. Most of us ultimately upgrade by downsizing. It's inevitable. But it's only part of the never-ending search for the mythical ideal boat. The process starts for most boat people much like my early quest for matching socks. Just hang around a boat show or broker's office or even listen in on the Dock Committee proceedings. I've witnessed this phenomenon a bunch of times.

Perfect has a special meaning to me as my first real job was at Perfect Television. Perfect Television was located on NW 7th Ave in Edison Center in Miami, Florida, and I was 18 at the time. When I asked Bill Stennett why he had named his TV store Perfect Television, he said he liked the name. Besides, Perfect cannot be topped.

And it is true. You can top good by saying this is better. You can top better by saying this is best. And you can top best by saying this is perfect. But once at perfect you are at the top. It's like being at the top of Mt Everest. Any further height and you'd be standing on mid-air. So if perfect is at the top, there's got to be a top boat or a perfect boat. And being more interested in boats than in business, it is a perfect boat that I wanted. I've wanted the perfect boat for me.

Now if I could somehow coin into money all the time I've spent considering this boat and that boat as being the ideal boat I could now be living in splendor. But time spent pondering the attributes of boats simply exercises the brain cells and pays not a dime. But if you are without a boat, what could be a better pastime than considering the merits of boats? Such pastime hurts no one and there is a whole press devoted to piquing the interest. Sea sto-

## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### No Such Thing as an Ideal Boat

By Dan Rogers

I already have to wear a "PC-Violation" badge most of the time. So the role typing to follow will be consistent with my non-current opinions, protestations, and chauvinistic tendencies. But anyhow, take the young family out looking for a boat. Personally I tend to burst spontaneously into flames at boat shows. Just too, too, well, plastic and gentrified for this kid. But back when I did still go to boat shows I would stand back and watch the time-honored dance. I could pick any boat display big enough to get "in" instead of just "on." That little boat was going to be shored up with jack stands.

When our young family boards the boat neither bobs nor rolls. Solid as a rock. First test passed. Where does the distaff member go? Yep. Straight inside to (a) count berths, (b) check to see if the "bathroom" has a door, and sink, and mirror, and (c) inspect color match of cushions and curtains. You DO know what I'm saying. Happens the world over. Based on this forensic research she is now prepared to pronounce the vessel fit or unfit. Enough people actually buy a boat on this scanty evidence for me to get to know them in the marina. Then, after about one outing, after one "survival storm" where the boat might actually heel or something, that's it for the whole deal. Unless...

Unless "he" can get "her" interested in a BIGGER boat. And this is where the game gets pretty bizarre. So they go out and look for a bigger boat. "He" takes the salesman aside, something like, "We need a big-

ger boat so the whole family can go and feel safe..." then while he's down looking at non-essentials like keel bolts or chainplates "she" ties the Gordian knot with, "He needs to get a bigger boat, so I don't have to go with him..." No, I don't get it either. But I hear variations on this theme all the time.

So you guessed what happens next. She rules on the interior appointments and determines whether the bigger boat is "good" or not. He enthusiastically goes ahead with the motions of "upgrading." And, of course, just about like clockwork the boat is back on the market within about nine to 12 months. I actually think there's a PhD in psych worth of research material here. But I'm pretty sure the initial fallacy was in assuming there is such a thing as an "ideal" boat in the first place. Defining a boat that will satisfy more than one member of a family is hard enough. Finding a boat that will satisfy more than one member of a family in a broad range of weather conditions and locations is way harder. Try to get a golfer to carry only one club. Heck, even the guys out fishing from a roto-molded sit-on kayak all have at least four fishing poles with them. Nope. One is just not enough. One can never be ideal it seems.

There's always at least one other boat, or more, that can do part of the job better. While most people don't feel strongly about being able to stand up in a Cadillac, most of us do feel strongly about hitting our heads on the boom, hatch, overhead, etc. Kind of like that old refrain, "When you can't be with the one you love, love the one you're with!" Yes, the answer is to diversify. Downsize, maybe. But diversify. One is never enough.

One boat can never be ideal. Maybe to keep the peace, boats have to be inexpensive (what ever that means), or small to conserve space, or appear unthreatening. But there's always the chance that somebody will want to come with you or you might want to race, or cruise, or challenge a winter storm, or even stand up in the head without bashing your head. Sorry. It's going to take more than one floaty thing. Maybe even a fleet. Because there's just no such thing as one ideal boat.

### The Perfect Boat

By Dick Lafferty

ries become more interesting. Boat plans are studied and pondered like the runes of old.

What often is left out of the formula in hunting for the perfect boat is, is it possible? Do you have the money to buy such boat? And even if it were given to you, do you have the money to maintain it? The marriage license costs only two dollars but the maintenance can take three lifetimes of earnings out of your hide.

Those pretty boats with their big dockage fees, their beautiful sails with their roller reefing, their teak wood trim oiled and slick. Oh, how such boats do tempt. But the hurricane comes and the cost to move them. The lines to tie them. The deep keel needing lots of water to keep from grounding. The acres of surfaces needing painting and cleaning and care. And if something breaks, heaven help us, and something always breaks. How simple it is to just look at beautiful boats so long as the maintenance bills do not tumble into your lap.

So the perfect boat is not necessarily the most beautiful or the fastest or have the best accommodations. The perfect boat is the one that fits you. Better a plain shoe that fits than a high dollar shoe that you can-

not wear. The best riding horse is rarely a Kentucky Derby winner. So we need a boat that fits us in other ways for it to be perfect. But it should do more than fit. It somehow should warm up the inside. We should derive pleasure from just looking at it. We must count the time working on it as time well spent. There must be pleasure in the use of her and in the handling of her. She simply must give joy to the heart.

Boats are among the most beautiful creations of man. In a sense he partakes of the power of a god when he brings forth his creation the boat. And men have the ability to recognize the beauty of other men's creations; the Eiffel Tower, the Golden Gate Bridge, or a clipper ship under full sail. And he sees it in small things too; the knife, the gun, the guitar, and the Stradivarius violin that has never been equaled.

And someday, just by pure chance, he may see the perfect boat. I know this can happen because it happened to me.

For years I wanted that 42' sail boat but it was always beyond my reach. And then, at last with age upon me, I saw the boat that lighted me up on the inside. She was a little 17' cat boat. She was possible. I can feed her and care for her. And she can sail the same water as the costliest boat on the sea.

Love is blind. But facts will be facts. Love can keep one blind only so long. Sooner or latter one will have to deal with the facts. When I got my boat I thought all it would need is TLC. Oh, how wrong I was.

I thought I'd straighten the bent mast. The woodwork needs stripping and varnishing. The rub rail needs to be fixed where a piece is missing. And the engine needs to be removed for it appeared to be beyond salvaging. Scrubbing, sanding, painting the hull and interior, that's what she would need most. Little did I know that waiting to be discovered was a major repair that was critical to the structural integrity of the boat.

When a boat is under water, either on the bottom or sitting on her trailer but filled with rain water almost to the gunwales, it is hard to know what you are looking at. You are in love or you never would have given either a second look. Thus it was with me in acquiring my catboat. Now I was to find out what her true failing was.

Beauty, yes, she had it. Sweetness of line, yes, she had it. But her beauty and her sweet lines had suffered a most grievous blow. If it were not for the accumulation of years of rain water in her belly she might have survived the small alteration someone did to her. But that small alteration in the end opened her up to rot. The watertight bulkhead that spanned her 8' beam had been drilled through at the bottom with a 1" hole. This hole breached the surface of her waterproof plywood bulkhead, permitting water to begin its nefarious work of separating the plies and introducing rot. Over time the rot spread and completely rotted the right side of the bulkhead. I could push my finger through some of it, it was so rotten.

Now even worse things followed for the weight of all that rain water in her, some 5,000 pounds, caused the rotted bulkhead to give way and the consequence was that the boat leaned over to the right. The bulkhead was at the widest part of the boat and stiffened the bottom at that point. The weight of the boat was supported at that point by the longitudinal rail of the trailer on which she sat. The boat simply settled down around the support of that rail until the bottom was displaced inward about 1 1/2" from where it should be. Only because the bottom was well built had the bottom not broken.

The reality was that this rotted midship bulkhead would have to be replaced. And this bulkhead was the main structural cross member in the boat. There was no other such bulkhead. This one bulkhead separated the cabin from the cockpit. The door to the cabin was in it. The inside cabin counters were fiberglassed to it. The outside cockpit seats were also fiberglassed to it. The coaming, the floor, the inside cabin step, everything that could be attached to it was attached to it. It served as the support for everything at the midpoint of the boat.

So it wasn't as if it were an isolated bulkhead standing alone, that simply could be removed and replaced. Instead, this was a bulkhead around which the boat had literally been wrapped. It was simply the one most significant structural member of the boat. And now the reality had to be faced that that bulkhead had to be replaced before the boat could ever be put in the water.

What caused someone to breach the integrity of that bulkhead? I was able to construct a scenario once I studied the matter. Through the 1" hole that had been drilled at

## Honeymoon Exits; Reality Knocks

By Dick Lafferty

the bottom of the bulkhead a piece of plastic tubing led from a little plastic water container placed under the cockpit seats to the little pump in the cabin sink. Almost surely that plastic container had originally been installed under the cabin settees where no hole through the bulkhead would have been necessary, but someone in the life of the boat decided it would be more convenient to have the container installed under the cockpit seats. To accomplish this they drilled a hole through that watertight bulkhead.

It may have happened in that way or it may not. But however it happened, the fact of the hole and the fact of the rot it gave entrance to remained a fact. It was that fact that had to be dealt with. And that fact in itself was so overwhelming that it knocked the whole project of restoring the boat to its knees. But indeed it would be dealt with. It had to. There was no choice. The boat was just so perfect in so many ways that she could not be allowed to die.

Just doing all the other things that needed to be done would have taken at least six months. It would take a couple of days to straighten the 35' aluminum mast from the significant bend it had in it. But at least it wasn't kinked. Just to scrub up the boat from the dried-up aquatic matter that had accumulated in it from its years of sitting full of rain water would probably have taken a week. Then the refinishing of the grab rails and trim wood would have taken another week at least. The rudder needed to be re-fiberglassed on its trailing edge. The freckled paint on the bottom would have to be sanded off.

Those freckles were the marks left by dying barnacles. After they died and fell off they took with them the spot of paint on which they had anchored themselves. The bottom would have to be sanded to remove those freckles and all of the old paint. Once that was done a barrier coat would have to be painted on. Only then could the true bottom paint be applied. All of this translates to months of work. And on top of this there was the interior to do for it, too, had suffered. It had suffered the most because it was the interior that was filled with water. There were so many things to do. My desire was to make her seaworthy again but also I wanted to make her a beauty to the eye.

All of those projects are now on ice. The bulkhead must be replaced first. But even before doing this I will make a supreme effort to get the engine that sat underwater so long rebuilt. It is just possible that it can be made to run again. Hearing that engine run would give me heart to carry on with the bulkhead rebuilding project, a project that equates to rebuilding the boat at that point. And since I would be rebuilding the boat at that point it opens up possibilities for making alterations that, but for this fact, I would never dare contemplate.

It has occurred to me that it would be nice to have a small enclosed steering station at the bulkhead where I may run the boat on engine in rain or cold weather in comfort. Why not do this if I can do it without destroying the esthetics of the boat?

So *Kitten Waif* and I have a date. I'll take care of her if she serves me. She has agreed by remaining silent. But her silence talks to me. "Make me like you want," she almost says, "for what am I now but a waif kitten? A kitten in the gutter starving and left to die. Let me see water again where I can sail and you will win my heart."

You'll have it, *Kitten Waif*. No less than a silky *Grisabella* will you be. I'll pour my time and labor into making you as beautiful and as seaworthy as you once were.

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*Spray* arrived in Rockport, Massachusetts, the last week of August and we went over to visit owners Ed Davis and Sue Mehrrens to have a look at the realization of this particular dream. It was too late in the day for a sail and their schedule required their moving on next morning towards home port of Southwest Harbor, Maine, so it would have to be just a look-see at the fruits of five years of a labor of love.

Ed Davis started building *Spray* in 1978 after years of contemplating the project, years which included visiting the actual site outside of New Bedford where Slocum restored his *Spray* before setting out on his historic solo circumnavigation. Ed started by going out into his woodlot and felling trees for timber for the job. He was no stranger to this right-from-scratch approach as he had been supporting himself building log houses right from standing trees. He set up his *Spray* project next to the one-room log cabin he had built in the woods in West Tremont on the west side of Mt Desert Island, the side the tourists don't get to very much.

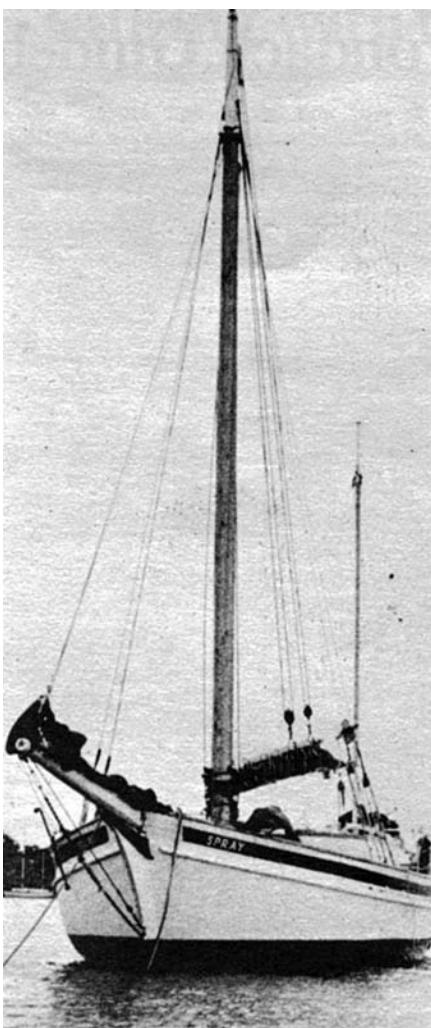
Ed had a small workshop in which he could fabricate bits and pieces but *Spray* was to take shape outdoors. The first winter Ed had no heat in the shop, when his hands got frozen too stiff he'd cup the 60-watt light bulb in them until they thawed.

The second winter Ed had a wood stove and *Spray* had a winter shed over the now framed and partly planked hull, a structure of strapping and plastic within which on sunny days it got comfortably warm.

When the hull was completed Ed had it moved to the shore on his family's land at Goose Cove, skidded over a mile of gravel road behind a friend's dump truck, across the pavement, and into the field at water's edge above a fairly gentle sloping ledge. Here Ed constructed the ways for the launching to come and *Spray* was set up on the ways for finishing off.

Ed had been working pretty much alone up until this point with occasional help from family and friends. Now he was joined by his new bride, Sue Mehrrens, in the final 18 months of feverish finishing off. As they say, building the hull is only 20% of the work.

## 25 Years Ago in MAIB



### *Spray*... Perseverance Prevailed

By Bob Hicks

True. They worked hard to get the deck on and the cabin closed in before winter so they could carry on in the cold weather with interior jobs. Come spring it was outside again for the last rush to be ready for the launching in August. Those final months were just total immersion. As soon as school closed at the College of the Atlantic where Sue teaches, she joined in the nearly round the clock last minute efforts.

The August launching was some affair. Ed and Sue had done no publicizing of this project, but area newspapers had heard of it, and on launch day a crowd of some 500 was on hand to share the moment. Sue read her poetic summation of what this all meant to them and then one of Ed's lobstermen brothers jockeyed his lobster boat into place below *Spray* and a cable was hooked up to haul her down the ways. At the bow a friend's bulldozer sat with snubbing chain to keep *Spray* from taking off too fast.

No danger of that. *Spray* didn't want to budge. The lobster boat yanked and yanked to no avail. Then Ed went forward and jumped on the bowsprit just as one more yank was applied and down she came to the cheers of the assembled throng. The event made the front page of the Bangor newspaper, large photo and all. "We were so aimed at that launching that we didn't really think much about what was left undone," Sue will tell you. "But we had a commitment to take out a group from COA (*College of the Atlantic*.—ED) right after Labor Day and we still had no ballast in her nor was she rigged." The big lobster boat diesel was running but a universal joint was still needed to tie it to the prop.

The ballasting was solved by recruiting many of the youngsters who were to go on the first cruise. The group effort cleared the nearby beach of suitable stones but space ran out with *Spray* still floating several inches too high. The spar was put in over at Southwest Harbor by a local boatyard, the rigging was set up, and only two days late *Spray* was away on her first cruise.

Now, a summer later, she was en route home from her first extended trip. Ed and Sue sailed directly to Nantucket from Southwest Harbor and were taking the coastal route home. Both were delighted with their craft, she was just as Ed had long read of in Slocum's book. True, the interior was unfinished but it did provide spacious accommodations for two. The diesel was used reluctantly and only out of serious necessity because it was pretty loud still sitting right there in the living area.

Sue has a skipper's license so they charter out groups up to six for day trips around Mt Desert, many are environmentally oriented as Sue teaches environmental science along with navigation and history at COA. Until they left in late July for their summer cruise they had been busy since May with locally available charter groups, even without any publicity, just word of mouth. In 1984 they will spend August at home chartering because of the growing demand. Sue recalls a favorite amongst the charters, one in which they took a honeymoon couple out for the afternoon and provided a locally caught (by Ed's family) lobster dinner with all appropriate trimmings. A nice personal touch.

This coming winter *Spray* will get her stone ballast replaced by concrete filled with iron boiler punchings to get her down to her load waterline. The interior also is scheduled to be completed. By spring of 1984 this downeast replica of *Spray* will be pretty much complete. Built by the hand of a man with a dream out of timber from his own woodlot, helped by a woman who also believed in that dream, this *Spray* is not only a monument to the romance of old time boats that afflicts many of us but also to the motto, "Perseverance Prevails." If you ever were interested in Joshua Slocum and his *Spray*, you might want to look into a day trip with Sue and Ed this coming summer out of Southwest Harbor. They can handle parties up to six, the price is very reasonable, and the experience can be arranged to suit your preferences within the limits of what can be seen or done in a day around Southwest Harbor.

(*Ed Note*: We have long since lost touch with Ed Davis, who taught the very first boat building class we took in 1978. If any readers from the Mt Desert Island area know of what happened to Ed, Sue, and *Spray*, I'd like to hear from you.)



### ***Handy Billy 21***

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Quiet  
Efficient  
Classic



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Over a year ago Steve Gensheimer, a friend, asked if we were interested in a wooden boat. He called it a knockabout which pricked our interest. It turned out to be a B.B. Crowninshield Dark Harbor 17½. There were two problems. She was located on an island in Maine and we were second in line to buy her.

As we were waiting for our chance at the boat, we decided to take the ferry to North Haven in August 2005 to see her condition. The boat was tucked in an upper lot behind a small shed with trees and undergrowth trying to consume her. A full restoration was clearly in order but we couldn't help but be stricken by her graceful lines.

Even though the boat was not yet ours, we started to research turn of the century one-designs and their construction methods. In October we heard the other interested party had decided to restore her. Disappointed, we began to debating the merits of building a knockabout from scratch.

In March 2006 Steve called with the news the first buyer had backed out and we were in the running again. Not hesitating, we said we would take her and began the lengthy planning process to determine how two people with a rowhouse in Philadelphia and a small hatchback could bring a 3,500lb boat back from a Maine island.

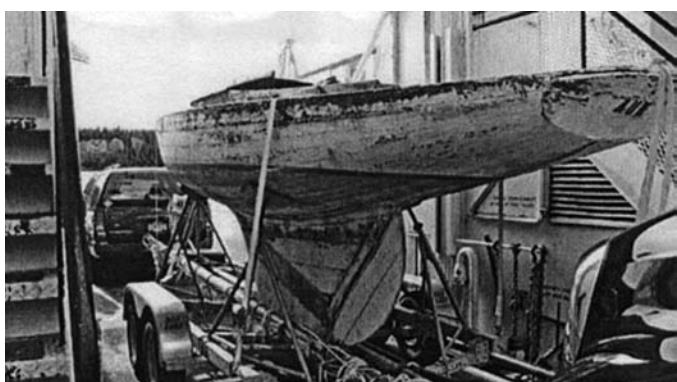
Steve suggested we could rebuild the boat on land adjacent to his studio in Stockton, New Jersey, and Tom Shephard started hunting for used flatbed trailers. In the meantime we bought six jackstands off of craigslist. Finally settling on a stripped-down boat trailer, Andy cut one leg off of each stand, learned to weld plates to their feet, and attached the stands to the trailer. A coat of spray paint later the trailer looked almost professional and we only needed an SUV to tow it.

After delicate negotiations between a truck rental company, the Maine State Ferry Service, and Foy Brown, owner of the boatyard on North Haven, we would settle on October 31 as a day to bring her off the island.



Loading her on the trailer.

Strapping her down.



## Our Dark Harbor Project

By Andy Slavinskas and Jenny Thompson  
Reprinted from *Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter of the TSCA

We went out to North Haven to find the boat waiting in Foy's Travelift. She was quickly lowered onto the trailer and strapped down while Jenny and her mother dismantled the winter cover. Finished by 12:00, we rushed to the ferry terminal and were able to squeeze onto the 12:30 ferry back to Rockland.

After a nine-hour drive from Jenny's family home to Stockton (during which time Andy didn't breathe) she arrived safely in her new home, having received the admiration and thumbs up from drivers along the way. We left the boat in Rosemont, New Jersey, having safety made the journey from North Haven, Maine.

The boat was brought down from Maine in early November 2006. Since the ground was still soft we had to wait for cooler weather to move the boat and trailer to the area designated for the restoration. The boat now resides behind the metalworking shop of David Cann at Moorland Studios. David is a good friend and he was instrumental in negotiating with the landlord to rent the land behind the studios. David also supplies power for our project in the form of an extension cord threaded through his shop window.

After struggling with a grey tarp that never quite held the water out we knew that our work couldn't continue until we built a shed over the boat. We discussed and researched many options, but for a project of this size a temporary building gets quite pricey. Tom Shephard suggested the perfect solution, a bow roof shed. Plans are available through Stimson Marine and these sheds



Ready for the road.

On site for the restoration



have been used quite successfully by boat owners and do-it-yourselfers.

Since our boat still rested on the trailer, the space we needed to comfortably work was 14' high x 16' wide x 32' long. This meant the bows needed to be made from lumber at least 16' long. I made a few attempts to scarf to this length but found the bend in the bows put too much stress on the glue joint and scarfing added an unnecessary extra step. In the end I found 16' long pieces of Douglas fir at Delaware County Supply in Boothwyn, Pennsylvania.

To make such a shed, a dedicated area is needed to set up a jig for the bows. My basement was the perfect space for this as I could work on the bows during the week and carry them, a few at a time, out to the site on weekends. Jenny and I set up the bows and attached them to cross members at the peak in a few afternoons of work. A single piece of thick poly covering came from Shrink-it and was stapled and nailed to the bows. The ends at the peak are covered with screen to allow ventilation and temporary end walls were made of poly sheeting when the weather turned sour last fall.

This shed design has a quality that can be described as "backyard gothic." The bows follow a gentle curve up from a wall or sill to a point and are reminiscent of the ogival, or pointed, arches found in Gothic cathedrals. This association was not lost on local friends who often visit our project. Jenny and I came to the shed one weekend to find that they had given our humble little workshop a name and affixed it with a cross. We now make weekly pilgrimages to the hallowed plastic walls of "Our Lady of Perpetual Labor."

With the shed up, we were ready to begin the restoration. Our first step was to remove the hardware. I took photographs and produced drawings during this process to help us relocate each cleat, pad eye, and block at a later date. After the hardware was removed we pulled up the canvas on the

## Our Lady of Perpetual labor

Services:  
Saturday After Noon  
Sunday Irregular  
  
Father  
Andrew Stavridis  
  
Requiem Mass  
Saint And Day  
For One's Own  
Or Beloved  
  
Mass  
On The Deck Of The Bay  
Dark Harbor  
Catholic's Cemetery  
Dark Harbor

deck to gain access to the deck and housetop. These knockabouts were originally decked using ship-lapped pine but it is common for them to undergo multiple restorations and for the decks to be replaced with plywood. My excitement grew when the canvas removal re-



The shed in its final stages, only a few extra braces and the poly covering remain to be added.

The lines plan and offsets for the Dark Harbor 17 are available from *WoodenBoat*. As an exercise, I lofted the hull in AutoCAD.

vealed a laid pine deck. It seems that our boat has retained some links to her original construction. Close examination also revealed two sets of bronze straps or chain plates for side stays along with a set of running back stays a few feet aft.

The original drawings, purchased through *WoodenBoat*, called for a single set of straps to be used with the runners. After showing an image to a Maine boat builder, we learned that the boat was part of a fleet that experimented with a taller Marconi rig at one point, thus explaining the extra chain plates. It was difficult for me to do but I removed the pine deck so that I could fully restore the boat. As romantic as laid pine seems, we, too, will most likely replace it with a plywood deck since plywood will help keep the hull from racking under sail. After the deck was removed we dismantled the house and removed the sheer clamps, bilge stringers, and deck beams.

With much of the deck structure removed the hull became a lot less stiff. This was helpful since we needed the boat to be flexible in order to facilitate getting her back into shape. Fine-lined hulls with long overhangs tend to sag, or hog, over time and ours had lost her sheer-line considerably. To make things even more pliable we

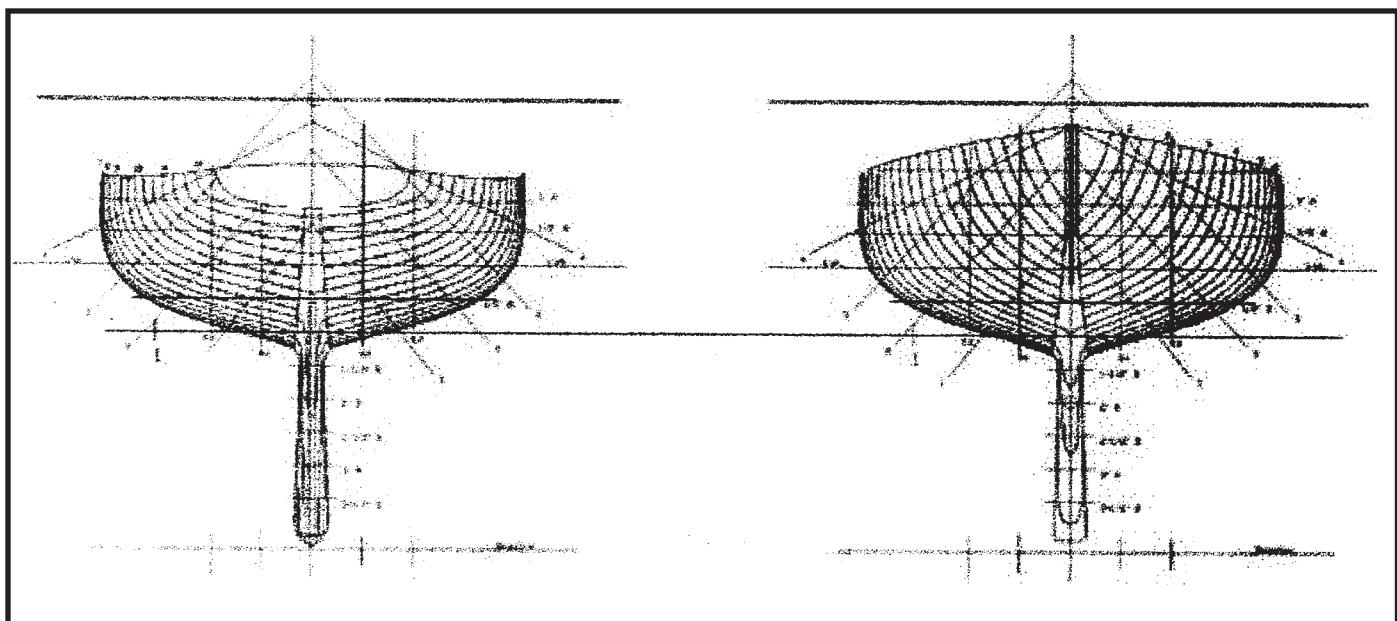
decided to remove every other frame. Out of curiosity, or perhaps masochism, we sat down to calculate the number of fasteners to be removed. There are 11 planks and 36 frames on each side. With two fasteners per plank per frame, there should be 386 fasteners on each side. Our hull had twice that number, she had originally been fastened using copper rivets but someone had decided to refasten her using bronze screws right next to the rivets. To remove 18 frames on each side we had to take out 792 fasteners!

To get the boat back into shape we forced sectional molds into the open hull. I use AutoCAD at work and decided to loft her electronically. Once I felt comfortable that the lines within the program were fair, I made a full scale plot from which to make the molds. The molds were all built with a common reference or water line. With this common line the molds not only establish the sectional shape, but the hull's sheer can also be re-established by leveling the top edges of all molds fore and aft.

After the sectional molds were installed we were ready to bend in new frames. I needed to build a steam box and modeled one af-



Residents of nearby studios couldn't restrain themselves from adorning our makeshift workshop.



ter the box used by Geoff McKonly at the Wooden Boat Factory. The box is 8' exterior ply cut into four equal 1'x8' lengths. Corner blocks are used to secure the panels together and a ring of wood helps to clamp a door to each end. Two internal racks were created using  $\frac{1}{2}$ " hardwood dowels along the length. The steam comes up through a standard copper fitting which is connected to a "tee." Two lengths of copper tubing with holes drilled into them extend from this "tee" to each end of the box. Steam comes up and exits evenly along the length of the box by way of the multiple holes in the tubing.

Russell Firth supplied unseasoned white oak as rough sawn fitchies. I was able to make the most of each piece by scribing lines parallel to the grain inside of the sapwood. Not

Jenny patiently removing nearly 792 bungs.

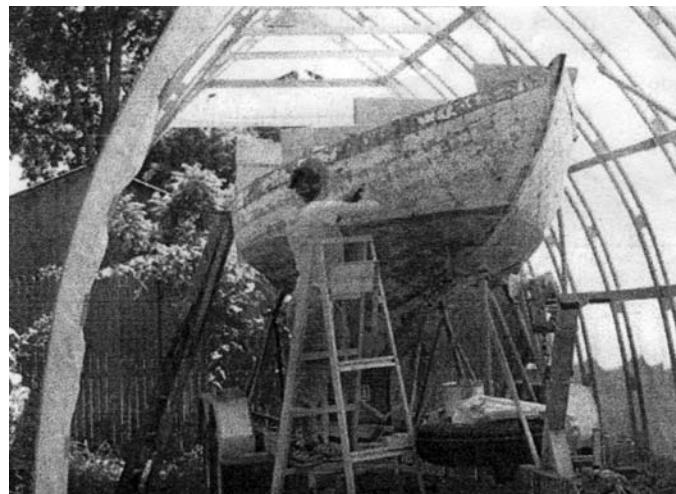
only was this an efficient use of the boards, but there was less chance for the frame to fail as grain runout was minimized.

My primary workshop is in the basement of a three-story rowhouse. We live on the second floor and tenants occupy the first and third floor apartments. Since the first floor tenant is not too interested in listening to me run the band saw all night, I cut the frames out over lunch breaks during the week. In the 20 minutes that I worked each noon I could prepare enough frame blanks for a full day of steaming on Saturday.

Bending in frames requires a coordinated team. Jenny and I found a way to do it comfortably. She stood by the steam box while I remained inside the hull. When we were ready she would open the box and hand

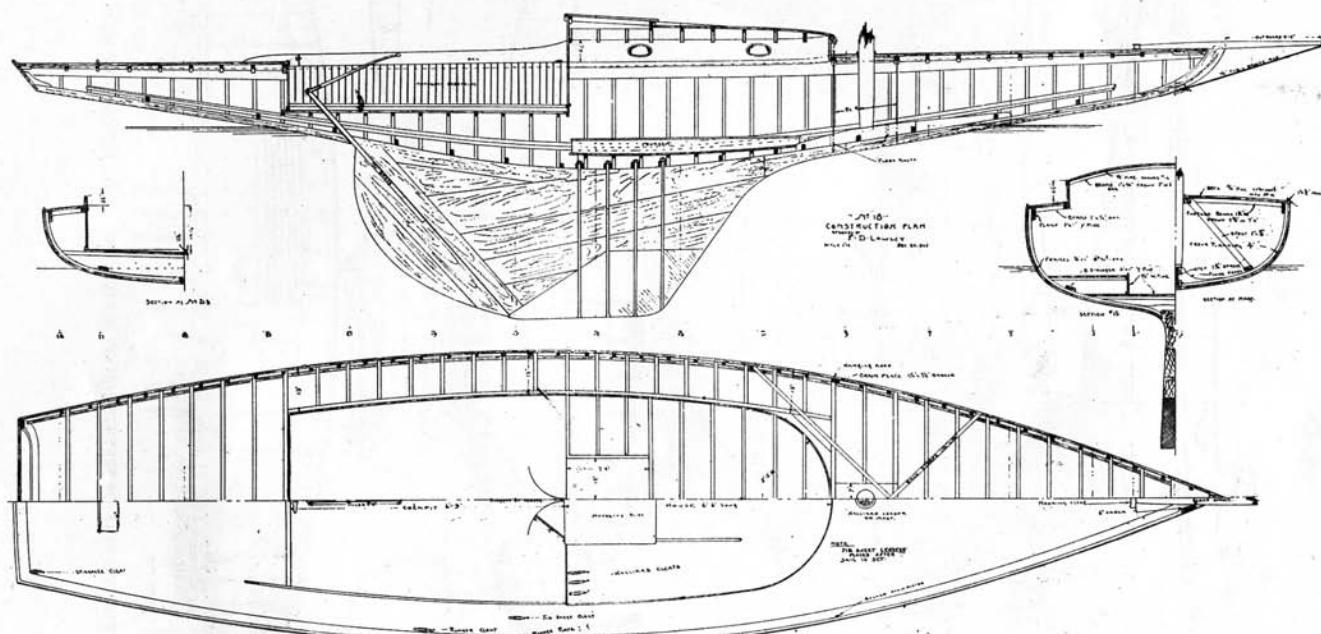
me the next available frame. While I studied the piece for grain orientation, she sealed up the box and came back with clamps at the ready. Once I decided the best orientation for the bend and twist, I footed the frame at the keel and gently pressed the length of it up towards the sheer, all while holding a slight over-bend and twist into it. Once we were comfortable that the piece was aligned and looked like it would take a favorable set, we clamped it in place. I later painted the frames with a hand-mixed red lead paint. Adding new frames to the hull was an encouraging process for both of us. After months of disassembly we were finally adding something to the boat!

In our next installment we'll show you her new stem, keel, deadwood, and transom.



## A Comparable 18' Knockabout from the Same Era by F.D. Lawley

(From *The Rudder* 1903)



CONSTRUCTION PLAN OF EIGHTEEN-FOOT KNOCKABOUT, DESIGNED BY F. D. LAWLEY

What do you do when your 30-year-old Chrysler 318 finally gives up the ghost? Well, when the adjectives that best describe it are a list like this; oily, leaky, unreliable, smelly, rusty, high maintenance (I could go on but you get the picture), what you don't do is spend more money on it. I guess you could see that coming. The old Trojan is really in pretty good shape, a 1975, but always docked in a covered slip, and well cared for (only three owners in over 30 years) so I did want to get it going again.

I considered a replacement inboard but I really dislike inboard motors. I've only had three boats with them and the above adjectives were too applicable to all three to be just coincidence. I really like outboards... easy to maintain and repair, few moving parts, safer (the potential sparks are not in the same compartment as the potential fuel leak), and they seem to run forever with minimum care. And if all else fails, they are easy to replace.

Here are two examples from our own personal experience. On a cruise from Texas to Florida back in the '70s we made the acquaintance of a couple with an older boat like ours but with the original inboard engine (I had re-powered ours with a Diesel inboard). Their old Atomic Four had worn out and they had been stranded in St Petersburg for several months while they worked to arrange and finance a rebuild or repower. Not good. The second example was in the '80s at the start of our "Great Circle" cruise when the outboard motor on our 26' sailboat became unreliable.

We happened to be near Jupiter, Florida, so we purchased a local newspaper and a boat classified magazine and made a few phone calls. The next day we rented a car, picked up a brand new Evinrude motor, and by the end of the day we were ready to be on our way with new reliable power. Total time, about one day of delay.

Another vote for the outboard is shallow draft. We like to run the boat up on a sandy beach for the grandkids to swim and play, much easier with about 18" inches of draft and without the fragile prop and rudder (rock detectors). To really lock the decision is the need to winterize an inboard. We use our boat all year so don't like to winterize. We relied on an electric bilge heater, but being one badly timed power failure away from a cracked

## Trojan Inboard to Outboard Conversion

By Gary Gillespie

block did make me nervous, especially when contemplating putting a lot of money into a new engine.

So the decision was made, now for how it was done. The first step was to remove as much of the old engine and drive train as possible; intake and exhaust manifolds, heads, alternator, transmission, hoses, etc. Talk about hoses, there must have been over a dozen hoses on and around the beast! Once I had it down to an almost bare block I estimated it weighed about 250 pounds. I rigged a chain hoist to our dock overhead after adding some bracing to the dock overhead beams to handle the weight. Yes, I said dock overhead. Did I mention that I don't have a trailer? So all this was taking place in our slip. With the assistance of an extra pair of hands we hoisted the block up, moved the boat out from under, then swung the block over and down onto the dock. From here we hand trucked it off the dock directly onto a trailer and off to the scrap yard, no room for second thoughts here.

The next step was removing the propeller shaft and hardware, rudder assembly, mufflers, exhaust system, wiring harness, control cables, etc, and yes, more hoses. I can't believe they build boats with hoses and through-hulls located where they cannot be reached without pulling the engine. No consideration for maintainability or emergency repair. Now came a couple of days with rags, plastic gloves, paint scrapers, wire brushes, detergents, degreasers, etc, to clean 30 years of oily Trojan repower muck from the bilge under the motor.

Trojan, in their decidedly finite wisdom, had placed the motor so low that there was not room for even fingers to pass under the oil pan, even if a person with the arms of an orangutan was able to reach it. So needless to say it had not been cleaned for 30 years. Another few years and new life forms may have developed (maybe where polyestermites came from). So we now have a clean bilge and clean slate to begin. I guesstimate that

near 1,400 pounds of ugly iron was removed since the transom rose about 4"-5" higher out of the water.

A little fiberglass work took care of the no longer needed through hull openings for water, exhaust, rudder, and shaft, another mark against inboards, too many holes. We do have a boat lift in our slip so were able to get the boat out of the water far enough for through-hull and transom work. This was a process of gluing a plywood square to the inside of an opening as a form, A block of plywood a bit less than the hull thickness was epoxied into the hole with filler around the edges. Once this cured the block, filler, and the hull around the hole was ground down to form a shallow V, maybe  $\frac{1}{4}$ " inch deep. Into this V, layers of fiberglass matt and cloth were laminated with epoxy until it was slightly above level. After hardening, a little sanding, some cosmetic filler to get the surface smooth, some bottom paint, and it's like the holes were never there. The inside of the hole was then fiberglassed over as well.

The new outboard was to be mounted on a bracket placed under the existing teak swim platform. The platform height is such that with the motor tilt pivot point right below the swim platform the anti-cavitation plate would be slightly below the transom. Just the way I wanted it to work out. Keeping the bracket and control cables under the swim platform kept the installation as clean as possible. The transom had been built with a pair of about 3"x4" mahogany stringers running up from the bottom stringers. There is no rot in any of the stringers and they were heavily fiberglassed to the transom so I had a good solid mounting point.

I cut a pair of 3"x3"x $\frac{1}{4}$ " angle iron pieces that run vertically from just under the swim platform to about an inch above the bottom of the transom. These were installed with four  $\frac{1}{2}$ " hot dip galvanized bolts running through the 3"x4" transom stringers with large washers on the inside to distribute stress.

The four horizontal members were cut from 2"x2"x $\frac{1}{4}$ " angle iron to run from the 3"x3" transom pieces back 30". This would place the motor mount block about 6" behind the swim platform, with the top about 1" below the platform, allowing the motor to tilt forward over the platform. Since the transom curve caused the 3"x3" angle pieces to be at

On the Beach: Pulled onto the beach with dry sand just a step from the swim platform. Try this with an inboard!



Planing Speed: shown here with a full head of steam on a nice, level plane.





**Motor Bracket:** The newly completed bracket waiting for motor installation. Note the non-OSHA approved scaffolding (plywood on a ladder) for work under the swim platform. Makes one extra careful with electric tools. I tied the cords short to unplug if I hit the water.

a slight angle from each other, and the motor mount board also being a few inches narrower than the spacing of the 3"x3"s, each 2"x2" angle iron had to have the end bent a few degrees to allow the surfaces bolted together to be parallel. This was accomplished by cutting off the upper and lower halves of the angle for several inches at both ends of each piece. This formed a "tab" at each end which could be bent so that the bolted together surfaces met properly. The 2"x2" receiver hitch mount on the truck worked great for making these ends easily. A 1.5"x1.5" angle iron diagonal brace was also made for each side.

After priming and painting, this was all bolted together with  $\frac{1}{2}$ " hot dip galvanized bolts and with a good sealing of marine caulk at the mating points. I chose to use bolts to allow adjustment of the height if necessary later (hasn't been needed) and paint finish since we keep the boat on a lift. If it was to be submerged full time I'd go for welded joints, then have the whole assembly hot dip galvanized. I'll probably do that later if I ever have to take the motor off.

Once the metal was all in place, I fabricated a motor mount board from some 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " teak boards laminated together with epoxy, then covered on the front and back with marine plywood. Since the motor bracket is partially submerged, I enclosed the lower side of the bracket with marine plywood to enhance water flow around the motor mount board.

The next step was to install the motor. I went for a brand new 2006 Mercury 50hp two-stroke, weight a bit over 200 pounds. I went for less power than most folks would select for several reasons; simplicity, economy, ease of maintenance, and reliability. Since we use the boat mostly for trolling, taking the grandkids to the beach, or an evening cruise to watch the sunset, speed was not a real concern. The fuel economy over a 150hp or 200hp motor would be significant.

Also, since we have been sailors for 40 years the slower speed is more what we are used to. As it turns out it is still capable of speeds over twice that of a sailboat, more on that later. I prefer the two-strokes for lightness and simplicity, no messy oil or filter changes. Plus, a 50hp outboard can be hand started in an emergency and I can remove the motor to take it to a dealer should that be nec-



**Installing the Motor:** Frank and I using a 3"x3" angle iron gin pole and a cable winch to lower the motor onto the bracket, all being done with the boat at our dock.

essary (hopefully not). The use of synthetic oil and E85 fuel should reduce pollution to an acceptable level.

I rigged the overhead hoist this time using a piece of 3"x3" angle iron as a gin pole with a chain to the dock support post. Again with assistance, I lifted the motor from its crate, lowered it onto the bracket, drilled the mount holes, and bolted it up. Took about an hour. Somehow I think installing an inboard would require more words than that, a lot of them that Bob would likely not choose to print.

With the motor bolted in place, the next step was the control cabling. The original engine throttle and shift controls were the Morse type and Mercury makes inexpensive adaptors to interface to the Morse type. This allowed me to retain the existing controls and just purchase new, longer cables. For the steering system I decided to just buy a new complete assembly since there was not much price difference and the existing gearbox was so old. I was able to also retain the existing steering wheel. A new Mercury wiring harness was needed to connect to the motor. This came with an ignition switch and color coded leads for the various inputs and outputs, including a tilt/trim switch and an audible alarm. The old wiring to the instrument panel was removed, along with the old gauges. Since this 50hp motor only supports a tach, no temperature gauge, the new panel layout was simple, I had room to add a CD player/radio in the panel, getting real up-to-date now. At this time I also replaced the 30-year-old 60gal galvanized steel fuel tank. Talk about a potential hazard, I can imagine how close to rusting through it must have been. I replaced this with a new 23gal tank with a fuel gauge to match the mercury tach.

Now for the prop, isn't it strange that motors come without one? Kind of like buying a new car without wheels. I tried Mercury's website for prop pitch, but putting in the estimated weight, then the motor horsepower returned "Error." Not much imagination at Merc. I did find a generic prop pitch calculator which uses desired boat speed and engine speed. This came up to be a pitch of about 8, depending on rpm I want for cruise speed. The owner of the local Mercury shop, which has been in business for many years, guessed about a 9 pitch so it was a 12.5x9 prop. Well, he was right on.

The motor specs are top end of 5,000-5,500. It goes 4,900 wide open. Actually, I guess an inch less pitch might get a touch better speed but I'll take what I've got.

The fuel line wiring harness, control, and steering cables were taken through the transom via four 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " nylon through hull fittings. By placing these just below the swim platform all cables are hidden as much as possible as well as leaving the platform clear of potential trip hazards. The through-hulls are about 14" above the water line. The steering cable exits about 24" to the side so it forms a gentle curve to the motor. The others exit near or within the motor bracket, again out of sight except where they enter the motor case. Inside the transom each through-hull has a short piece of hose attached, sloping up from the transom, further sealed with a piece of foam rubber stuffed around the cables. This allows any water that splashes in to drain back overboard. So far there has been no water entry. Nice to have a dry as well as clean bilge.

So how did this all turn out? I now have a safer, more reliable, quieter, more economical, and maintainable boat (did I mention a dry, clean bilge) for the kind of boating we do. At trolling speed it's quieter than the old bilge blower. And it can be steered in reverse! All the motor, fuel, and battery systems are brand new. No more engine oil changes, winterizing, or exhaust manifold replacement.

The speed has been a surprise. I expected displacement speeds up to maybe about 7mph or 8mph (the motor mount effectively adds waterline length) but the old girl actually planes with the 50hp. It slides up on plane without digging a hole at about 2,800rpm and runs 12.5mph (GPS) at WOT, about 4,900rpm. I guess this is because the fairly shallow V is an easy to plane shape, plus so much weight was removed that the transom is only immersed about 4" at the chines, about 6" at the center. I don't believe a typical deep V hull would be at all a candidate for this lower power. The motor bracket bottom plate acts like a huge trim tab which augments the original trim tabs. Also, the Mercury 50 has a lot of torque, I suspect due to using more displacement at lower rpm to get rated horsepower rather than less displacement with higher rpm. It's amazing how small some similar horsepower motors are.

Here are some samples of rpm, speed, and fuel economy at the most used speeds:

1,400rpm, 3mph, 4/7mpg, about .7 gal/hour, this is trolling speed

2,000rpm, 5.1mph, 3.9mpg

2,800rpm, 7.1mph, 4.9mpg, just on plane, the most efficient speed

3,000rpm, 7.5mph, 4.2mpg, the most used cruising speed

4,000rpm, 9.0mph, 3.0mpg

4,900rpm, 12.5mph, 2.4mpg wide open

Quite an improvement over the old 318. I think its mileage ran from about 2.5mpg to maybe 1mpg or less running at speed. This all was done during early 2007 before fuel prices went crazy. Needless to say, the recent price increases have reinforced my choice of motor.

Problems so far: The water still worked into the sides of the motor bracket, causing turbulence, so I expanded the plywood plate under the motor bracket to extend to the trim tabs on each side and about an inch to each side of the motor mount block. This cleaned up the flow more, giving a nice clean plane, and gave another 1mph over the original plate under the motor bracket.

A strange thing is the steering. I selected a system based on the motor power (V4 and below). This works fine except for around 4,000rpm or higher when it gets stiff to steer. If I tilt the motor so it runs more level, it really stiffens up. My speculation is that the stiff steering is more a reflection of the boat weight being pushed (friction in the motor pivot) than engine power. I'm sure the next larger one, V6-V8, would work fine at all speeds.

I got kind of worried a few months ago when the motor kept dying as I was leaving our cove. Had to keep pumping the priming bulb as I headed back to the dock (bad fuel pump maybe)? I shouldn't have doubted the Mercury. Seems like Murphy has a set of buck teeth. The local beaver had chewed a hole in the fuel line under the swim platform in addition to a few sample nibbles on the plywood covering the bottom of the motor bracket. Doesn't seem to mind bottom paint or epoxy. I added some aluminum edging to

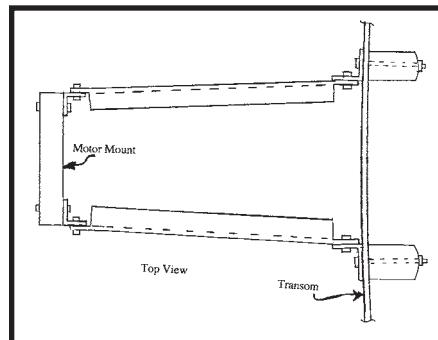
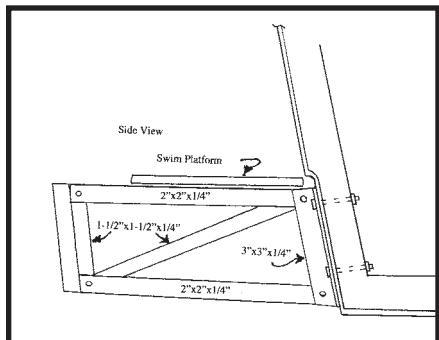
Completed Installation: Note all cables are under the swim platform. The plate under the bracket acts like a trim tab to increase speed, both planing and displacement.

protect the plywood edges, larger rubber hose around the power cables (he has "tasted" our shore power cables twice, also), and keep the boat higher on the lift to discourage him.

What did all this cost? The greatest expense, as expected, was the motor. The new Mercury 50hp two-stroke was \$3,800, a 2006 leftover purchased in 2007. A current model year four-stroke would cost and weigh about 50% more. The other big expenses were the wiring harness, steering gearbox and cable, shift and throttle cables, and the prop. Total for all was about \$900. The fuel tank was given to me, purchased by a neighbor for his boat but he later found that his boat had rotten stringers and transom.

As for taking the grandkids to the beach, it works great. I run the boat toward the beach, then as I get near, turn sideways, tilt the motor up, and with luck it will coast right up parallel to the beach. Nice to be able to step right off the swim platform onto dry land, especially in the winter. Try that with an inboard!

If anyone would like further information about this conversion, I can be reached at gillespie436@yahoo.com.



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# Dreamcatcher is Finally Finished!!!

By Greg Grundtisch

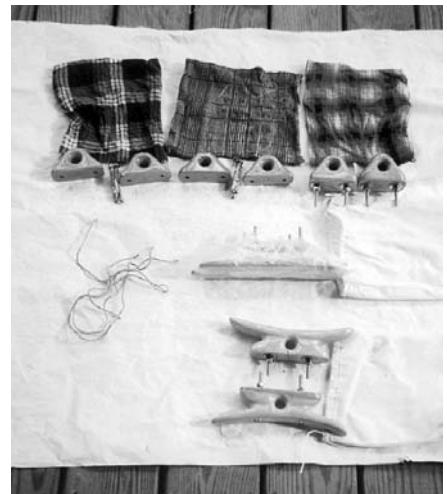
*Dreamcatcher* is finally finished!!! I now only have to get the trailer road legal and we will launch on the first available day we can. Depending on weather and wind we look to launch August 16-17. I will send a full report shortly thereafter.

The cabin is removable. It helps us to step the mast with it out of the way. I originally was to use Douglas fir but the weight was too much, both for my back and the boat. So I used stuff they call Hem-Fir from the home improvement store. I think it is just hemlock, about half the weight of fir. The mast is still difficult to step by hand but it will have to do until I can make a mast using that birds mouth method. I should have done that from the start but I was trying to save some time to get her launched in August. Should work out fine for now.

I enclose some photos of the rigging, mast and boom, and one with the sails raised in the backyard. The Dabbler antique cotton sails are glorious!

Also, I enclose a photo of the Winters Brothers cleats and fairleads to show the remarkable packaging that Jim Ballou of Portland, Oregon, mentioned in a recent issue "You write..." They came in sewn flannel bags, each of which had separate pockets to protect the cleats from scratching during shipping, tied closed with a piece of jute string. The beautiful packaging, quality, and finish are well worth the price. The blond color of the ash was pretty, too.

I like to do business with the advertisers in *MAIB* as much as possible. They all do exceptional work and have helped to make this little skipjack look good. I'll get the maiden launch report sent in soon. Happy sails!



It all began in the spring of 2003 when we picked up the bare frame from the Editor.

From the standpoint of simplicity and shipshape charm there is a great deal to be said for the accompanying design. For those fortunate boat lovers who have the ability to build their own little ship she is ideal, and for those boat men who do not have the knack of using tools, the skiff *Alone* can be built by a professional builder at a figure that is within the modest means of most of us. There is no pretense or grandeur about the lines, arrangement, sail plan, or character of the useful little packet whose plans grace these pages. There is, however, a certain dignity and worthwhileness about this lug sail rigged skiff and I hope her air of usefulness reflects the unusual amount of time I have spent on her design. Because here are plans of a boat which will give the utmost in summertime pleasure for the least in time and money spent in its production and for its maintenance.

Somehow men and women who love boats are, as a whole, the least regimented of mankind. As an example of this I might mention that the design number of *Alone* is 691, in other words we have produced 691 designs of one kind of boat or another and none of these are twin sisters, all are different. And yet with all these designs to choose from, all the other designers' work to choose from, and all the books and magazines to peruse, requests continually come asking for something a little, and sometimes a lot, different from any of the numerous designs so far made. And so it is that every month two or more new designs grow from pencil sketches to inked-in finished tracings, new designs to suit the varied and intelligent tastes of good people who want something just a little different from the general run of boats; in other words, a boat to exactly suit some particular requirement.

And this is how it comes that the skiff *Alone* was born, the particular requirement in this case being a small boat that may be primarily used for camping and cruising. The first requisite for a boat of this kind is that it must be light enough to be easily drawn up on a beach or river bank, and otherwise handled by one man while out of water, and on the other hand the boat must be large enough to carry one or two persons with the miscellaneous equipment and gear needed for camping life. And then, of course, the boat must have the ability to stand rough water if and when this condition of weather presents itself because sooner or later a stormy day will arrive.

Taking everything into consideration an overall length of 13' 6" was decided upon. The waterline length as shown on the plans is 11' 9", the breadth is 4' 1", and the draft of the hull with center board up and rudder unhung is 5". The freeboard at the body is 1' 8", the least freeboard 1' 1½" and the freeboard at the stern 1' 5". So it will be seen that *Alone* is a burdensome little boat and one which has considerable seakeeping ability. When completed I think you will find the weight of the boat with rig will come to something less than 185 lbs. This provided the weights of construction are kept to the materials and dimensions shown on the plans.

The arrangement of the deck is somewhat different from usual practice. There are wash boards 6" wide all around the edge of the deck. The inner edges of these are fitted with coamings made of ½" thick mahogany and projecting above the deck to a height of 1½". A tent or cockpit cover spread over the yard and boom when the sail is lowered can be laced to suitable hooks attached to the outside

## Alone...



### A Skiff for Camping and Cruising

By William F. Atkin  
Designed Especially for *MoToR BoatinG*

of the coamings. The cover should be made with a boot which will lace tightly to the mast and it should extend to the stem, the after end being left open for ventilation. By topping up the boom, comfortable sitting-up headroom will result and a dry retreat formed. It will be noticed that there are only two thwarts across the boat and that the distance between these is a good 6', providing room for a sleeping bag and a sleepy camper-out.

#### Mast Stows in Boat

On both sides, about 9" forward of the after thwart, there are shown a pair of oar locks fitted on pads. When there is no wind the easiest way to propel the little boat is by pushing on a single oar, a 7' spruce oar used in one hand and with the other or one's arms or body keep the skiff on a straight course with the tiller. Of course, one can use a very small outboard for auxiliary power, but this will complicate the simplicity and rather spoil the intent of *Alone*. It just might be that leaving the mechanical devices ashore for some of the time may be balm for the soul and a quiet ecstasy for the mind. It would do no great harm to find out.

The lug sail plan has many obvious advantages. Not least of these is the short lengths of all three spars, all will stow inside the boat. The mast is only 11' long and 2½" in diameter. If it is made of spruce it can easily be stepped or unstepped while the boat is in the water. There is no standing rigging, none is required. A single halyard in one part raises and lowers the sail, a yard strop made of ¼" diameter Manila rope is made fast to the yard several inches above the attachment of the halyard. It then passes around the mast and leads through an eye on the yard about a foot below the halyard. Thence it leads to a cheek block fitted to the mast at the level of the deck. From here, with the halyard, it leads to the cleat on the side of the center board trunk. The purpose of the Manila strop is to hold the yard against the mast. When the sail is lowered the strop slackens off and gives the yard free play so that it may be lowered into the boat.

The sail area is very modest for a boat of this size, 54 square feet, and for this reason the running rigging does not require double purchase. The sail should be made of 4oz duck and be of the simplest character, no wire luff rope, just plain ¼" diameter bolt rope properly sewn to the foot, hoist, and head. One might dispense with the metal gooseneck and in place of this fitting use wooden jaws. In

this case a tack rope will be needed to prevent the boom from rising too high on the mast. The main sheet leads from a ¼" diameter flexible wire bridle with a single block on the end of the boom and the running part leading to the hand of the helmsman. In a small open boat never make the running end of a main sheet fast. There is one row of reef points. If your cruising and camping is done in windy places add a second row of reef points and be on the safe side.

#### Designed for Cruising, Not Speed

*Alone* is not expected to be a fast boat, however, she will be an easy one to sail and a very safe one as well. In fact, for going into all kinds of secluded bays, creeks, and rivers she will afford an owner rewards far greater than if she was over rigged and over fancy. An owner with plenty of time might very well cruise in her from Maine to Florida and enjoy every moment of the time so spent, and at a cost negligible in comparison to the interest, pleasure, and health received.

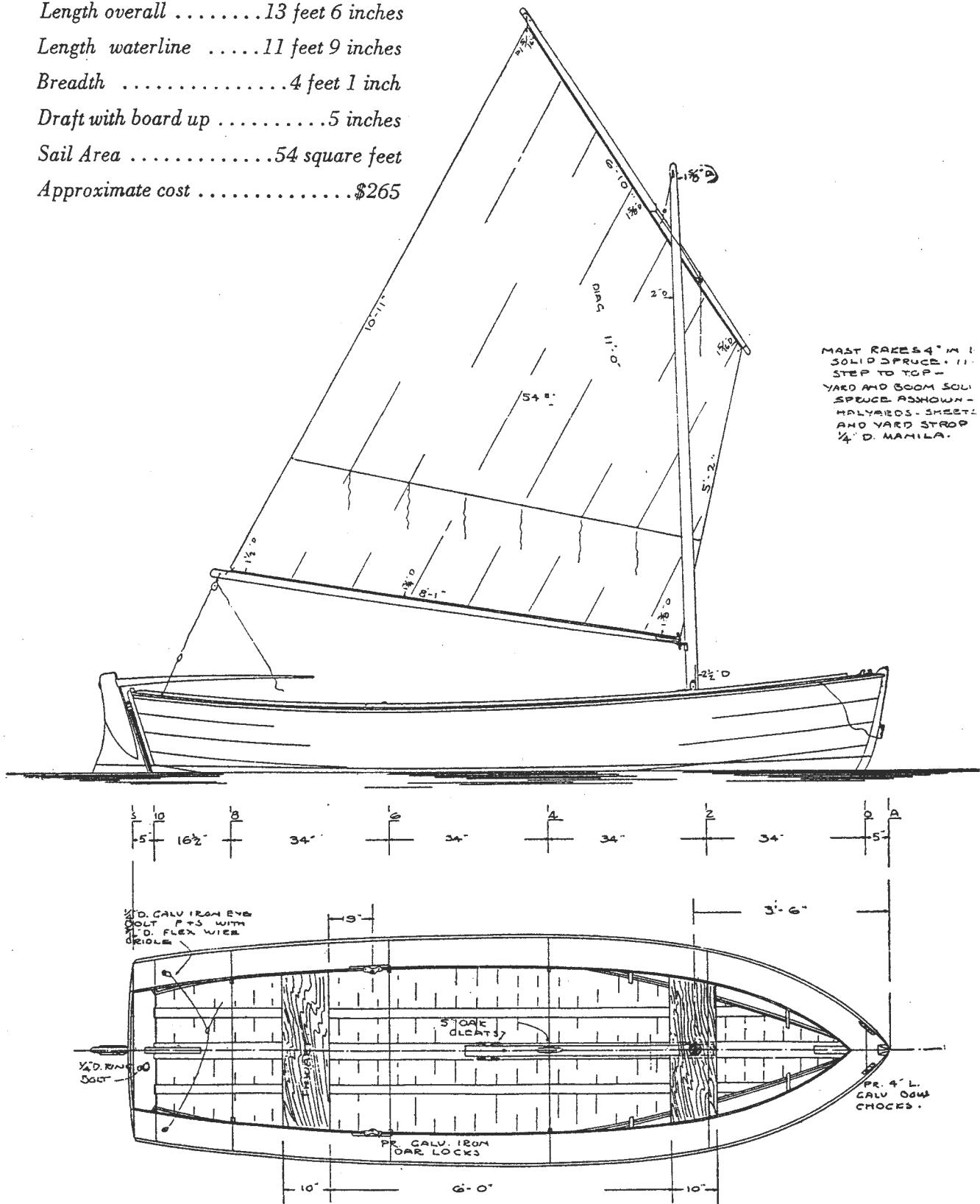
Whether large or small the only way to go about building any boat is first to lay down the lines to full size using the offset table and dimensions given on the plans rather than working directly from the small scale blueprints or the illustrations given in the magazine. A handy way in which to handle this part of the work is to draw the lines on two 4'x7' lengths of inexpensive plywood or wall board, the latter is best because one face will be cream colored and easy to draw on and erase, if necessary. The wall board with its lines can be kept until the boat is completed and will be found very useful for reference during the construction of the little boat. It will take about a half day's time to draw the lines full size.

#### Four Forms

Four forms made of ¾" by about 4" wide fir or similar wood will be needed. These will be set on the station lines. The exact location of the LWL, sheer line, and vertical center line must be carefully marked on each form. Without these lines it will be impossible to set up the forms in their correct positions. Each of the forms also must be notched at the bottom to take the chine pieces and for the keelson and sister keelsons. The dimensions of these members are given on the plans. Always, in making forms, deduct the thickness of the planking and deck. In this case the bottom is ¾" thick, the topside ½" thick, and the deck ½" thick. The boat should be built bottom side up. In this case the distances between the level floor line and the sheer line must be added to the side members of the forms. With this done, if the floor is level the forms will be in correct alignment at proper heights. From a straight line, indicating the fore and after center line snapped on the floor, the forms can be lined up from stem to stern. Provided the forms are set at right angles to the center line, the boat will be alike on both sides and the sides, bottom, and sheer reproduced exactly as shown on the plans.

The stem will be made of white oak or mahogany and sided 2", the fore and aft width will be substantially as shown, about 2½" at the sheer, 3" at the ring bolt, and, including the stem knee, 4" at the water line. The stem knee will be similar in material and siding to the stem. To look professional the stemhead should extend above the line of the sheer and be finished off in a ship-shape looking nub. Rabbets for the side planking must be cut before the stem is set up,

Length overall ..... 13 feet 6 inches  
 Length waterline ..... 11 feet 9 inches  
 Breadth ..... 4 feet 1 inch  
 Draft with board up ..... 5 inches  
 Sail Area ..... 54 square feet  
 Approximate cost ..... \$265



Profile, sail plan, and a deck or arrangement plan for the camping skiff *Alone*

the side planking will be  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, therefore the rabbets must be  $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep.

The stern will be planked with three widths of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick white oak or mahogany. Fit the seams closely and dowel with  $\frac{3}{16}$ " diameter galvanized rod. The stern knee holds the two lower stern planks and the frames secure

both sides. The latter will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" white oak. Fasten frames to stem with screws. The stern will be attached to the keelson with the knee shown, using screws for fastenings. Like the forms and stem, the stern must be securely fastened to the floor with suitable bracing while in process of building.

### Keelson of Oak

With the stem, stern, and four forms set up and strongly braced to the floor or overhead, fit the keelson. This will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x6" wide white oak and bent into the notches previously cut into the forms. Fastenings into the stem and stern will be permanent, but those into the forms temporary. The sister keelsons will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" white oak and attached to the forms in the same manner as the keelson.

The chine pieces, or logs, will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " white oak and, like the keelson and sister keelsons, must be in single lengths. The forward ends of the chine pieces will be halved into the stem knee and fastened with screws, galvanized or bronze so long as one or the other metal is used throughout the construction. Fastenings into the forms will be of a temporary nature. The after ends will be let into the bottom ends of the stern frames. Fastenings in to the stem and stern will be permanent.

### White Cedar for Planking

The side planking will be made of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick white cedar, this is the best material to use here. There will be four strakes each side. It will be lapped seamed. The most practical way to arrive at the proper widths of the various strakes is to run a batten from bow to stern, dividing the heights of the sides at each form into three parts. These will all be unequal distances and one must use nice judgement in order to arrange all the spacing in a way that will form the planking laps into fair sweeps from stem to stern. I would suggest making the bottom strake narrowest at about station 5, not more than 3" here, and increasing the width of this strake at the stem to about 7" and about 5" at the stern. By doing this the other three strakes will be widest along the middle parts of the sides tapering as they reach the stem and stern. Not only will this arrangement look well but it will save a lot of cedar because the three upper strakes will be reasonably straight pieces of wood. The lapped planking will be fastened with copper boat nails riveted over burrs, space these at about 3" centers. At a later stage of the work the laps will be fastened to the side frames with screws or copper boat nails. The forward and after ends of the strakes will be rabbeted for a length of about 18", thus the laps will fade away at the stem and stern. Fastenings into the stem and stern will be wood screws, either galvanized iron or bronze.

### Bottom Planked Thwartships

The bottom of Alone will be planked athwartships and made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " by about 4" wide white cedar. Before the work of laying the bottom begins, the bottom edges of the chine pieces and side strakes must be carefully planed and leveled off from side to side of the boat. The best way to accomplish this is to use a 4' straight edge as a guide for planing off any high spots which will prevent a plank laid across the bottom from rocking or touching only at one point. The fore and aft sweep of the bottom must be established by reference to the bottom of the forms and faired

with a batten. The bottom planks should have a slight bevel whether or not they are to be caulked. If white cedar is used and the seams accurately made, caulking is not required. In this case, fit the seams snugly but do not jam them together with clamps. The latter, after the boat has soaked up, will result in buckling the planks and producing leaks along the edge of the chines. Begin laying the bottom about amidships and work out both ways. Fasten into the chines and stern with galvanized or copper boat nails and into the keelson and sister keelsons with screws. Countersink the heads to a depth of about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " and stop over with white lead putty or similar compound. The skeg will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick white oak and fastened from the inside of the keelson into the skeg. The stern post will be made as shown and screw fastened to the stern. The rudder will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick white oak built up from three pieces, its cheek pieces will be made of  $\frac{5}{8}$ " thick white oak. Through fasten these with copper boat nails riveted over burrs. The gudgeons and pintles will be made of bronze castings.

The beams for the wash boards will be made of  $\frac{5}{8}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " white oak and will be spaced as shown; that is, a beam at every side frame. The wash boards themselves will be made of  $\frac{1}{16}$ " thick white cedar. Saw these from wide boards and fit suitable butt blocks between beams where required. Canvas covering is not needed. The beams rest on clamps made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" white oak, these in turn are screw fastened to the frames.

### Eight Frames Each Side

The side frames will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "x2" white oak and will be fitted at station lines with an extra frame between, there being eight frames each side of the boat. The heels of the frames must be neatly fitted around the chine pieces and fastened to them with wood screws. The topside planking does not notch, or nib, into the frames. At their heads the frames fit inside top edges of the sheer strakes. They all will be fastened through the laps with screws or boat nails. I should have mentioned before, do not paint the surfaces where the side strakes lap one another. Leave the wood bare.

The coamings will be made of  $\frac{1}{2}$ " mahogany or some other similar wood and will be  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. Fasten these to the deck carlings with wood screws. In the seam here use thick varnish or paint to keep the joint water tight. All the interior wood work, of which there is very little, will be made of white cedar and mahogany.

The sides of the center board trunk will be made of 1" thick white pine or cedar, in one piece for each side if you can find wide boards for the purpose. The head ledges will be made of 1"x2" white oak. The trunk will be screw fastened from the under side of the bottom and into the sides and head ledges of the trunk with long galvanized iron screws. Set the whole thing in white lead and place the screws at about 4" centers. The board will be made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " white oak as indicated on the construction plan, and notice the piece of lead specified. The purpose of this is to submerge the board. It will otherwise lift up every time the skiff comes about.

Now, Shipmates, if Alone is built very much as designed, she can be counted on to perform well under all circumstances of weather and furthermore will satisfy the whims of folks who find under their feet a highly useful, practical, and friendly little boat.

## Alone... a Model

By Gary Snodgrass

I would like to thank you for your assistance in putting me in touch with Irwin Schuster. I have sent my Atkin design "Alone" model named Delta Zephyr to Irwin for its nameplate plaque and photo shoot.

The first model I made, the Weston Farmer design "Poor Richard," has been photographed and a short essay written. My third project is another Atkin design, his shanty-boat deluxe "Retreat," to be named Soggy Log if it survives the major institutional search in progress here.

Please include my full address with this note as I would like to correspond with any interested readers.

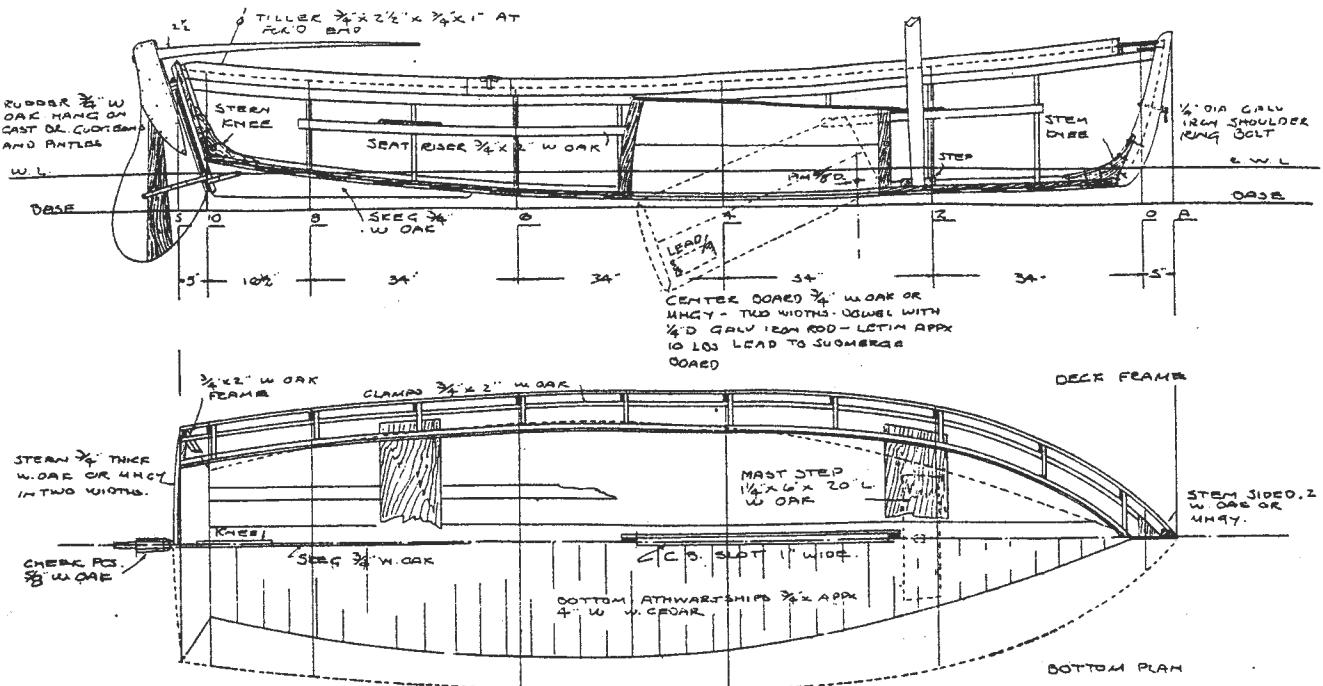
Gary Snodgrass, C50459, Box 689, East Dorm 82L, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

**Editor Comments:** Gary has long expressed interest, when corresponding with me, in building model traditional small boats. This past summer he asked me for some assistance in finding someone who could fit a nameplate to his model of the Atkin "Alone" and shoot some photos, neither available to him. I asked reader Schuster, who enjoys model boat building amongst other small boat activities in his Florida retirement (see his article in this issue "Pop-I the Sailor") and Irwin came through, sending me a photo sheet of his work for Gary just in time to accompany this reprint of the original article from MotoRBoatinG which Gary sent to me.

We have Gary's essay and photos in hand for the November issue on his Weston Farmer model "Poor Richard," and expect to have the "Alone" essay and additional photos for a future article.

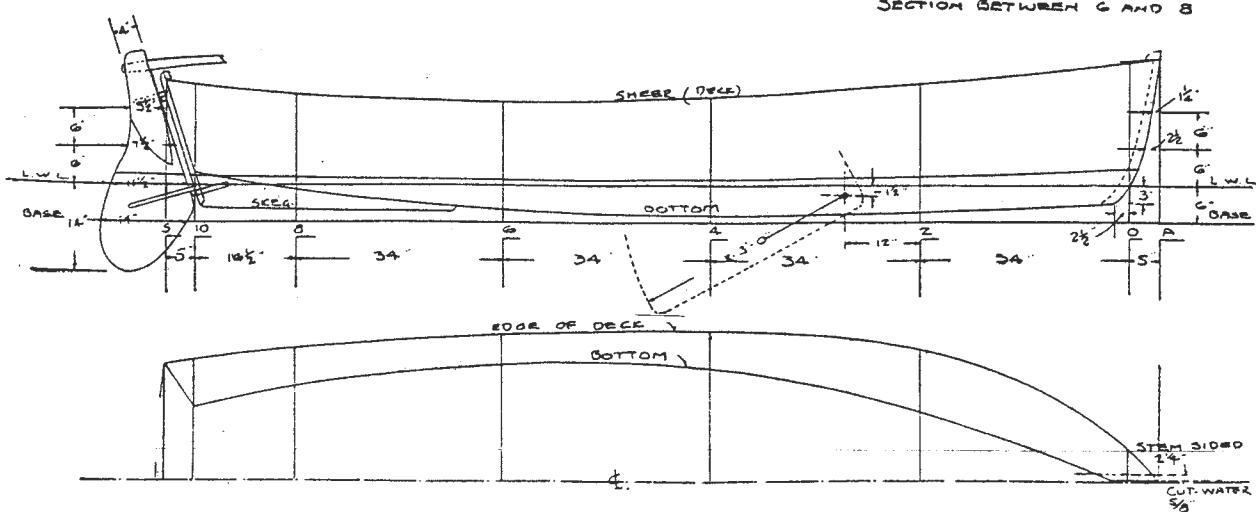
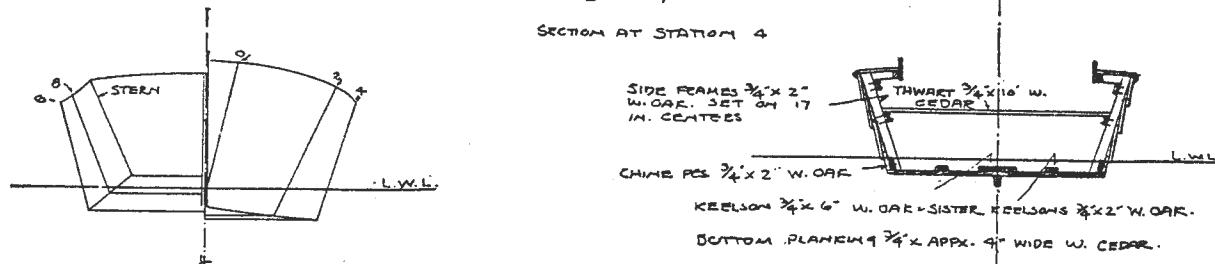
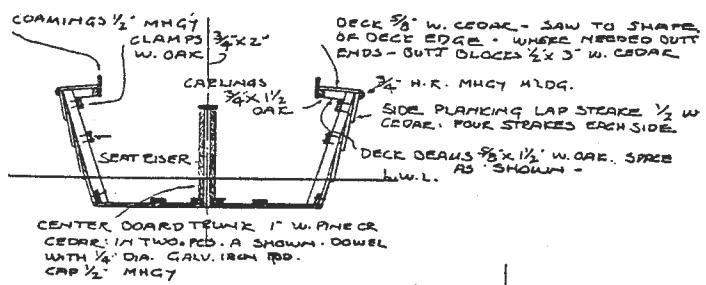
Thanks go to Pat Atkin, wife of the late John Atkin, for her permission to reprint the William Atkin article. Pat remarked that John used to tell her how his father corresponded with several men in prison who made models and he would find buyers for them!





Above: The inboard construction profile, deck and bottom framing plans, and at right sections at stations 4, 6, and 8.

Below: The drawings of the lines which must be reproduced in full size from data in offset table on previous page.





Photograph supplied by Roger Barnes

A dinghy may seem a frail and vulnerable thing compared with a yacht, but if properly equipped for open water she can be a plucky coastal cruiser and look after herself in rough weather.

The heart of a cruising dinghy is her rig and it is essential that her sails can be set, lowered, and reefed easily on the open water. The crews of racing dinghies often set their sails ashore in the dinghy park so that they can wander around outside the boat and make sure that everything is adjusted correctly. On a cruising dinghy you have no such luxury. Usually the sails must be set in a hurry, after a stiff row off a lee shore, in a lumpy chop and a stiff breeze that threatens to set you ashore again if you don't buck up.

A cruising dinghy has much more in common with the old working sailing boats than a modern racing dinghy. The working seamen of the days of sail were less interested in the last half a knot of speed to windward than the ability to drop the sail rapidly in a squall, which explains the continuing popularity of traditional rigs on small coastal fishing craft long after the Bermudan sail had taken favour with the racing community.

My trusty 12' dinghy is a gunter rigged sloop and, in my opinion, this rig takes some beating for a cruising dinghy. The gunter lug is efficient to windward which is a comfort when your destination is still a few miles away upwind and dusk is beginning to fall. Cruising dinghies often root around in narrow drying creeks overhung with trees and the stumpy gunter mast is less likely to get caught in the branches than a lofty Bermudan one. A short mast is also easy to erect and requires the minimum of standing rigging, which is a boon when launching and recovering. And when the gunter mainsail is reefed the yard slides down against the mast, removing excess windage aloft.

In order for it to set well the gunter mainsail usually requires two halyards, a peak and a throat. The peak halyard is normally shackled to a wire span on the yard but on *Baggywrinkle* the span has been replaced by a length of brass track so that the yard can be hoisted to the vertical and remains snugly against the mast even when the sail is reefed.

stopped by the tack downhaul and any more tension on the throat halyard simply tightens the sail luff. At this point the peak usually requires a quick yank to adjust the angle of the yard and then both halyards can be made fast around their belaying pins.

As is usual in gunter lugsails, the luff of the mainsail is laced to the mast between the boom and the yard. This is a confounded nuisance as the lacing has to be undone if I want to remove boom and yard from the mast so that I can row. Unfortunately my mainsail does not set well if the lacing is left off. Some day I will have a new sail made, cut with a slightly concave luff, so that the lacing rope can be thrown away. At the same time I will also have the two slab reefs made slightly deeper.

A cruising dinghy must have a serious reefing system, usable out at sea in a nasty lop. On *Baggywrinkle* reefing is a simple matter of slackening the throat halyard and then lifting up the boom jaws to slip the reefing hook through the appropriate cringle of the sail. The clew reefing pennant is then pulled down and the throat halyard hauled tight again. The boom jaws automatically return to their correct position on the mast and the luff is re-tensioned in one operation. It is not necessary to touch the peak halyard at all. This procedure can be done at sea in a few seconds. As an additional subtlety I have linked together the two reefing pennants so that pulling down the first one automatically takes up the slack in the second at the same time.

A kicking strap is vital on a racing dinghy to keep twist out of the sail and maintain maximum efficiency, but cruising dinghy sailors are more worried about it pinning them helplessly against the foredeck if the boom swings out when they are hauling up the anchor. On *Baggywrinkle* I do without a kicking strap altogether. But when the sail is well out I sometimes set a temporary vang from the boom down to the appropriate gunwale, which also prevents the boom from swinging about in a light air.

It is often necessary to get the jib off her quickly, especially when sailing single-handed. I have led my jib halyard aft to a cleat on the side of the centreboard case where it can be reached without leaving the helm. To ensure that the sail comes down smartly a light line runs from the head of the sail, down through the jib hanks to a small block at the bows and then aft to a cleat within easy reach of the helm. One tug on this jib downhaul and the sail is dowsed efficiently on the foredeck.

Most traditional dinghies will steer themselves if the helm is lashed so that the single hander can attend to more important things than steering like drinking coffee, looking through the binoculars, doing some chart work, or writing up the log. But you must be able to fine-tune the angle of the tiller and also release it quickly in an emergency. Some time ago a member of the Dinghy Cruising Association devised an excellent helm impeder which does all these things with admirable simplicity.

I do not ship my outboard when cruising as it takes up too much space when all the camping gear is aboard. If the wind is not so strong *Baggywrinkle* sets a huge genoa instead of her working jib, which really lifts her along when the wind is free. If she is running with the genoa goose-winged in a very light air, I can set the jib under the boom as a water sail.

Should the wind drop altogether I prefer to use a good pair of oars rather than bludgeon

## The Seagoing Dinghy

### Part 2

By Roger Barnes

Roger Barnes's thoughts on dinghy cruising and the right sort of boat for the job, written at the time he sailed his 12' Tideway *Baggywrinkle*. This is the first of a series of three articles, hitherto unpublished.

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*  
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)  
Newsletter Spring 2008

Traditionally the halyards drop straight from their masthead sheaves to the belaying pins, and if you let go of one of them in a hurry it vanishes to the top of the mast. But *Baggywrinkle*'s halyards are taken down through holes in the forward edge of the thwart and led through sheaves at the foot of the mast. Both halyards have stop knots in their ends so I cannot lose the ends up the mast, whatever I do. I have also fitted cam cleats close to the sheaves to hold the halyards temporarily before they are finally made fast to their belaying pins.

*Baggywrinkle* has wooden boom jaws rather than a gooseneck so that when the sail is lowered the boom drops smoothly straight down the mast into the boat, taking the sail down out of the wind. A couple of wooden chocks, low down on the mast, keep the boom just above the two belaying pins. The tack downhaul is simply a fixed length of rope snap-shackled to the boom. Instead of a tackle on the downhaul there is a two-part purchase on the fall of the throat halyard.

With this set-up, hoisting *Baggywrinkle*'s mainsail can be done very smartly. The peak halyard is hoisted first until the yard stands vertically against the mast. At this stage most of the sail still lies in the boat and the rest just flaps, completely de-powered. The peak halyard is then held by its cam cleat while you start hauling on the throat. As the throat is hoisted the yard slides vertically up into the air, taking the boom up with it. When it has reached the correct height the boom is

her along with an engine. Rowing is a silent and seamanlike means of propulsion and not as arduous as many people have come to think. People find rowing tiring because they will buy oars that are too short. My oars are 8' long and stowing them in a 12-footer takes some ingenuity. I push their blades up into the bows under the foredeck and their looms are held down by a loop of shock cord at each end of the rowing thwart so the oars can be released in an instant if they are needed in a hurry.

Traditionally navigating a dinghy is a rough and ready exercise but handheld GPS receivers are becoming so cheap and so blisteringly accurate that they will inevitably sweep away the skills of traditional pilotage on small boats until the batteries run down or you drop them overboard. I have not got one yet so I mostly navigate along the coast by eyeball, but I mark my position on the chart every so often as a sea fog can come down without warning and it may become necessary to plot a course to safety. In poor visibility a lead line comes in very handy as I can simply sail into shallow water and follow a depth contour.

My steering compass is mounted on the front of the stern seat so that it is well away from the steel centre plate. It is a grid compass so it can be read from any angle without parallax error. I keep the chart for the day's passage in a waterproof chart case just big enough to take a quarterfolded admiralty chart. Until recently you could only buy cases for half-folded charts, which you then had to cut in half, but this year I found a good tough map case in a outdoor shop that was just the right size made by Cascade Designs. The chart table is simply a sheet of plywood to which the case is fastened with shock cord.

I use a chinagraph pencil to mark on the transparent plastic of the chart case my intended course, any tidal information, useful transits, and alternative courses to suitable bolt holes in case the weather turns nasty. Unless conditions are absolutely perfect you rarely manage any serious chart work on passage so it is best to work out as much as you can before you start. When close inshore I often find myself navigating on an Ordnance Survey map. In the shallow and unexplored fringes of the ocean, in which a dinghy is happiest, the chart often grows vague but the high and low water marks on large scale OS maps are taken from aerial surveys and often give a clearer idea of the layout of the channels than the chart does.

Perhaps it seems strange to end an article on equipping a dinghy for the sea by extolling its virtues in shoal waters. But this ability to slip away into a narrow creek after a coastal passage is one of the most endearing features of a dinghy. Whereas yachts are often forced to lie together in a crowded anchorage or motor into a noisy marina, a little dinghy can slip into the shallows to find a peaceful spot to anchor for the night, alone but for the wildlife of the foreshore.

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Would it not be better to say that "boating is the spice of life" rather than "variety?" Perhaps the man who first used the old expression had an insight into the possibilities of the boating game and was really making special reference thereto. In any event, there is no lack of spice, pep if you would have it, connected with the sport, and as for variety, where could a pastime be found with such an unlimited supply?

In this respect the boating game surely is in a class by itself for there seem to be no bounds regarding the number of ways in which, either directly or indirectly, it may be played. Whether it be cruising, racing, day sailing, canoeing, fishing, or hunting each has its special charm and each, also, its general type of boat peculiar to its purpose. These boats, however, differ considerably as to rig or motive power and there is a tremendous variation in each class as to the size, proportion, and general shape. No wonder, therefore, that the stock model or standard design idea, so successful in other lines, can make so little headway in the boating field.

It is a well-known fact that boatmen as a class are seldom content with someone else's ideas. They have notions of their own as to the looks of a boat, how it should act, its size, general arrangement, etc. Then there is a mistaken feeling, which fortunately is becoming lessened as time goes on, that it would not do to own a boat of which there is a duplicate. These traits we are inclined to carry too far for often a first-class proposition is turned down merely for the lack of some minor point or detail that in itself is quite insignificant. Moreover, that very feature which caused us to condemn the outfit may be regarded later on as a virtue of considerable importance.

But the thought which the writer wished to convey was that, due to this very point the vicissitudes of the boatman's mind and its relation to the variety of interests connected with the sport, it often comes to pass that a fellow will experience a strong yearning for some particular branch which at one time was abandoned for something presumably better or more exciting.

Many a sailboat man, for instance, who became a devotee to the power boat when the popularity of this latter type had proved it-

## Back to the Windjammer (Via the Dink)

By F.T. Lander

Reprinted from *The Rudder*, May 1918

self, has noticed, as time goes on, that he begins to miss the fascination that is a characteristic of the windjammer. Thus it frequently happens that he returns to that portion of the sport from which his boating career started, being content to confine himself to the more limited field of operations that the sailboat has to offer.

There are others, however, who find it more advantageous to adhere to power boating due, perhaps, to the particular purpose for which their craft is used or because their playtime is limited but who still have a desire to get back into the sailing game. Few men can afford two boats, but if they could they realize that one would be neglected for the other.

Now there is a way out of this difficulty by which a man may have his power boat and sailboat, too, but it must be stated right at the start that the possibilities of the latter craft will be modest to the extreme. An 11' sailboat, surely, is not very pretentious but, after all, is it not a fact that some of the most pleasant days that one can recall are those which were spent in boyhood aboard his first little ship, a boat even smaller, perhaps, than the one we are now considering? What a feeling of pride and satisfaction came to you then, when it was found that you could actually pilot your craft to windward, and what impromptu races there were!

With these recollections in mind the writer determined, when it came time to provide himself with a new dink, to arrange matters so that, without sacrifice, the boat might be made to sail with real ability. The idea of equipping your dink so that it may be used with both oars and sail is as old as boating itself, but seldom indeed does the combination prove other than a mere botch or makeshift. As a rule, in such cases the sail has no fit nor draught and this, together with the fact that

little or no means are provided to prevent leeway, results in failure when on the wind.

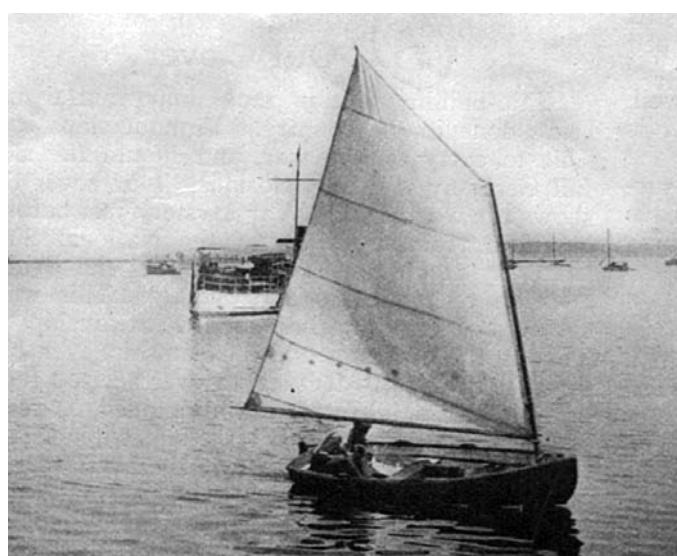
Now, in considering the type of rowboat best adapted for this double purpose we are confronted immediately with a puzzling question. As cited above, there is an extreme diversity of opinion respecting the proper style of boat to fulfill each specific use, and the dink by no means has been slighted in the argument. Some boatmen maintain that the round-bottom craft is best but two men agreeing on this point may differ as to whether it should be clinker or carvel. Then the question of length, beam, and depth arises. The flat-bottom boat, or sharpie, is next discussed in every phase. Comparisons are made, of course, with the round-bottom type and perhaps the scow or punt comes in for its share. But each of these classes has some advantage over the other.

Without mixing things up too much, let us take a shot for a moment at this interesting topic. The scow type naturally has the greatest carrying capacity of the three, the sharpie being next in order, and the round-bottom last, but their seaworthy properties are diametrically opposed. But for what class of work is the dink to be used? If merely to act as a tender between the anchorage and the club wharf, where it becomes unnecessary to beach her and where, perhaps, the water becomes choppier, then it would seem, provided expense is of no consideration, that the round-bottom boat would come into its own.

But if the boat is for all-around service to be used, for instance, as a tender to the small one-man cruiser, it would seem that unquestionably the flat-bottom type or some modified form of sharpie would best fill the bill. Such a boat, surely, is subjected to many conditions for the habits of the small cruiser are varied indeed.

One of the main virtues of the sharpie is its light draught. The cruiser man is by nature an explorer, a clamdigger, and an all-around beachcomber. Therefore, landing expeditions are frequently in order. Here the round-bottom boat, due to its greater draught, is an abomination for seldom indeed is it possible to land dry shod except where the beach is steep. When it is grounded, however, it seems to take delight in letting itself down suddenly on its bilge, causing you to do likewise, mayhap.

An 11' Pollywog rigged as a sailboat. Note how she keeps on her lines with weight concentrated aft.



The 11' Pollywog model offers many good possibilities and is smart under sail.



Frequently the flat-bottom boat also draws too much water by having an extreme "rocker" to its bottom. This not only causes inconvenience at times when making a landing, but is very detrimental in towing. A boat of this character, especially if cut away too much aft, will settle itself well down on its hindquarters and pull like fury. The only remedy for this is to tow it backward. Although now quite docile, she seems to take satisfaction from this humiliating treatment by lifting up her stern at you in sort of a "don't you pooh pooh me" fashion.

But this question of towing is no joke. Many an anxious moment occurs at such times and many a boat even has been lost. Here again the supremacy of the flat-bottom boat reveals itself for, if properly proportioned, the sharpie may be towed with much greater ease and safety than can the round-bottom dink. This latter type is a stubborn customer. It will range about in a most startling fashion. In a following sea, particularly, the antics of these boats will often keep one guessing. Here, owing to less buoyancy forward and a greater amount of draught, a pronounced rooting tendency is exhibited. Not infrequently a quantity of water is shipped during this maneuver which may, in time, lead to swamping. Naturally the strain on the painter is most severe for, due to this veering and consequent force with which the boat takes hold, the wear from chafing is a trial to be rigidly guarded against.

The flat-bottom boat of good design will trail along with little fuss. It has no desire to root nor will it take the bit in its teeth. It keeps its proper distance in a more complacent manner and not only is the wear and tear on the gear considerably less, but there is not so much danger of the dink shooting down upon you in a following sea. When the conditions are more favorable the sharpie again tows with greater ease and, if one will pay out to the point of maximum efficiency, the pulling strain amounts to but little.

But the flat-bottom type has its complexity of form as well. There are some which may be used with safety only in the most sheltered of waters, so poor is the design, while on the other hand there is one style in particular which is generally considered the most seaworthy of all small open boats, the dory. It is, of course, impossible to combine in one boat all of the good points contained in each so the only alternative is to embody those features which will best serve the particular purpose which we now have in view.

The principal requirements, in the writer's opinion, are as follows: A length and breadth of approximately 11'x4'. Plenty of depth, ample flare, beam carried well fore-and-aft, and nothing lost due to excessive rake at ends. Bottom straight or nearly so with but a slight upward turn in the run. Two rowing thwarts besides the customary ones at bow and stern, and last but not least, there must be good looks.

Fred W. Goeller Jr of *The Rudder* has designed a dink conforming to the above except as to length and interior arrangement. The plans from which many of these boats were built appeared in the March 1912 number of *The Rudder* and again in March 1915. (*Sorry, we don't have access to either issue.* —Ed.) While it is a flat-bottom skiff, it has rounded sides made up of five strakes and the appearance is very similar to a round-bottom boat. In fact, from a short distance it is often mistaken for the latter. It might be safe to say that a more successful 9' tender for all-around service has never been created.

But as some boatmen do not prefer quite so small a dink, a larger edition may be had from this same model with great success. The writer built such a boat, adhering strictly to the plans except that the length was increased 2', the depth 2", and the construction made slightly heavier. The breadth (4') remained the same. Here is a craft which offers even greater possibilities for a couple of feet added to a dink makes considerable difference. It

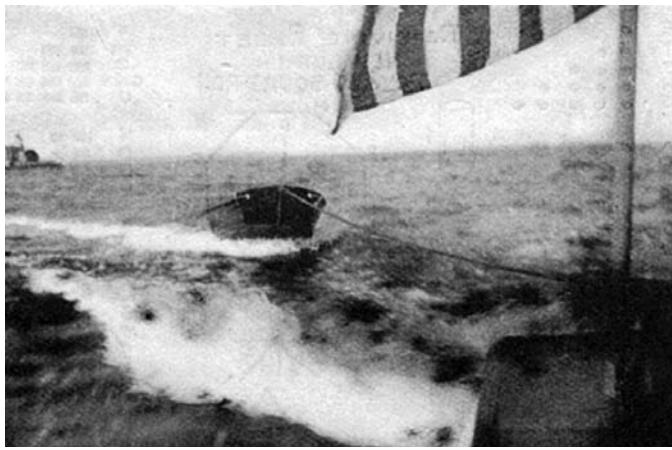
need seldom be overloaded and may be handled much better under oars in rough water. It often comes to pass that an easy rowing boat makes a poor sailer and vice-versa. In this instance, however, such is not the case, that is with the writer's 11' Pollywog model for the boat is as successful and smart under sail as in all other respects.

The original 9' model has but one rowing thwart but by referring to the accompanying photos it will be observed that this larger boat has two, between which is a trunk. The centerboard is a  $\frac{3}{16}$ " steel plate, 15" wide by 42" long, to one end of which is attached a wooden block which serves to support the board when in use, thus forming a cap for the top of the trunk. Both the centerboard and rudder present considerable surface, a very important detail, and nothing has been lost by unwisely paring away one side of the board in order to make it what is commonly known as the "dagger" type. This is a peculiar custom which someone started years ago and which has been adhered to, more or less, ever since.

The simplicity of the spritsail lends itself admirably to an outfit of this nature for no shrouds nor halyards are necessary. Furthermore, the whole rig may be removed intact, furled, and slung under the awning of the big boat where it is quite out of the way. The centerboard, rudder, and tiller are kept in the engine room. To convert the dink to sail is but a few moments' work and to unship the gear and stow it away takes no longer.

Now, with a combination such as this, one may open up new realms for a little side show is added to the fun by which many pleasant hours may be spent.

**Ed Note:** For a look at three contemporary choices of dinks today, Under Ten Feet in its September issue features Jay Benford's Dingy, David Lewis' Dinky-Dink, and Bateau.com's Prameke 7. Under Ten Feet, Box 166916, Irving, TX 75016.



A boat of poor design will often tow best stern-to. Note the slack painter.



The short light boat will cut up some queer capers and it is a mistake to overdo these two points.

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This project started with me looking for a quickly built, small, shallow draft, car-top sail boat to build in order to participate in local messabouts. Then came the idea that I could develop a class for amateur, first-time home builders, families, or clubs. The goals were to build with lowest reasonable costs, a minimum of power tools and clamps, lumberyard stock, no marine hardware, no strongback, and techniques that would not discourage beginners to try... meaning no scarfs or through-hull openings and no fiberglass or catalyzed goo.

After a whole lot of paper and computer time I settled on a rectilinear sharpie skiff with straight sheer to be built bottom up on the garage floor. This is not the actual sequence of events, because I started a version with a simple strongback and built-up plywood frames but abandoned it when I decided I could do better.

Not wanting the complications of a trunk I eliminated a centerboard and I never liked a daggerboard in skinny water either. I originally planned twin keels but built Mark II with a leeboard when I saw an elegantly simple version to copy. That board slipped over the gunnel and could be slid fore and aft which I imagined would be good training for learning about balance. I also wanted to have a jib for training purposes.

I have to say that my first boat, about 60 years ago, was a Moth but I am not an experienced dinghy sailor nor on big boats either. I am self-taught and (think) I understand the rudiments. I am an industrial designer by training and intended to approach this project with no regard to tradition. So back to the lateral resistance thing. When I launched with that leeboard, 30 to 40 minutes out I handled it with poor technique and cracked the keeper in the obvious way, not switching sides in timely fashion because I had miscounted how many hands I would have available for tiller, jib, and main sheets and that board. In consequence, I reverted to the shallow twin keels

## Pop-I (The Sailer)

By Irwin Schuster

and they work fine, maybe even adding a little needed directional stability. They are 36" long and average 4" deep, totaling just under 2sf. Adjusting the leeboard to change balance is an illusion in a boat this small. Weight shift is a bigger factor, or at least nullifies fine trimming like that.

Getting ahead of myself here. The boat, named Pop-I the Sailer, has 6mm sides and 9mm bottom, decks, and transom, this part backed by 1"x4"s. The three frames are 1"x3" with 6mm plywood gussets stapled with stainless steel, yes, available at the Orange and the Blue stores. Other assembly is done with TiteBond III® and the bottom is attached with 3M 5200 from W-M. As I got more and more hours and stock invested I shed a few prohibitions and played safer. I used marine plywood, too, ozigo and okoume, but would probably compromise on marine fir next time out. To each his own. This boat is likely not going to be wet more than a dozen hours a year and will be stored inside. Along those lines I finished with MinWax® Helmsman polyurethane varnish as a sealer and Rust-Oleum® marine topside paint over it, outside.

When I described the hull as rectilinear I meant all the way except in plan. The stem, transom, and sections are 90 degrees and the mast has no rake. There is no chine log but at the chine and decks I have increased the glue area with quarter-round. This is fine in theory but it cannot be clamped tight to the sides. I had planned to staple them but just a couple of you readers may have shared my experience wherein plans don't always flawlessly

work out. I would go square next time and round or chamfer that exposed corner in way of the cockpit bottom.

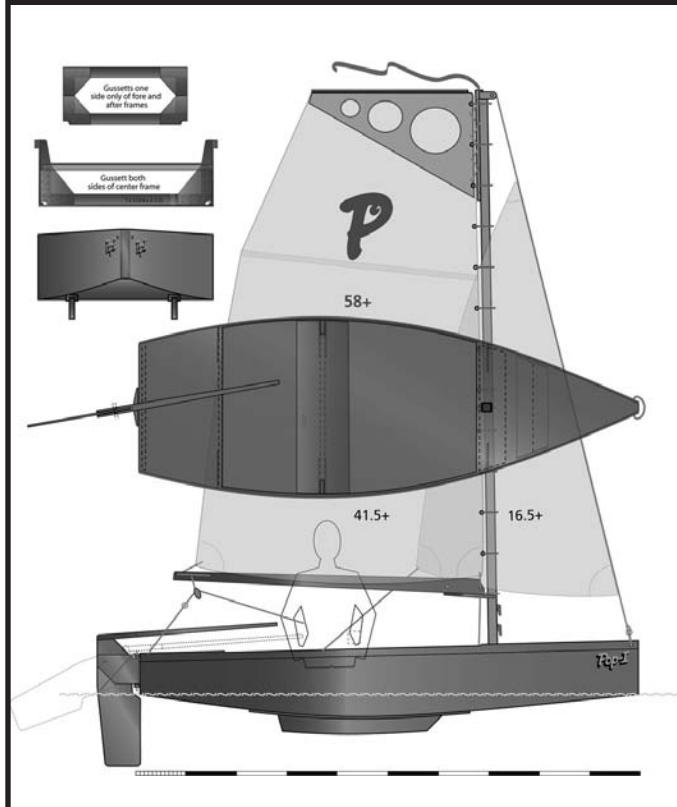
So, sequence of building: Draw out the hull on the floor. Draw and cut out the sides with a saber saw and butt the pieces with a ply backer (stapled), make the center frame, transom, and false stem, and attach those sides. I made the fore and after frames to fit and then laid on the bottom sheet and traced it. Piece and butt that, too. Add the chine strip described above, quarter round or square, then generously rough cut and glue on the bottom. Flip the hull and add the inner sheer strip, again, quarter round or square where the decks will go.

Apply finish where reach will be difficult. Mount the gudgeon blocks. Mount the mast partner. Trace the decks and apply them. Add the stem. Apply the sheer rub rails. I used two layers of off-the-shelf stock that measured about  $1\frac{1}{4}'' \times \frac{3}{8}''$ , bends easier. Trim where needed with a plane or router. Mount the step. I have a thwart straddling the center frame. I don't think it adds much strength but sure does get in the way. It is where you want to be when sailing, but lower, so I might set it right down on the frame.

Before I changed over to keels I had applied a pair of mud runners on the bottom, same stock as the rub rails. It is to those that I mounted the keels with  $\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3''$  galvanized lag screws from inside. Pop-I is a work in progress.

Truer words were never spoken than "easier said than done." Drywall screws, brads, concrete blocks, homemade "cramps," Spanish windlasses, wedges, and every other trick is needed to pull even so simple a vessel together while keeping it true to the drawing you made on the floor. If your floor is wood and will tolerate a few nails, that is a big plus. That is the downside to not using a strongback. If you were to plan on building several hulls you might make a different decision.

Pop-I at first sea trials with leeboards before keels were added and spray rail removed.



Buoyancy: I use empty jugs and inflatables, like a beach ball, inside of a haversack for abrasion resistance... pool noodles, insulation foam under the decks... it's up to you. Side decks could still be added but this hull has a lot of capacity and that would sit you up very high and leave a really small cockpit.

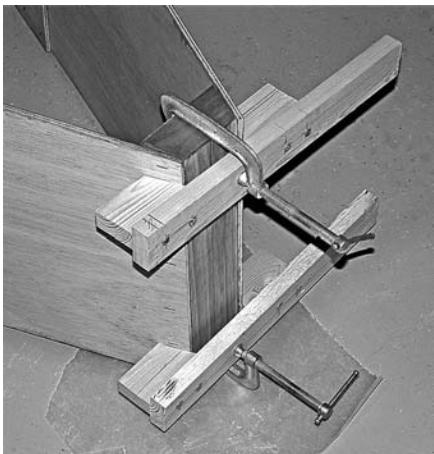
Launching: I am 73, 150 pounds, 5'4" these days (half the loss was shrinkage, half was hair), and tend to work alone. Pop-I is stored up to the ceiling of the garage with a simple sling and tackle. I can load this boat atop a nice low wagon and launch by myself. Lifting the bow onto the padded rear access, then sliding onto the rack, bottom up, is not heavy work. To launch with the keels I back to the water, slide it half off onto the sand, and



Side parts being butted with backup stapled.



Center frame, false stem, and transom.



Throw-away cramps to pull in sides.

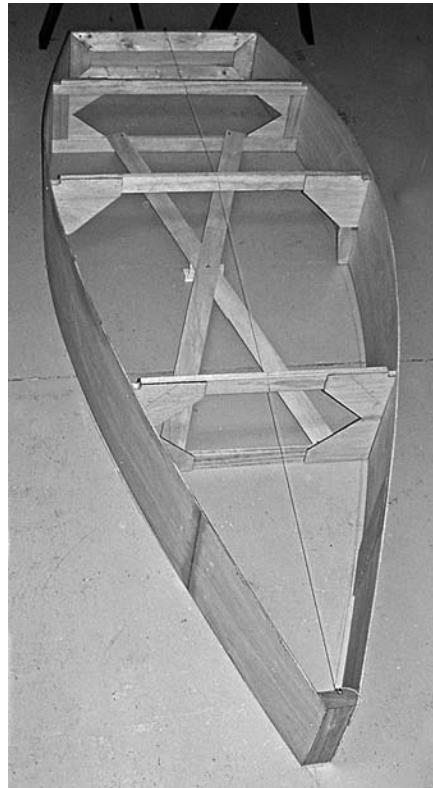
Sides assembled on center frame.



rotate it right back over the transom, letting the bow down toward the water, right side up. On rock or concrete ramp I'd want help.

Innovation: I designed and built this boat to try out a bunch of ideas that I had stored up, some of them worked and some not. You don't see the original gunter top mast that ran in the slot nor the halyard belaying points built into a spray rail, now gone. That functioned but it turned out to be better to cleat to the mast than the deck. I have an unusual method for gating the mast into the partner but things were getting too strange to incorporate all into one little prototype.

Sailing: It is hard to gauge with no trial horse but this boat seems to be reasonably



Frames in and all squared.

Raised on horses, bottom being fitted.



stable and fast. It slaps unless you get amidships or let it heel. I can't bring myself to call Pop-I "her." Does not appear to slip and has a neutral helm.

Analysis: Sail area could probably be larger. The original gunter was to do that with reduced top hamper but it did not lift easily and got complicated in the mounting hardware, which was webbing. Rudder could probably be smaller and hull volume reduced by lowering the sheer line. All in all it is a pretty successful prototype.

Particulars: LOA 9'11", beam 42", draft 10" loaded, hull weight <66lbs, gross weight <85lbs, sail area 58+sf, total material cost <\$500. I have stock left over but used some goods from inventory so I'm calling that a wash.



Finished and modified with twin keels.



Slung up to the garage ceiling.

Loaded, in keel configuration.



### Spars and Rig

Easy lumberyard spars and homemade fabric shop sails, for the first-timer. The mast is Douglas fir, not a perfect stock but good dimension off the rack. Planks are about  $\frac{5}{8}$ " thick. The cheeks are  $2\frac{1}{8}$ " and the center  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " assembled flush to the forward side. The slot formed by having a narrower middle part lightens the mast and provides a track for the experimental square sail head that seem to be working fine. The idea was to keep the mast short and give up that itty-bitty triangle at the top that can't be adding much power while giving a snappy, modern look to the rig. I know, a sprit would do about the same but POP-I is not meant to be traditional. Just between us guys, the thing is a little nuisance

but I thought you might want to see a different approach. The masthead incorporates two dumb sheaves.

The sail is laced to the mast with 12" Velcro® cable ties through plastic snap grommets. The sail head is attached to that plywood head with Velcro®, too. I'm getting ahead of myself because I haven't told you about the sails. They are rip-stop nylon, which is seriously tough stuff, and there is not a stitch of thread in them. The product used for assembly is sailmaker's tape, made in the US by Venture Tape Corp and distributed by sail supply companies, same as those grommets. Bolt ropes are captured in the seams by the same tape. Reinforcements applied, too. The tape has an aggressive adhesive and if you don't cover it up with your seam lap it will stick to anything that comes close.

Lean over and I'll tell you how to neutralize it. Baking soda. I love that product. It kills weeds, cleans stuff, absorbs odors, is cheap, and it comes out of your wife's grocery budget. I like the logo, too... big hammer. I attached full width battens (with sail tape) but don't know if they are needed or not. They are made of plastic, about  $\frac{3}{16}$ " thick, sold as a fence accessory in the orange and



Pop-I spars, this is an earlier sliding gunter configuration and the boom is inverted from the way it was finally rigged.



Mast head parts.

Masthead foreside, dumb sheaves.



the blue stores. I tied conventional reef points through the lower one, using parachute cord, to be looped under the loose foot.

The boom is a vertical radiata pine board with a jaw configuration screwed to the lower edge. The inner jaw face is lined with... wait for it... Velcro® fuzzy side. I love that stuff, too. Like magnets and wind, they keep working sort of for free.

There isn't much else to say. Holes through the boom and jaws give a free way to belay all the lines that have to be dealt with without a bit of marine hardware. Oh yeah, that sail head thing. The triangle is laced to a scrap of Douglas fir that runs in the slot. I should be able to come up with a better, or at least stranger, way to hinge it but I haven't, yet. The main halyard goes through a fore and aft hole through it and is knotted with a stop knot.

Another of my goals in this design, which is intended for rank amateurs, is to keep the special marine knowledge to a minimum, and besides I can't remember many knots myself. I can get a bowline right about half the time so this boat relies heavily on stoppers, sometimes with a slip loop. That plywood triangle has a plate on the top that probably does nothing practical but works in theory. The "T" is



Sail headboard with T-plate of dubious function.



Main in its entirety.

Main clew.



supported by quarter-round. Adds a whole lot of strength in a situation like that, as tough as modern adhesives are. If there is a next iteration I'll leave it off.

Assembling the three-plank mast is tricky because the TiteBond III® I recommend is slippery and dries fast. I made up the parts, aligned and clamped them dry, then drilled through for  $\frac{1}{4}$ " dowels a few places up and down the length. Slather one side and the middle with adhesive and set the dowels in to keep them aligned. Then, obviously, attach the other side. Everybody knows that nobody has enough clamps to build a boat and neither do I. I rely on weight from concrete blocks and wedges (another free thing). You might be getting the idea that I am cheap, and you would be perceptive there, but again my goal is to get this thing done by amateurs with ingenuity instead of funds. You want to provide some big pressure, put a plank on top of your goods and drive your car onto it.

I have found this rig is easiest to set up complete, spread flat on the ground with halyards belayed to the fore side of the mast. Then step the whole thing, belay the tack of the jib and downhaul, reeve the sheets, and sail away.



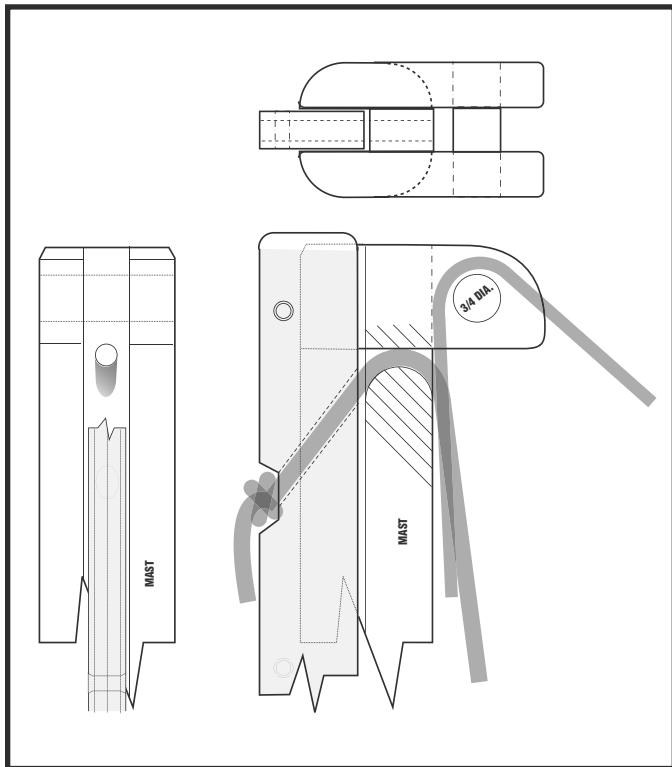
Main tack.



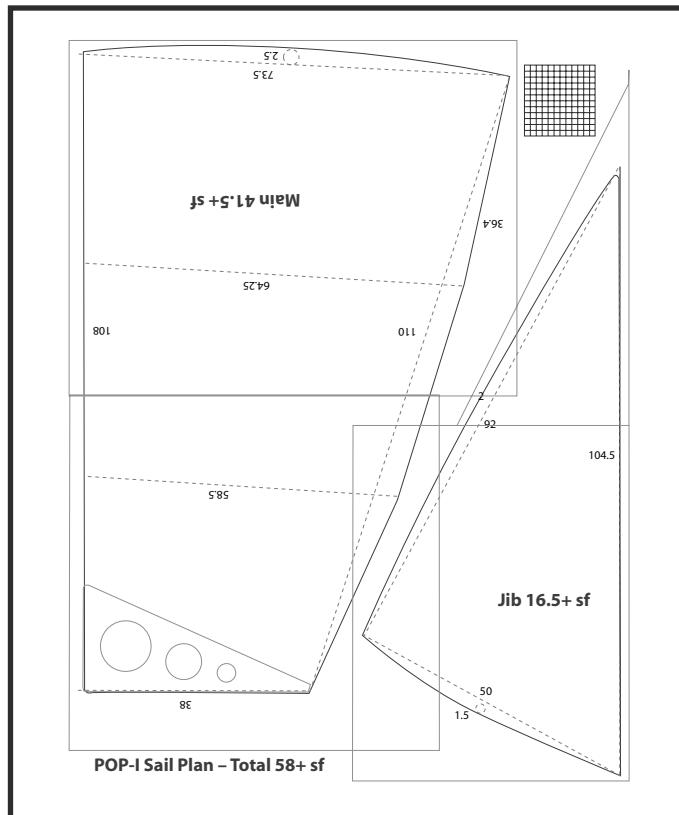
Jib before hemming.

Boom rigged.





Sail plan, total 58sf.



## **Kick-up Rudder**

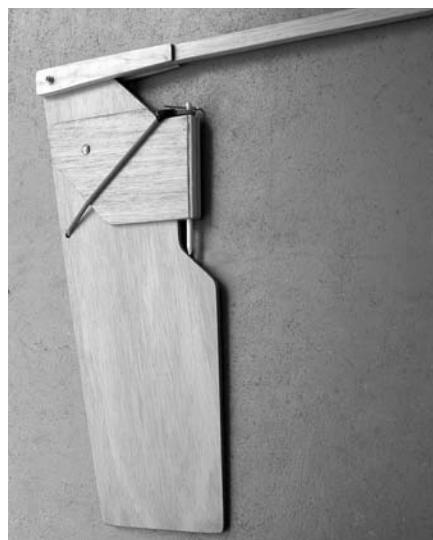
Pop-I sails okay and is subject to refinement in a few areas but here is a component that works fine.

I relied on TiteBond III® and MinWax® Indoor/Outdoor Spar Urethane Varnish. There are no fasteners other than the carriage bolts for the pivots. Shock cord keeps the blade down and when it kicks up or when you pull on the tiller to raise it, the cord goes over center and holds it up.

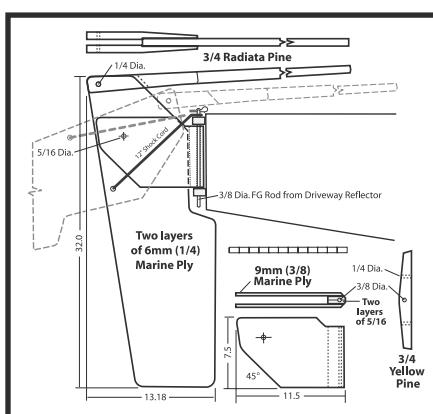
The cheek assembly hinges on a fiberglass rod that penetrates bolted-on yellow pine gudgeons. Since I cannot seem to drill a straight hole for the 6.5" needed, I made the block that joins the cheek plates out of two halves that I ran over the table saw then chiseled out some. Once that is done and the parts joined, the drill will track true. Solid wood parts are radiata pine. The plywood is marine ozigo. This, of course, is a choice for each. Any ply would do because it is an easy replacement.

These dimensions worked for me and may be more rudder than needed. A mock-up of corrugated board is a good idea.

Reflective marker used for pintle shaft, gudgeon blocks, halves of spacer for cheeks, cheeks and blade.



Rudder assembly. Shock cord has a stop knot on far side. A loop, wire wrapped and taped, fits over pintle shaft after rudder is mounted on transom.



## Jam Cleats

In an attempt to avoid all marine hardware for the 10' Pop-I (the Sailer) I designed a common jam cleat for the few applications, halyards, downhaul, and jib sheets. The big deal feature here is the through hole that retains the bitter end with a stop knot, slipped stop knot or plain slip knot. These were made of Orange or Blue store yellow pine. With one bolt and wing nut they can have a break-away function, spinning out to dump the line under overload, or they can be pinned or tightened to stop rotation. Rotation is going to be pretty imprecise but it seemed worth a try. The cleats work fine. The overload function hasn't been put to the test.

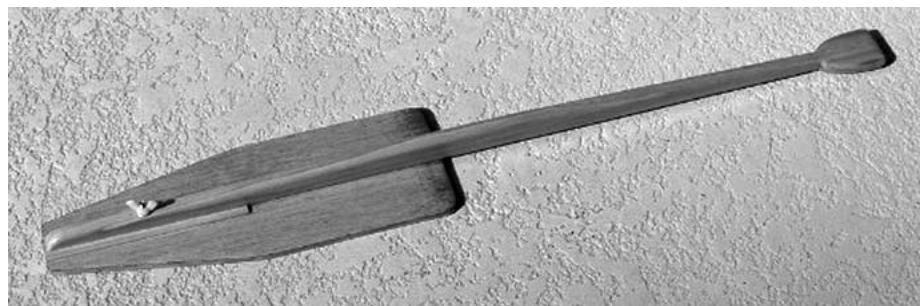
A yank on the tail will let the line run until it hits the stop knot at the bitter end (shown here to be close).



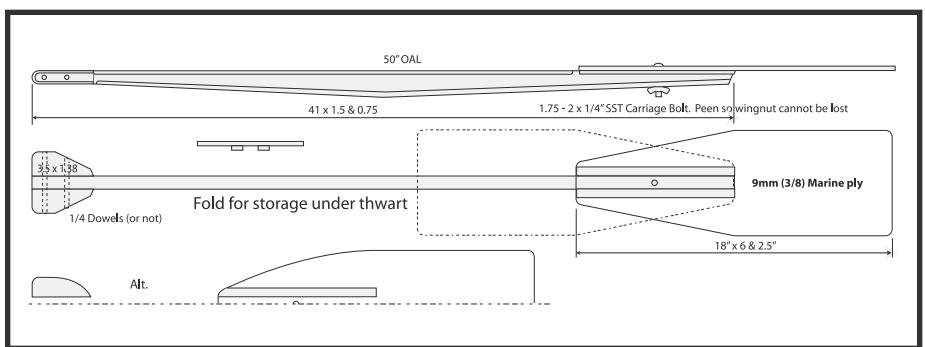
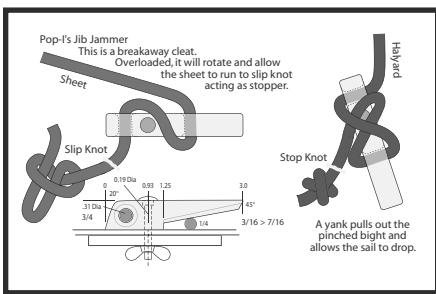
On aft side of thwart, or inside gunnel as a jib jammer.

### Folding Paddle

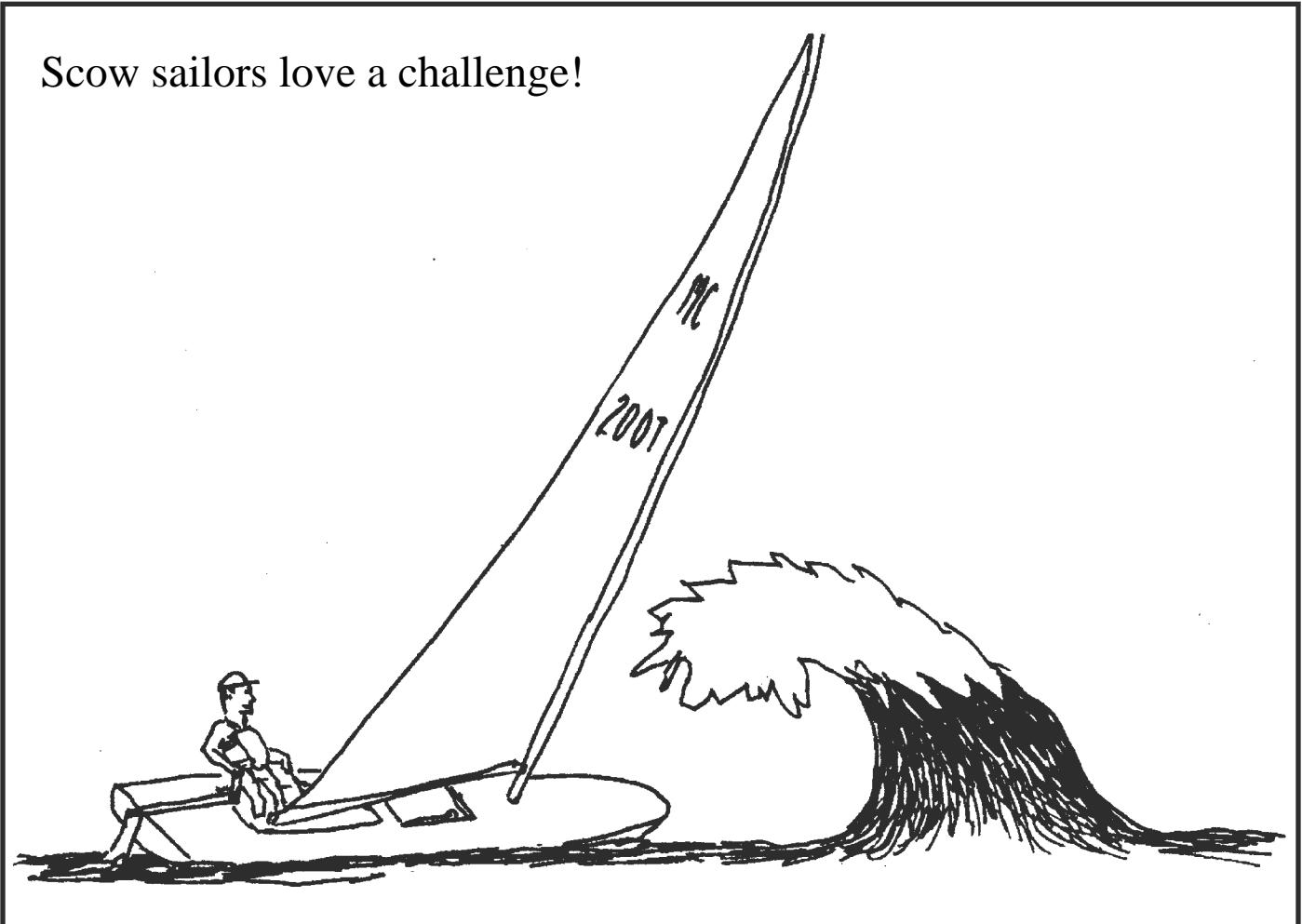
Space is at a premium in a little boat so this is designed to fit under a thwart when folded. Solid wood is radiata pine and plywood blade is 9mm ( $\frac{3}{8}$ ") marine ozigo. I mounted this with screw eyes and little, light duty shock cords.



Pop-I paddle folded for storage under thwart, retained by shock cords.



Scow sailors love a challenge!



It all started innocently enough, a two-week Fundamentals of Boat Building course at *WoodenBoat* School in Brooklin, Maine, and a couple of abandoned Beetle Cats stored by the side of the access road into Bass River Yacht Club here on Cape Cod. The Fundamentals course was taught by Greg Rossel, a regular fixture at the school and an inspiration to many who love the smell of wood shavings.

Inspired by the course and half looking for a project, I began to notice a pair of Beetle Cats that, by all appearances, had been abandoned by their owners and left to rot in a far corner of Ship Shops' boat yard. More out of idle curiosity than anything else, I went to see Alyson Taubert, an owner of Ship Shops, to determine the status of the two boats. She informed me that the boats had, indeed, been abandoned at the yard and were being eyed by someone with the intent to take them both to California, glass the hulls, and sail them until they fell apart totally. Since one of them had belonged to a close friend of hers and a much-loved member of BRYC, she was reluctant to send it off. If I agreed to keep it in the river she would sell it to me for a token fee which I doubt covered storage debt.

Now came the tricky part, getting my father-in-law to agree to yet another boat living at his cottage. Poor fella, went from a wide open back yard to a resting place for a 23' Friendship sloop, its dinghy, a canoe, kayak, and now I come asking for a place to house a derelict Beetle Cat. Fortunately my wife loves Beetle Cats, and me, so before long it was decided that I could hide it out back behind the shed. Shortly thereafter it showed up on blocks complete with mast, boom, gaff, tiller, standing rigging, and at least five years of accumulated detritus inside the hull.

The mast, boom, and gaff were set aside for clean up and varnish that winter. The interior needed quite a bit of shoveling out, amazing what can find a home in an open cockpit over time. Once I vacuumed the interior and removed the last of the acorns, I looked the boat over. To my unlearned eye it didn't look all that bad. Sure, the canvas was kinda torn up and there were an awful lot of ribs (I was a stranger to "sistering") and there were funny bulges here and there but overall it didn't look all that bad. Right.

Knowing that I lacked the skills to; a) determine what needed fixing, and b) how and in what order to affect those repairs, I signed up for a two-week course in wooden boat repairs at *WoodenBoat* School. The next

## A Beetle Cat Boat Roller

By Jim Carter

Photos by Betsy Kamborian  
Reprinted from *The Beetle Sheet*,  
Newsletter of the New England  
Beetle Cat Boat Association

summer I trailered the Cat to the school and when class started the project almost ended. Several people in the class had brought boats that needed help and Walt Ansel's first task as instructor was to determine what repairs were needed for each boat and whether the boat was worth the effort. Now Walt, being a kind soul as well as Master Shipwright at Mystic Seaport, was truly grieved to tell me that my patient should be taken off the respirator. I could easily find another used Cat that I could fix up and sail off with far less effort.

I countered with the indisputable fact that no matter what repair procedure he wanted the class to experience, my boat could supply the raw material. Walt relented and over the following two weeks the boat received a new mahogany transom, laminated mahogany stem, several new frames, and a list of what needed to be done once I got the thing back home. When I went over the list and compared it to the boat, I realized that with the exception of some deck beams, ceilings, sheer clamp, and some planking, everything had to be replaced. Not all that bad, my arse.

Once the wreckage was safely returned to the cottage and up on blocks I got ready to tackle the first in a long series of repairs, replacing all of the ribs, sisters included. This was done by removing and replacing every third rib on both sides, starting at the transom and repeating the process. This helped to keep the hull reasonably fair. Of great help was the donation of several large planks of green quarter sawn white oak by Pete Broderick, a fellow member of BRYC and hardwood dealer. Even for such a good cause, reducing those beautiful boards to  $\frac{3}{4}$ " matchsticks like to broke my heart. Also assisting in the effort was a bending jig designed by Walt at WB school. Shaped something like an airfoil, it allowed a rib to be pre-bent to approximate the required form.

Complicating matters was the use of galvanized iron fasteners when the boat was built. Not only had the nails and screws been reduced by corrosion to mere ghosts of their

former selves, the wood through which those fasteners had passed had been severely rust poisoned. Before the ribs could be installed each screw hole, often with the remnants of the old screw in place, had to be drilled out using a screw extracting device that looked like a  $\frac{3}{8}$ " piece of stainless steel tubing with teeth on the end chucked into a drill set on reverse. This would remove all of the metal and most of the rust leaving a hole that, after wire brushing, would be filled with an epoxy/microballoon mix. The new silicone bronze screw was sent through the plugged spot.

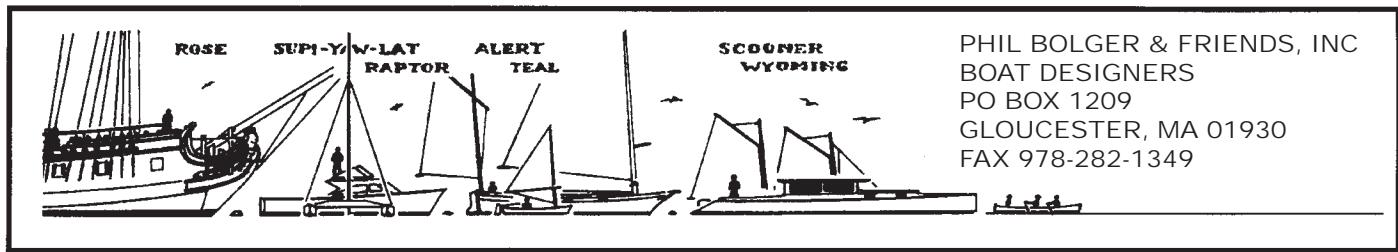
In order to facilitate the replacement of the ribs, the remnants of the canvas decking were removed, revealing decking that also had to go. And here is where I made a long-lasting mistake. I failed to adequately document in situ everything I removed. Had I done so there would have been much less confusion later on.

With the decking off and cross bracing installed to maintain hull shape I'm ready to finish the job of replacing the ribs, almost. You see, the hull is upright and that is fine for inserting the pre-bent ribs, bracing them in place and fastening them up near the sheer. Problem is, I really don't enjoy working on my back in the dirt under a boat driving screws or, worse yet, daubing epoxy that gravity wants to return to sender. Turning the boat over was not a viable option as I was far more likely to run out of friends before I ran out of occasions requiring help.

I had seen in one of my WB or maritime mags a picture of a boat roller, albeit on a much larger scale, and thought what the heck, I can make one of those. So I did, for about \$100. The roller consists of two 7" diameter double thick plywood circles connected to each other by  $\frac{3}{4}$ " iron pipe with floor flanges resting on four keel rollers supported on frames of 2"x10" boards. The circles are made of  $\frac{5}{8}$ " plywood (if making another I would use  $\frac{3}{4}$ ") and are double thickness for strength and to allow for disassembly into two half circles. When not in use the entire thing, when taken apart, lives in a small space in the shed where the boat is being worked on. It can be put together or taken apart by one person in well under an hour.

When in use, the boat is held in place by four tiedown ratcheting straps. Each end of a strap is hooked onto a pipe near the flange and passes over or under the boat. When all straps are snugged up the boat can be rolled over completely or to whatever position required. Side bracing is a good idea if the boat is to be held with the deck vertical.





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Fritz Koschmann and his wife are Woodwind Sail Charters, taking parties on Alaska's Glacier Bay and the neighborhood. They had been using *Skilligalle*, a 28' sharpie of our design (#416), a good sailor but with minimal overnight accommodations. Fritz approached us in late 1996 about the design of a much larger craft to sleep six paying customers exploring the wilds of Glacier Bay National Park. Beachability, small boat carrying capacity, decent ergonomics outside and inside were paramount, apart from a reasonably "green" approach to wastewater handling, energy consumption, etc.

#### Double Eagle's Layout

The catamaran Double Eagle (Design #646) was the result, we wrote it up in two-part article in *MAIB* in September of 1998. The design for the new boat included four separate staterooms, each with a double berth, two washrooms with ample holding tanks, lounging and dining space for six, and a roomy galley with a large refrigerator. There had to be a good view ahead on account of floating ice, among other hazards, and the weather in those parts being what it is, an important amenity was to open up the view from the saloon in all directions, never to have the feeling of being trapped in a gloomy cave. The twin washrooms in the starboard hull have corresponding windows facing the saloon with the view to starboard blocked by curtains only when privacy requires it. The drawings show how it was done on the 16' beam boat with the second layout showing the improvement in the saloon and on deck due to the added beam.

## Bolger on Design

### Update On Double Eagle

Design #646  
LOD 39'0"

LOA (with rudders and stem cap) 42'10"

Breadth Overall 20'0"

Breadth Hulls 4'0"

Hull Draft 19"

Draft (with maximum centerboard) 4'10"

Sail Area 930sf

#### Building Her Alone

Fritz built her over the next eight years, a heroic effort, single-handed, in a shop that could take her 4' breadth hulls only by building them one at a time lying canted on their sides. The center bridge and the stress beams that hold it all together were built separately and it was all assembled outside when the weather allowed. The plywood/epoxy construction required good temperature control on demand in the Alaska Panhandle winter.

A complication was that we added 4' to her beam after construction was well along for more power to carry sail. This wasn't as bad as it sounds (Fritz might disagree...), it called for taking her apart on the centerline of the bridge, moving the halves 4' apart, and filling in the gap. There was no change in the

structures of the hulls and none in the centerline spine and centerboard, but quite a few additions, as if this project was not challenging enough. The stress bulkheads and some other parts had to be strengthened to stand the increased stresses the wider hull produced. And the connection between hull bulkheads and bridge structure was given a more favorable geometry, which in turn required the addition of a half-vee sponson on the inner sides over the extant hulls. No question it made a better boat after the extra work.

It all looks ambitious enough to daunt most people. Not Fritz, he studied the plans (and he had considerable input in them), he understood how the job was supposed to be done, did it that way, and as far as we can judge at this distance he never made a wrong move.

#### Our Mistakes

Tail-heavy: We did make mistakes though. First by not giving her enough beam to start with, then by not allowing quite enough for the added weight of the added beam and accommodations. The addition had an aft bias, too, much more than expected. When *Great Sea* was launched, with all his work finished at last, clean and neat, she trimmed deep and down by the stern. Heart-breaking after his superb effort. As a quick fix to get her into action for the charter season we designed bustles under the sterns to correct her trim. Without a word of bitterness he got those built and in place. And the bustles worked, as the pictures here show. Fritz tells us that she handles well, does not slam, and that his clients like her. The various amenities we were tasked to provide

do work. The photos convey that and they also give an inkling of his good work and the scale of his achievement!

Not enough displacement. But the bustles were not a complete cure, she's still deep of her designed lines. This happens to too many cruising catamarans and this one has stood it better than some. But the box shape of the hulls suggested a 100% fix by building double bottoms altering the profile of the hulls to float her higher in the water and trimmed as she was meant to be. The square shape of her sections make this alteration quite simple on paper and maybe, in fact, to a builder of this one's capability. Done as neatly as he will do it there will be nothing visible to suggest a makeshift fix. The flat sides of the double bottom will overlap the present sides to well above the water line for added ice protection and a very solid connection. Fritz has agreed to do this next winter. He has not asked why we did not get it right the first time...

**Imperfect Chinese Gaff Rig:** Now about the rig, this is by a large margin the biggest of our touted Chinese lug rigs to be built accurately to the design. The small ones are reported to work quite well. This one certainly drives the boat but we're not pleased with the way it sets. Without seeing the geometry realized as proposed and elaborated upon also in *103 Sailing Rigs*, problems that may appear obvious now can only be speculated about.

Looking at these photos we're considering a still further trial of Fritz's patience by another experiment. Some of the defect seems to be the spans on the batten sheets, especially the top one, to the gaff and top batten. The block on the span is allowing the gaff to sag somewhat. The usual Chinese lug is usually seen with the upper part of the sail progressively sagging, one reason that rig is not thought of as close-winded. We're thinking of addressing this problem by using this uppermost sheet only as a dedicated vang from the peak of the gaff to the stern staff to hold the gaff just where we want it.

The other unsatisfactory behavior of this rig is that without the lugsail's projection ahead of the mast, the leech ends of the battens and boom tend to cock up, allowing the scalloped effect seen in some of the photos. The sail is sagging off between the battens. We had designed the rig with a vang on the boom as a backup, intended to keep just the boom and battens from cocking up. This vang is in place but slack in the photos, we guess because even with just the lower panel the 3" pipe boom is not stiff enough to stand setting up the vang.

So first, reinforce the boom with external plywood cheeks bolted on to the boom to add further support to the vang.

Second, abolish the sheets to the battens and take a single dedicated sheet from the tip of the boom to the stern staff. That will control how far out the boom can go, broad-off.

Lastly, use the deck leads of the span sheets now as port and starboard sheets from the boom to the running backstay hard points at the after quarters of the deckhouse. The lee side sheet can be set up to hold the boom down with less stress than the vang. The weather side sheet will usually be slack but on occasion both sheets can be used at once to hold the boom on centerline without play, for instance. To not pinch them with these outer sheets, we'd move the kayaks inboard, ie, two on each hull. This approach to main boom control works best on as wide a platform as this 20' wide catamaran. Monohulls will need a stout boom vang or traveler for the sheet, not desirable here because of the kayaks.

All this gets away from the original idea of the Chinese lug, which was to use the sheeting system of the Chinese rig on a gaff sail. It was first proposed in my book, *Boats With An Open Mind* (International Marine/McGraw-Hill 1994). Re-sheeting this main seems simple enough without much upset in hardware location or additional cost in ropage as we are recycling the far ends of the span sheets while their spot in the wheelhouse clutch/cleat cluster should stay as is.

## Opportunities

With 4' more beam her communal space in the bridge has become much more generous, allowing more elbow room and outside space forward. Aft we figured that two ramps with Double Brick capability might be really desirable for this many folks aboard. These two ramps now flank the centerline mount/pod for a single or twin T-50/60 high-thrust four-stroke outboard, two units would offer serious propeller blade area in case the single won't push that voluminous structure into a very fresh breeze to return clients on time. So far, we understand, she's running fine on a single unit.

In the meantime she continues to make money carrying charters, including a group of scientists measuring the rate of glacier retreat (!?) under climate change impact...

The photos under sail show three paying clients sitting on the benches ahead of the wheelhouse with Fritz in the wheelhouse keeping an eye on everything while *Great Sea* is running at a fair clip under main alone. She is carrying four kayaks and the 12'x4' Fast Brick (Design #663) tender/lifeboat with the second ramp ready for another Fast Brick, here carrying extra fuel and other odds and ends instead.

We propose that multiple groups of *MAIB* readers, three if single to six if couples per group, conspire to sock in Fritz's schedule for next year in order to pay homage to a significant amateur boat building achievement (amateur my foot!) while seeing the Glacier Bay in its stunning coastal setting a short float plane jump or a few hours of ferry ride west of Juneau. Perhaps he'll pick you up.

Corrected plans for Design #646, Double Eagle on 12+ sheets and 38+ page key are available from us for \$1,100 to build one craft. Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





This unique face bears studying.



Two ramps and a motor pod.



Skilligalee in Glacier Bay.

Under construction and just fitting into the 48'x12' shop.

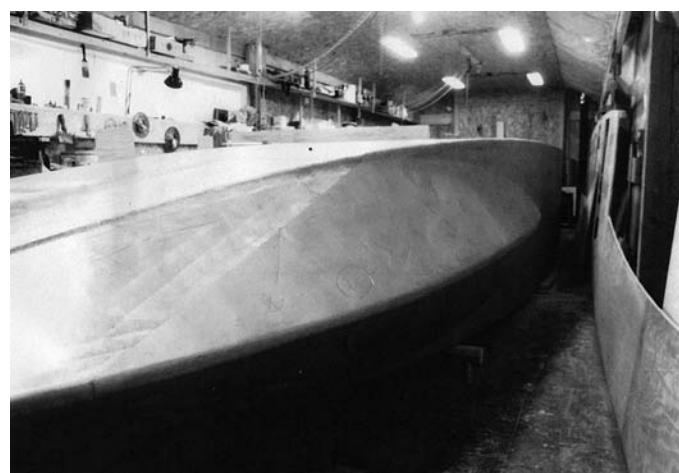


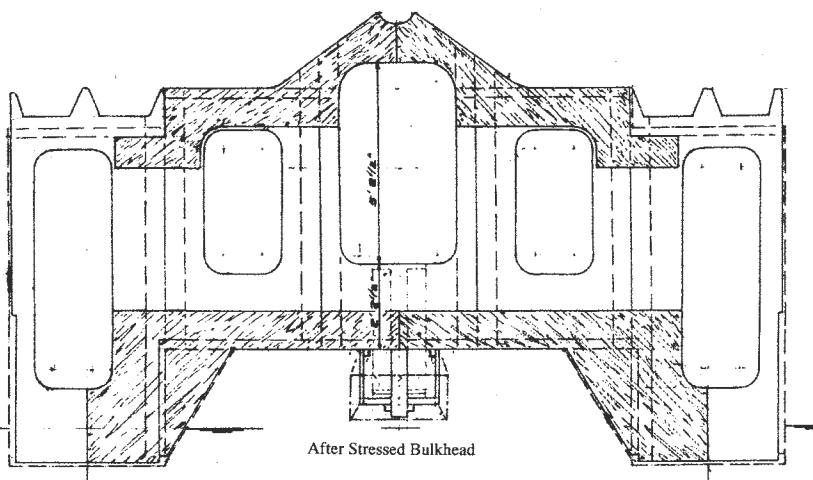
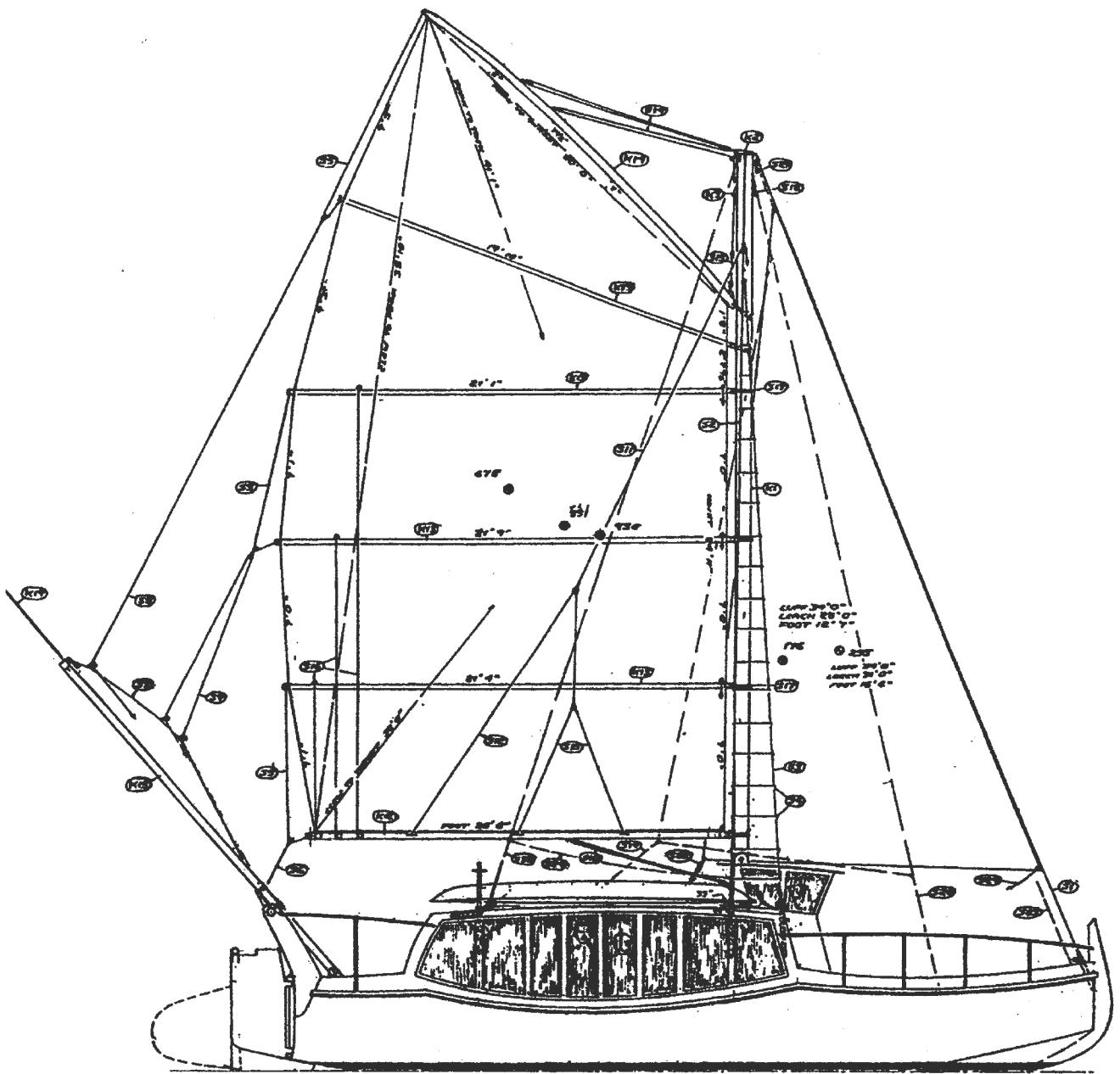
Fast Brick workhorse at rest.



Fritz Koschman.

Tight quarters.

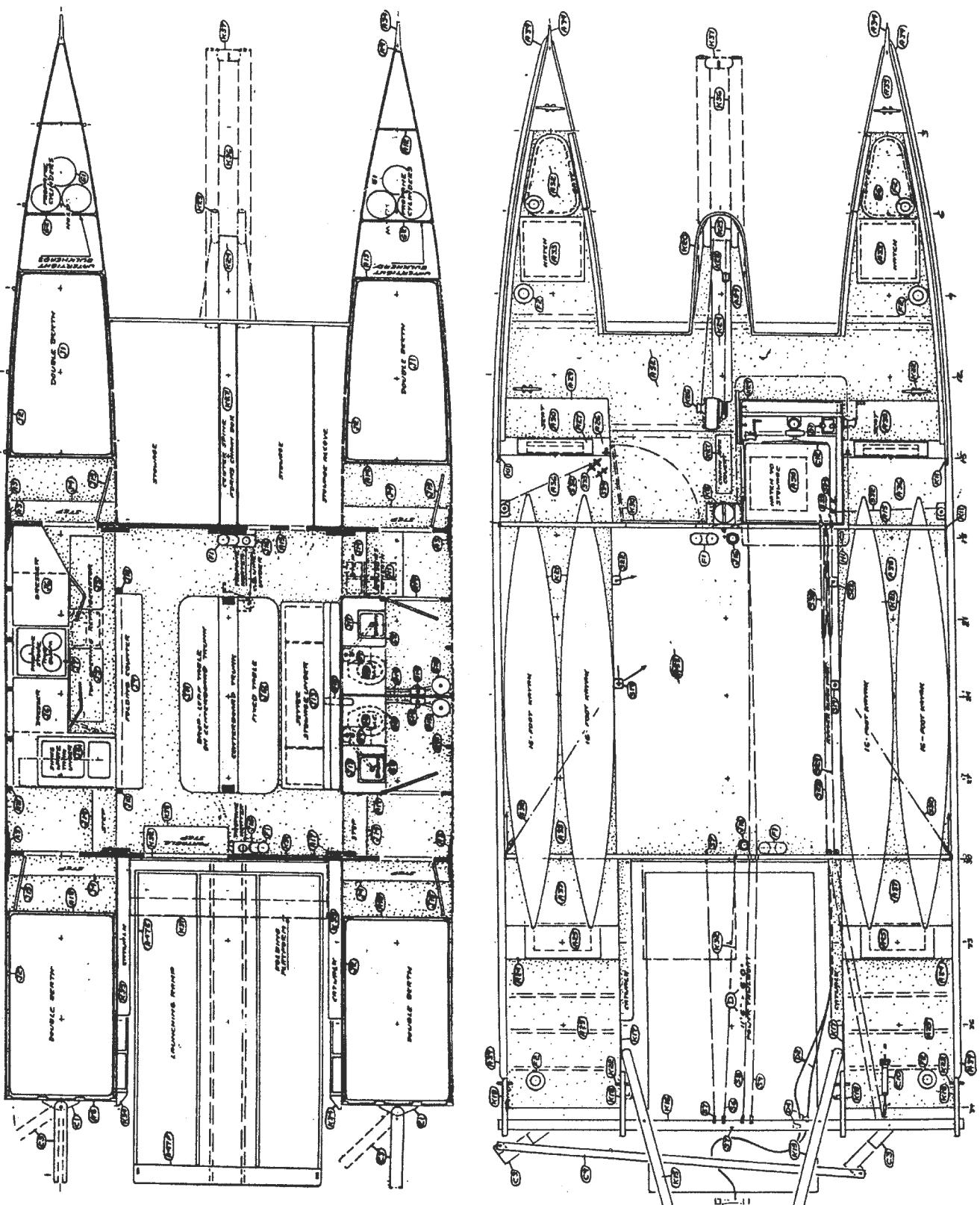


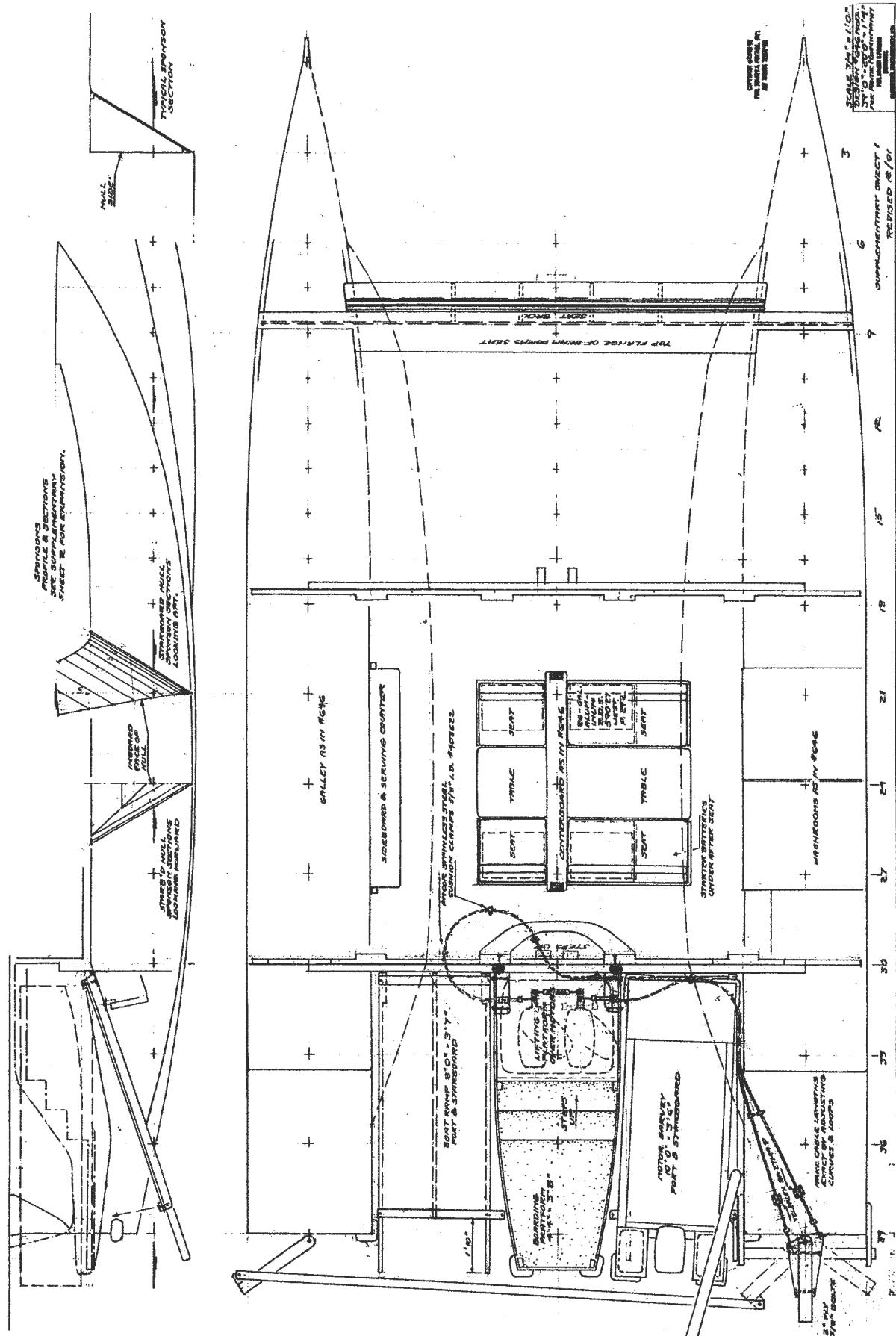


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Do you have cone-shaped softwood plugs for your through-hull fittings? Do you have a similar set of plugs for your scuppers? If your boat is propelled by an engine, is there a stopper for the exhaust outlet? If it is a Diesel engine, do you have a stopper for the air intake?

One of the members of a local yacht club had a boat sink when an entire through-hull fitting failed. The hole was the diameter of the fitting itself, not just the fitting's inside diameter for water to go to the head through the hose. By the time they realized there was a problem (they saw their dog swimming in the cabin) it was much too late and the boat sank. A hole 1" or so in diameter is one thing to plug. A hole about 4" in diameter is something else entirely. If they had realized the problem sooner and had some light wood and rubber patches they might have kept the boat afloat.

Getting into the area where most head fittings are placed on most boats requires a very flexible person who also has the strength to hold back the water while securing the patch. Putting on a patch (if the material was at hand) on the outside hull of a boat in any kind of sea is not that easy a job either.

The pressure to be contended with and the inflow rate depend on the displacement of the boat (pounds per square foot "pressing" on the water to float the boat). It has been estimated that a hole in the hull as small as 1" at only 1' below the waterline will allow about five gallons per minute to enter the hull. If the 1" hole is at 4' below the waterline the seawater will ingress at a much higher rate.

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## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

For those who want to do the math, a formula for calculating the inflow rate of water through a given diameter hole at a given depth (not counting the displacement factor of the boat) is:

Flow rate (cubic inches/second) =  $0.74 \times \text{area} \times \text{square root} (2 \times g \times h)$

$g = 386 \text{ in/sec/sec}$

$h = \text{head in inches at any instant}$

Gallon conversion: 235.2 cubic inches to the gallon

Multiply flow rate by 60 and divide by 235 to get gpm

Simplifying: Flow rate (gpm) =  $.1889 \times \text{area} \times \text{square root} (772 \times h)$

If the hose fails and the fitting is working (I check each valve before the boat leaves the dock), simply shut off the water flow and replace the hose. Otherwise things get complicated. I went looking at where the raw water intake fitting is attached to the bottom of the hull to see what would be involved if I had to plug the fitting with one of the plugs carried on the boat. Given the restricted space around the fitting it would

be an interesting operation. There is no room to "swing the hammer" (you do have a hammer on your boat?) to push the plug in against the hydraulic pressure of the incoming water so I will need to make an extension that will hold the plug in place while it is being pounded.

Instead of the plug, the extension, and the hammer, I am considering an alternative consisting of a length of copper pipe that fits the inside of the fitting and is long enough to extend from the outside of the hull to above the waterline of the boat. The pipe is stuck inside the fitting, wrapped with tape to cut the leak down to a weep, and then the boat is towed back to the dock for additional repairs. The idea may not work as well as the plug but anything is better than a 1" diameter hole in the bottom of the boat.

I no longer have a head with hoses to the outside but I still have two depth sounders, the intake for the raw water cooling for the engine (as noted above), and the exhaust line for the engine at or below the water line. The concern with the depth sounders is that the wires from the transducers go through the hull and thus I have two holes in the hull below the water line that would be very difficult to reach if the transducer mounts were damaged or knocked loose for some reason. The best I could hope for is that the electric bilge pump would keep up with the flow until I could get to a dock or be able to dive on the boat and plug the hole somehow from the outside.

If the engine exhaust line springs a leak I would need to plug the line from the outside of the transom (with a 4" diameter hole it would be a big plug). An option is one of those one-way flapper valves sold to keep water from entering the exhaust pipe when the engine is not operating.

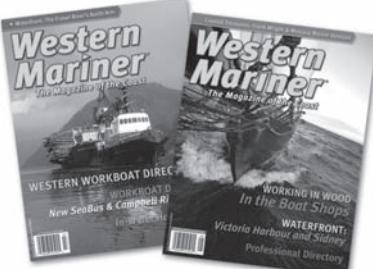
My Sisu 26 has two scuppers in the stern to let the water out of the cockpit area. They work quite nicely. However, once a boat sank at Shell Point when it went aground on a falling tide. The owners left the boat and waited for the tide to change. Unfortunately they waited too long and the incoming tide flowed in through the scuppers in the stern of the boat (same arrangement as my boat) and filled the stern so it would not float up with the rising water. Hence, the boat stayed on the bottom and filled with water. If they had had plugs for the stern scuppers and installed them before leaving, their boat would have floated up stern first with the rising water.

I am working on a set of plugs for my boat's scuppers. At the moment I am considering using some scrap 2"x4" and rubber striping to create plugs to go in from the outside. One question is how to secure the plugs when they are in place. An alternative would be a "flapper" installed on the outside that lets water flow out but shuts out water from coming in. I saw such an arrangement on one boat but it looked very complicated and was one more item on the maintenance list.

With a Diesel engine there are some options to shutting it down if the electrical (or manual) shut off to the fuel system does not work. Of these, sliding a piece of wood (or other sturdy material) over the air intake seems to work quite nicely. While working on my Sisu 26, the first time I started up the Diesel in the backyard I found that the shutoff had not been connected. My neighbor, who was helping me, slid a piece of 2"x6" over the air intake and the Diesel stopped running. My next step was to install the fuel shutoff to the engine. Thus, having aboard a piece of lumber or other stiff material (with a handle) of the proper shape to cover the air intake is a good idea.

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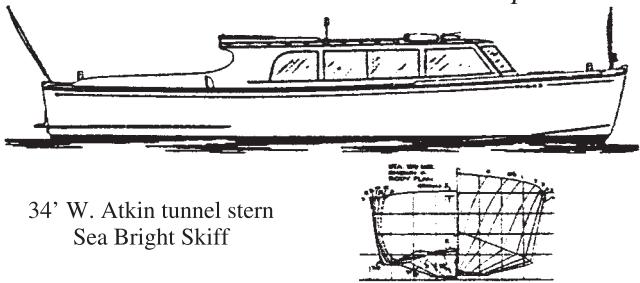
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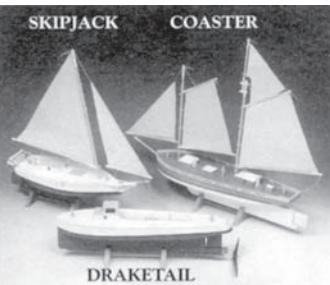
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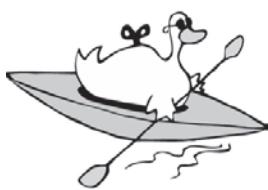
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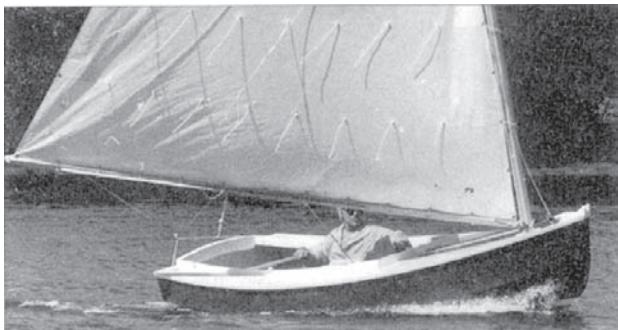
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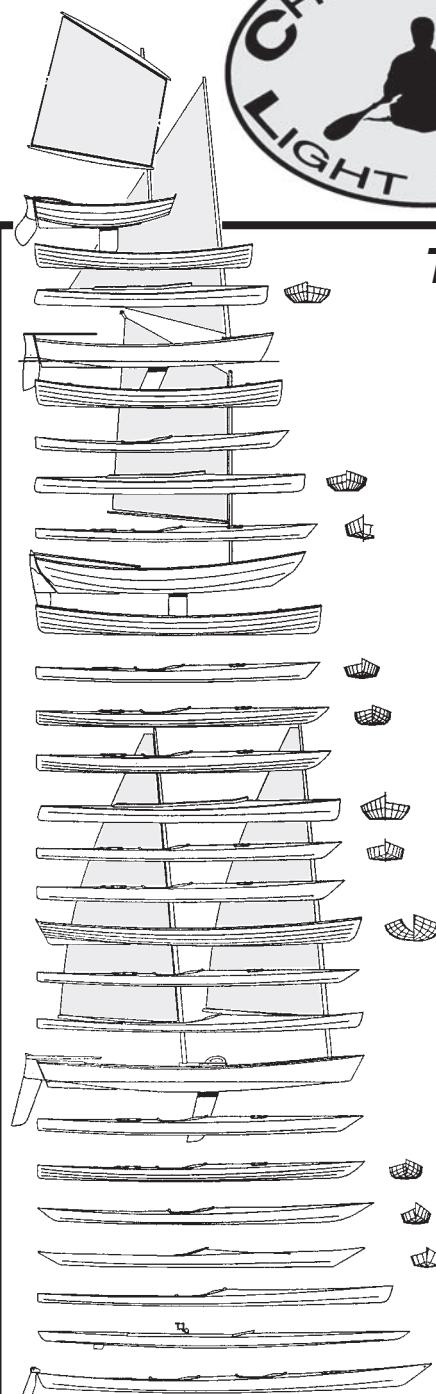
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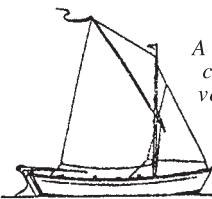
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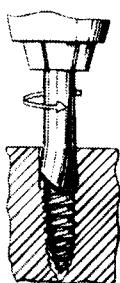
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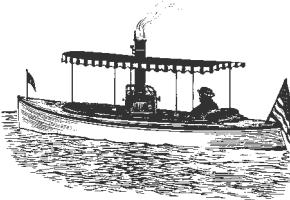
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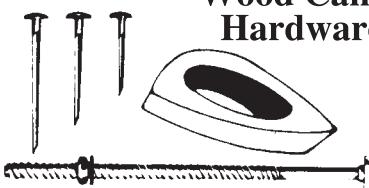
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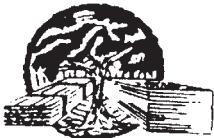
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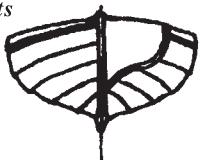
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## BOATS FOR SALE



**33' Herreshoff Meadowlark**, wood/glass, '64. 4-stroke Honda in well. 16" draft, simple traditional camp cruiser. Sailed often. In water central west coast FL. Nds bottom paint. \$8,000.  
RONALD LEMOINE, Hernando Beach, FL, (352) 597-0119 (11)



### 17 FOOT TRIMARAN FOR SALE

**17' Canoe/Trimaran**, 1880 canoe built heavy w/oak, mahogany, teak and cherry woods, 6oz FRG & coats of resin, 11 new ribs. Custom made antique trlr, 6sf leeboard & large rudder. Snipe main & jib, 55.8sf & 25.8sf = 81.6sf tsa. Vinyl trampolines & heavy duty blue vinyl cover. Photo journal of all construction, tests & hvy math. Fast & very strong. Asking \$1,500obo.  
RON MULLOY, 36 Calais Rd., Randolph, NJ 07869-3517, (973) 895-5443 (11)

**Blue Jay Sailboat**, #1008, 13.5'x5.25' built by Mc Kean in Connecticut about '60. Compl restored w/new plywood deck & bottom. Equipped w/Dacron sails, nylon spinnaker, wooden mast, boom, c/b, & stainless rigging. \$875obo. Trlr available, galv w/8" inch wheels, never been in salt water. \$350. Boat & trlr stored in barn. **Sailing/Rowing F/G Prams (2)**, 8'x4' vee bottoms. Originally El Toros but w/Sabot sailing rigs. Oar locks installed. Rigs incl masts, booms, rudders, tillers, c/b's & sails. Sails cut/alterred from other Dacron sails. \$475 each.  
ED YOUNIE, Dublin, NH, (603) 563-8522 (11)

**3 Windsurfers: Magnum 390**, Serifac mast, 69sf sail, exc cond, used once. **Mistral**, perf cond, never used. **Tiga Waveboard**, perf cond, never used. All dry stored, pictures available. \$450 ea, all 3 for \$1,200.  
CHUCK DURGIN, 4 Millard Ave., Binghampton, NY, (607) 723-4122, dur@aol.com (10)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



**Windrider 17' Trimaran**, \$5900.  
JOE LaGRASSO, (850) 650-5765, lagrassojoe@cox.net (10)



**CT-27 Tartan**, '65. A much loved classic head turner in classic cond, varnished teak, new cushions, Yanmar Diesel, vy compl inventory of sails & cruising gear. Current survey. \$9,500.

PAUL BUNNELL, Madison, CT, (203) 676-1659, (203) 245-9524 (10)

**Used Sailboats**, Seaward Fox outfit & Precision 21 outfit. Both exceptionally clean.  
FERNALD's, Rt 1A, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0312 (10)



**'80 Blackwatch 24**, LOA 24' LOD 18'6". LWL 17'6", beam 8', draft 2'. Blackwatch is a classic cutter-rigged sloop having a 2,400lb displacement. Self tacking staysail & roller furling jib. O/B is a 2007 6hp Mercury Long Shaft 4-stroke. Trlr is a galv heavy duty single axle. Anchor, cockpit cushions, porta-potti, bilge pump, spare tiller, boarding ladder, Navico TP200CX autopilot, 12v battery etc. Sister boat can be viewed at [www.sailingtexas.com/sblackwatch24100.html](http://www.sailingtexas.com/sblackwatch24100.html). \$5,900.00 FIRM. GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (10)



**Bolger Black Skimmer**, needs good home. Owner not agile enough, getting titanium knee in October. Perfect shallow water camper. Sleeps 2 in well ventilated cabin. Will sail on all points in less than 3'. Fast & dry. Draws 10" w/leeboards up. Launched 2000, compl West System, leeboard winches, mainmast sail track, original sails real good. Like new 5hp Honda 4 stroke, long shaft, o/b. 25'x7-1/2', mainmast 35'. Will trade for Bolger Birdwatcher. Moored in Cape May, NJ, ready to sail. As is, where is, \$2,500.  
BILL NELSON, Cape May, NJ, (609) 898-1795, springsidecapemay@comcast.net (11)

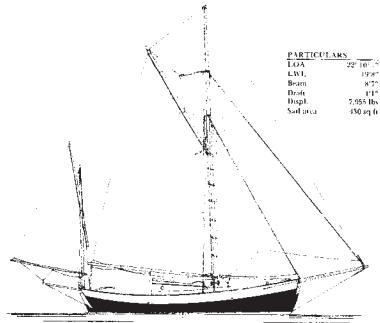
**Dovekie**, gd cond w/trlr, blue hull white deck, currently located in Ithaca NY. Go to <http://psn-global.com/sales/dovekie/> for photos. Asking \$4,800.  
DOUG DAHL, Ithaca, NY (607) 342 2917, ddahl@psn-global.com (10)

**O'Day Sloops (2)**, \$4,300 each for fall sale: 19' w/cuddy & 55lb. thrust electric o/b on rebuilt trlr yr: '82. 23' w/cabin & galley (plus 9.9 Evinrude 4-cycle o/b w/35 hours) yr: '73. Also has roller furling on jib. New trlr w/brakes. Both w/sails of adequate cond, both have been ocean sailed. Will knock off 15% if you don't need motor with boat. Batteries not incl, etc: **Dinghy**: 10' Lowe aluminum, rugged will take 5hp o/b (no o/b). 85lbs, easily cartopped. very seaworthy design. \$600. **17.5' OT Canoe**, ca. '35 f/g covered. Needs new seats & rails, usable as is. Very capable craft. \$200. **11' Bolger Cartopper**, needs new stern, for rowing. \$100. Clearing out some of boat yard to build boat shop as 'into' building. Prices firm. Location 25miles NE of Skowhegan, ME & 39 miles from Rt. I95.  
DOC CASS, Wellington ME, (207) 683-2435, edeshea@tdstelme.net (10)



**13' Jimmy Skiff**, from Chesapeake Light Craft. View specs at [www.clcboats.com](http://www.clcboats.com) for compl info. Boat compl w/4hp 2-stroke Mercury '95, oars, anchor, boat cushions (2), battery powered running lights, mooring lines & bilge pump. Boat was CLCs prototype that I finished off. No trlr. In gd shape. I am reducing fleet count. \$900 FIRM. Long Island, NY.

GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (10)



**Blue Moon**, a classic Thomas Gillmer design, 22'11" cutter/yawl, exc pedigree blue water yacht w/ enough strings to pull to make her exciting & fun for a large crew; she sports a topsail too. Or, with her club footed staysail she is a very easy single hander. Strip planked approx 1-7/8" x 2" planks & probably edge nailed & glued, though no glue drips are evident. Planking is bare on the interior & is in marvelous shape. Ribs are massive for so small a boat, laminated in 4 layers, approx. 4"x3" & varnished. Presently in the water in need of some running rigging; at the moment cutter rigged. The mizzen & its appurtenances stored below deck. Flush decked amidships w/ 8 opening ports built into a small cabin trunk. Small working deck forward & small sea cockpit aft. Not the kind of boat normally advertised in these pages. Not a trailer sailer or the normal shallow draft boat made of plywood or f/g. But, If you want to... go!! This is the boat that will take you there & if you want to come back she will do that too! Me, I'm too old! Reduced from \$16,000 to \$12,000.

BOB ARCHIBALD, P.O. Box 933, Steinhatchee FL 32359, (352) 498-2111, Arch76@bellsouth.net (10)

**16' Chestnut "Prospector" Cedar/Canvas Canoe**. Careful owners have kept this vintage craft in perf cond. Cane seats, red urethane exterior, mellow varnish interior, Chestnut decal on the bow. Incl 2 vintage spruce paddles. \$2,000. DAVID RAHN, W. Vancouver, BC, (604) 921-7209, david@eagleharbour.com (10)

**WeNoNah Sandpiper Kevlar Ultralight Solo Canoe**. Actual weight 27lb, 13.5' long, 29.5" max beam. A large, lightweight pack canoe. Used only 3 times, garage stored. No longer made except (maybe) by special order. The similar 14.5' long Vagabond is well over twice this price. Email for photos. \$750, pick up only.

MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387. mir415@cavtel.net (10)

**Bristol 17**, Holby Marine, '06. Green hull, like new. Used fresh water w/35hp Johnson. Galv trlr. Will deliver. \$8,900. **18'4" Beachcomber Marine Swampscott Dory**, w/galv trlr, tanbark sails, sprit & jib. \$6,500.

GEORGE HAUX, Skaneateles, NY, (315) 685-6222, geoiaux@gmail.com (11)



**O-Day 23**, '81, 8.5hp o/b, new Sunbrella cushions '07, outboard and bottom total overhaul '07, new anchor chain & rode, new battery & bilge pump. '06 "LONG" dual axle trlr. \$6,000. BILL MCCULLOM, Boxford, MA, (978) 352-4067, wmcullom@earthlink.net (10)

**Cartopper 9**, 9' wooden rowboat, lightweight. Can be sailed. Monfort design. \$250. CARL BELLING, Warsaw, IN, (574) 268-1990 (10)

**14' Piscataqua Wherry**, 4 seats, 2 rowing stations, flotation. F/G w/mahogany seats & rubrails. Solid cond, wood needs refinishing. 2 prs Shaw & Tenney oars. Sailing version w/like-new daggerboard & rudder, but wo/mast or sail. Builder pictures are at <http://bayofmaineboats.com/piscataquawherry.htm>. In Marblehead, MA. \$700. ANDY UPDEGROVE, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-3142, andrew.updegrave@gesmer.com (10)

**17' Canoe**, redwood strip built, epoxy resin, finished clear. Cane seats, weighs about 60lbs. I built it about 20 years ago, but don't use it now. I've done a couple of repairs to the gunwales, but otherwise it is in good shape. Not a "furniture grade" classic, but a good, solid canoe that will still turn heads. \$300 takes it.

DANE MARTINDELL, Manchester, NJ (Ocean County), (732) 657-5135, dmartindell@wmua.manalapan.nj.us (10)

**24' Gaff Rig Sloop**, Bud MacIntosh built, 1965, c/b, shoal draft, cedar on oak on mooring at Cottage Park, Winthrop, MA. \$7,500. Honda 8, \$600.

JOHN POWELL, Allston, MA, (617) 787-1441 (10)

**20' Bolger Chebacco Cat Yawl**, '91. By Montgomery. New mast, running rigging, rudder, 6hp 4-stroke Tohatsu '08. vy gd shape. Full gear incl. W/trlr. \$4,500 obo.

TED RATCLIFF, Rockport, MA, (978) 546-3707 (10)

**8' Dyer Dink**, f/g, sail rig, new sail, boat cover. \$978. Ask for Cy.

ELLSWORTH PEARL, Middleboro, MA, (508) 947-4426 (10)

**"And To My Delight**, neatly lashed to the top of his van was the most beautiful canoe I have ever seen. It was trimmed in brightly varnished mahogany, painted white above the bilge rails (waterline) and forest green below with a black kettle logo painted on both sides of the bow.

Gillette had recently picked up his custom made canoe from the builder, Rollin Thurlow, owner of the Northwoods Canoe Co, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine and co- author of the book, *The Wood & Canvas Canoe*.

The canoe, the Cheemaun 15 (Ojibway Indian word for canoe) is one of several models offered by Rollin, who printed on the plans a line from Longfellow's Hiawatha; 'I a light canoe will build me, build a swift cheemaun for sailing that shall float upon the river like a yellow leaf in autumn, like a yellow water lily.' If that doesn't get the juices flowing, nothing will.

As you might have guessed I was commissioned to make a model of Cheemaun."

The above is quoted from an article by George R. Bullitt in the *Ships in Scale* magazine for May/June, 1996.

The canoe and the model of it and numerous framed color photographs all reside at my home, 133 Mountaindale Rd., Yonkers, NY 10710-3509. Price \$4,000.

GUY GILLETTE, Yonkers, NY, (914) 779-4684. (10P)

**Recent Trades:** Seaward Fox, Sunfish, Precision 21, all w/trlrs. FERNALD's Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0312. (11)



**16' Lowell's Boat Shop Sailing Surf Dory**, (photo) a classic beauty, a pleasure to row & sail. Built by Lowell's in '80. Lovingly cared for & just compl refinished, now in better than new cond. Gunter sail, jib & spars. Four 8' oars. Shorelander trlr in serviceable cond. \$3,900. **Old Town Adventure XL 160 Kayak**, w/rudder, paddle, spray skirt, vy gd cond. \$850. **19' Citation Bow Rider Motorboat**, w/140hp IB Mercruiser in gd cond, incl trlr. \$3,900.

REV DAVID RAY, Bristol, ME, (207) 563-1032 (11)

**21' Lightfoot Sharpie w/trlr**, fiberglass hull, canoe transom, green w/tanbark sails, 4.5 hp Johnson outboard, \$5,400.

ALAN BOYES, Trevett, ME. (207) 233-7501, alan@winterisland.com, mailto:alan@winterisland.com (11)

**Snipe-Classic "Woodie" #3258**, built in 1937. Restored but still needs some work to sail. Excellent construction (topsides) are one piece of white cedar. Boat is on Cape Cod, MA.

ROY TERWILLIGER, Harwich, MA, (508) 432-0549, roystox@comcast.net (11)

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RON MULLOY, Randolph, NJ, (973) 895-5443 (10)

**Sail Rig for a Grumman Canoe**. Could be adapted to other brands. Red colored sail is functional but has mottled discoloration from exposure to sunlight. Email for photos. \$225.

JAMIE SWAN, Northport, NY, (631) 754-1457, jswan@optonline.net (11)

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**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

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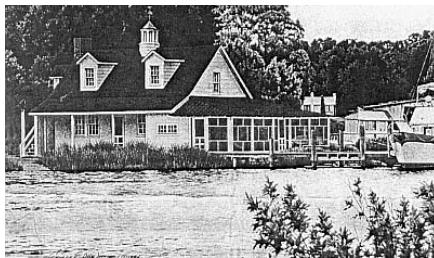


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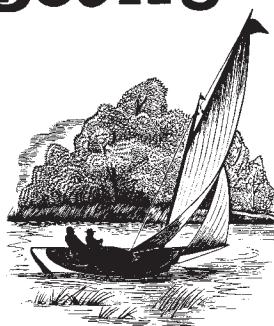
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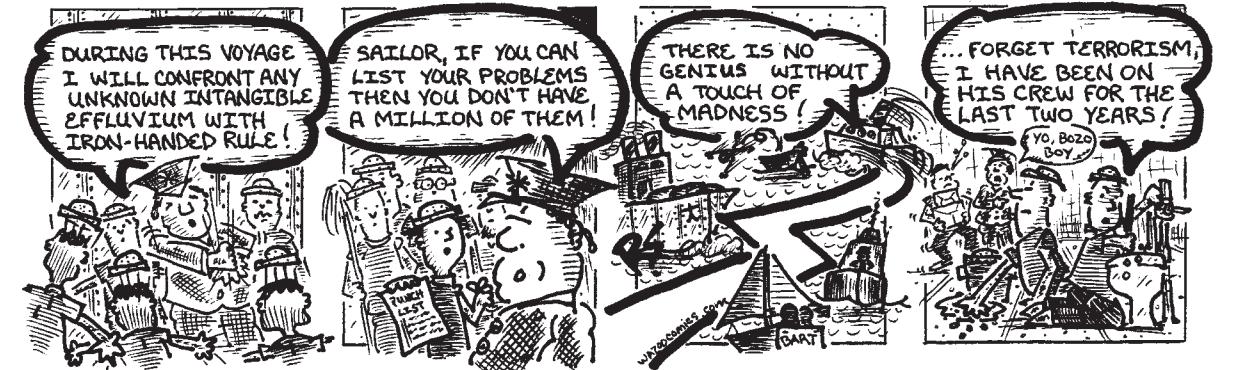
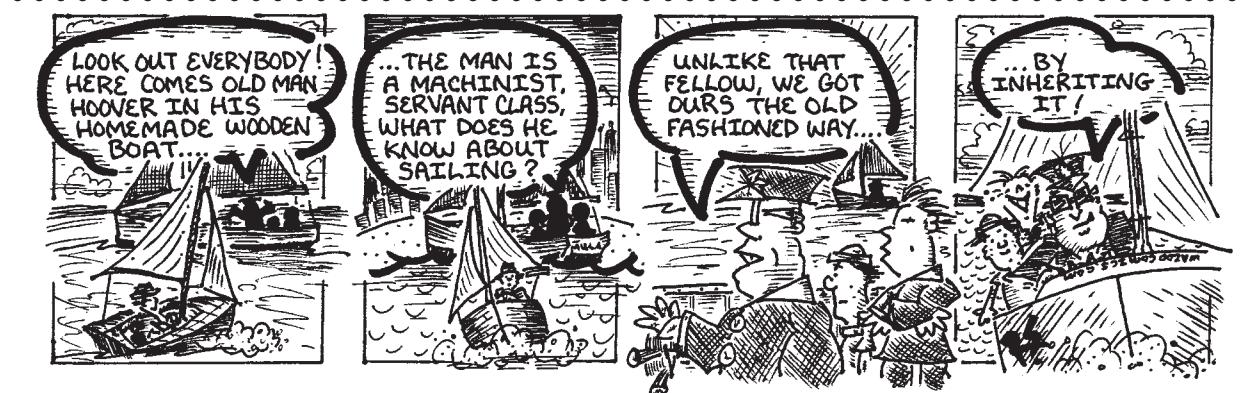
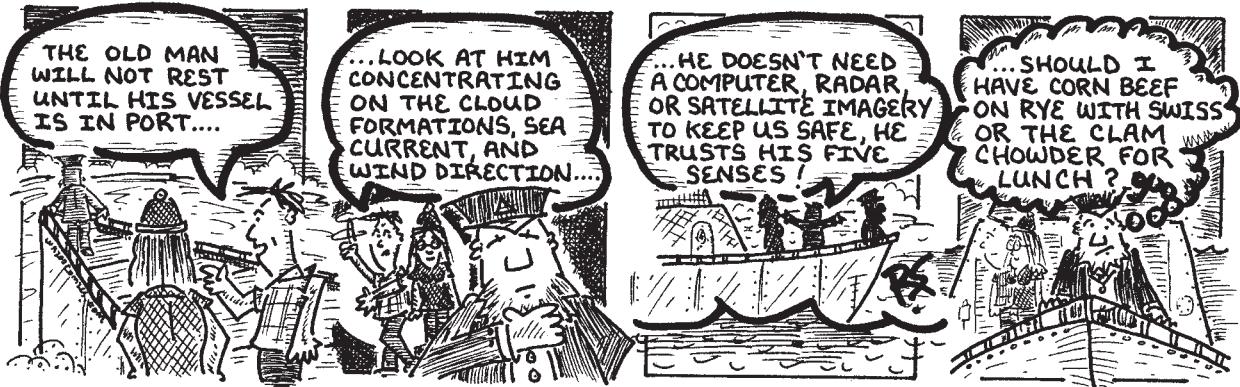
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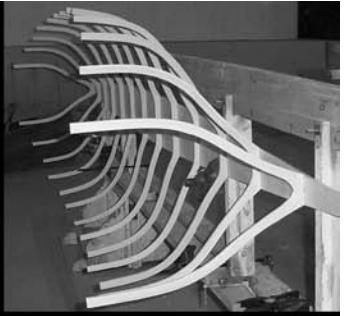


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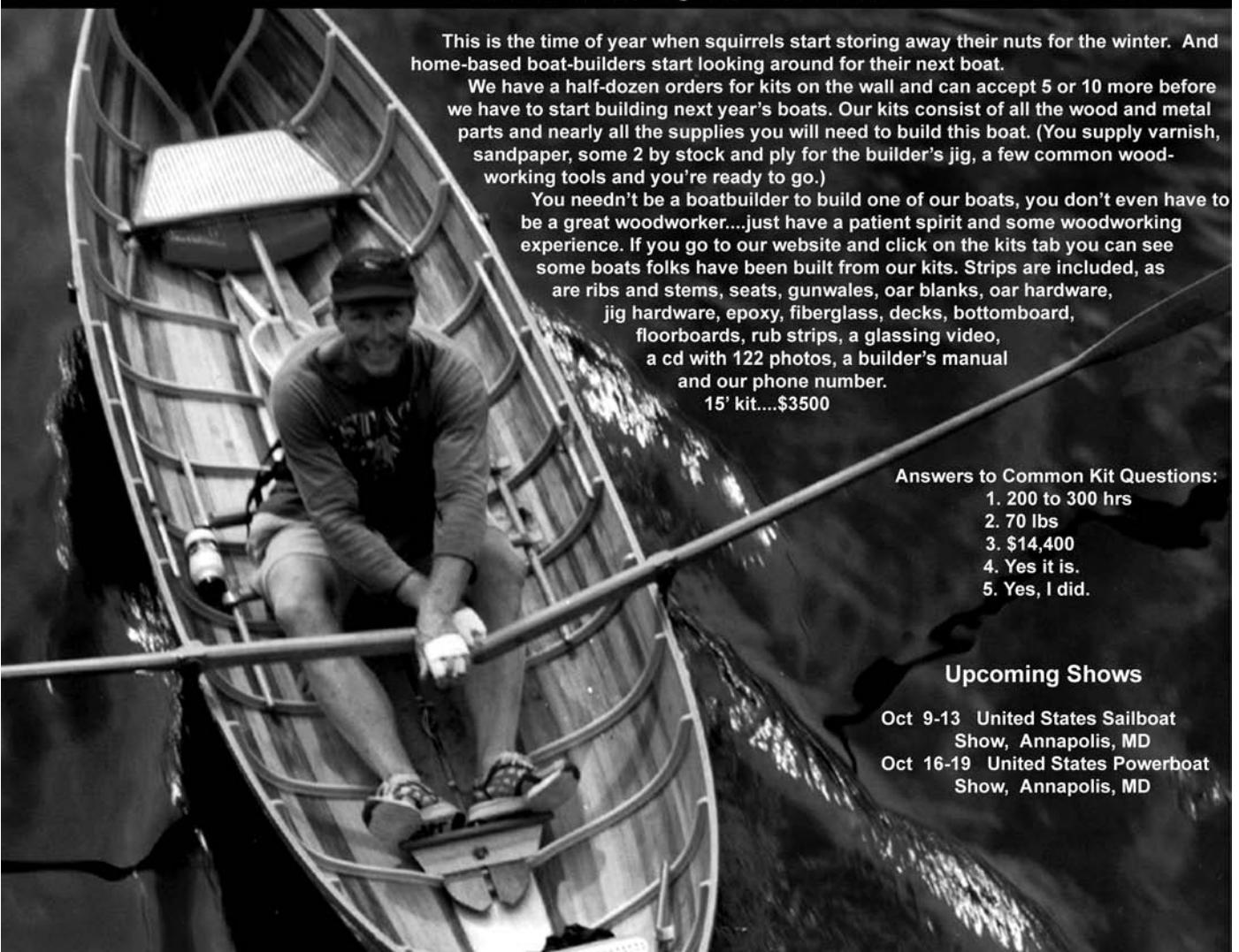
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